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THE WONDERFUL PILGRIMAGE TO AMARNATH

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

IN all India there is nothing more wonderful than the pilgrimages of millions, which set like tidal waves at certain seasons to certain sacrosanct places — the throngs that flock to holy Benares, to Hardwar, and to that meeting of the waters at Prayag, where the lustral rites purify soul and body, and the pilgrims return shriven and glad. But of all the pilgrimages in India the most touching, the most marvelous, is that to Amarnath, nearly twelve thousand feet up in the Himalayas. The cruel difficulties to be surmounted, the august heights to be climbed (for the way is much higher than the height at which the Cave stands), the wild and terrible beauty of the journey, and the glorious close when the Cave is reached, make this pilgrimage the experience of a lifetime even for a European. What must it not be for a true believer? Yet, in the deepest sense, I should advise none to make it who is not a true believer — who cannot sympathize to the uttermost with the wave of faith and devotion that sends these poor pilgrims climbing on torn and wearied feet to the great Himalayan heights, where they not infrequently lay down their lives before reaching the silver pinnacles that hold their hearts' desire.

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A

I have myself made the pilgrimage, and it was one of the deepest experiences of my life; while, as for the beauty and wonder of the journey, all words break down under the effort to express them.

But first a few words about the God who is the object of devotion. The Cave is sacred to Siva — the Third Person of the Hindu Trinity; that Destroyer who, in his other aspects, is the Creator and Preserver. He is the God especially of the Himalayas — the Blue-Throated God, from the blue mists of the mountains that veil him. The Crescent in his hair is the young moon, resting on the peak that is neighbor to the stars. The Ganges wanders in the matted forests of his hair before the maddening torrents fling their riches to the Indian plains, even as the snow-rivers wander in the mountain pine forests. He is also Nataraja — Lord of the Cosmic Dance; and one of the strangest and deepest-wrought parables in the world is that famous image where, in a wild ecstasy, arms flung out, head flung back in a passion of motion, he dances the Tandava, the whole rapt figure signifying the cosmic activities, Creation, Preservation, and Destruction. 'For,' says a Tamil text, 'our Lord is a Dancer, who,

like the heat latent in firewood, diffuses his power in mind and matter, and makes them dance in their turn.'

The strange affinity of this conception with the discoveries of science relating to the eternal dance of atom and electron gives it the deepest interest. I would choose this aspect of the God as that which should fill the mind of the Amarnath pilgrim. Let him see the Great God Mahadeo (Magnus Deus), with the drum in one hand which symbolizes creative sound — the world built, as it were, to rhythm and music. Another hand is upraised bidding the worshiper, 'Fear not!' A third hand points to his foot, the refuge where the soul may cling. The right foot rests lightly on a demon — to his strength, what is it? A nothing, the mere illusion of reality! In his hair, crowned with the crescent moon, sits the Ganges, a nymph entangled in its forest. This is the aspect of Mahadeo which I carried in my own mind as I made the pilgrimage, for thus is embodied a very high mysticism, common to all the faiths.

Siva is also Lord of the Daughter of the Himalayas — Uma, Parvati, Gauri, Girija, to give only a few of the beautiful names of the Mystic Mother of India. As Uma, she is especially Himalayan. In the freezing Himalayan lake she did her age-long penance when she would win the heart of the Great Ascetic — her lovely body floating like a lotus upon its icy deeps. She is the lover of mountains, the Dweller in the Windhya Hills; and so dear are she and her Lord the one to the other, that they are represented often as a single image, of which the one half is man, the other woman; the dual nature is perfect unity in the Divine.

The Cave at Amarnath is sacred because a spring, eternally frozen, has in its rush taken the shape of the holy Lingam, which is the symbol of reproduction and therefore of Life. This is

also the Pillar of the Universe — that Pillar which the Gods sought to measure, the one flying upward, the other downward, for aeons, seeking the beginning and the end, and finding none. Yet again, it is the Tree of Life, which has its roots in Eternity, and branches through the mythology of many peoples. And if there are degenerated forms of this worship, surely the same may be said of many others.

II

The pilgrimage can be made only in July and August. Before and after, a barrier of snow and ice closes the way, and makes the Cave a desolation.

The start is made from Pahlgam, a tiny village on the banks of the Lidar River in Kashmir, where it leaps from the great glacier of Kolahoi to join the Jhelum River in the Happy Valley. Pahlgam itself stands at a height of about eight thousand feet.

The day before we started there was a great thunderstorm, the grandest I have ever known. The mountains were so close on each side that they tossed the thunder backwards and forwards to each other, and the shattering and roaring of the echoes was like the battles of the Gods; while the continuous blue glare of the lightning was almost appalling. It was strange to feel only a little web of canvas between ourselves and that elemental strife when the rain followed as if the fountains of the great deep were broken up — cold as snow, stinging like hail, and so steady that it looked like crystal harpstrings as it fell. Yet next day we waked to a silver rain-washed world, sparkling with prisms of rain and dew; fresh snow on the mountains, and delicate webs of soft blue mist caught like smoke in the pines.

So we set forth from Pahlgam, with our cavalcade of rough hill ponies carrying the tents and provisions and all our

substance, and began our march by climbing up the river that flows from those eternal heights into the Pahlgam valley. Much of the way can be ridden if one rides very slowly and carefully; for these wonderful animals are sure-footed as cats; but the track is often terrifying — broken boulders and the like. If the ponies were not marvels, it could not be done; and if one were not a safe rider, one certainly could not stick on. The pony gives a strong hoist of his fore-legs, and you are up one rock and hanging on by his withers; then a strong hoist of the hind-legs and you are nearly over his neck; and this goes on for hours; and when it is beyond the pony, you climb on your feet, and ford the torrents as best you may.

Up and up the steep banks of the river we climbed, among the pines and mighty tumbled boulders. Up by the cliffs, where the path hangs and trembles over the water roaring beneath. On the opposite side the mountains soared above the birches and pines, and the torrents hung down them like mist, falling, falling from crag to crag, and shattering like spray-dust as they fell. Once a great eagle soared above us, balancing on the wind, and then floated away without a single motion of his wings — wonderful to see; and the spread of his wings was greater than the height of the tallest man.

We had long passed the last few huts, and the track wound steadily higher, when, suddenly growing on us, I heard a deep musical roar like the underlying bass of an orchestra — the full-chorded voice of many waters. And as we turned a corner where the trail hung like a line round the cliff, behold, a mighty gorge of pines and uplifted hills, and the river pouring down in a tremendous waterfall, boiling and foaming white as it fell into the raging pit beneath.

What a sight! We stopped and looked, every sense steeped in the wonder of

it. For the air was cool with the coolness that comes like breath off a river; ours ears were full of the soft thunder; the smell of pines was like the taste of a young world in one's mouth; yet it was all phantasmal, in a way, as if it could not be real. I watched the lovely phantom, for it hung like a thing unreal between heaven and earth, until it grew dreamlike to me and dyed my brain with sound and color, and it was hard indeed to pass on.

That night we camped in a mountain valley some two thousand feet above Pahlgam. It was like climbing from story to story in a House of Wonder. The river was rushing by our tents when they were pitched, pale green and curling back upon itself, as if it were loath to leave these pure heights, and the mountains stood about us like a prison, almost as if we might go no farther. And when I stood outside my tent just before turning in, a tremulous star was poised on one of the peaks, like the topmost light on a Christmas tree, and the Great Bear lay across the sky glittering frostily in the blue-blackness.

I had a narrow escape that day; for, as I was leading the cavalcade, I met a wild hill-rider in the trail between two great rocks, and his unbroken pony kicked out at me savagely with his fore-leg and caught me above the ankle. Luckily, they do not shoe their horses here; but it was pretty bad for a bit, and I was glad of the night's rest.

III

Next day we started and rounded out of the tiny valley; and lo! on the other side another river, flowing apparently out of a great arch in the mountain-side. Out it poured, rejoicing to be free; and when I looked, it was flowing, not from the mountain but from a snow-bridge. Mighty falls of snow had piled up at the foot of the mountain, as they

slipped from its steeps; and then the snow, melting above, had come down as a torrent and eaten its way through the wide arch of this cave. Often one must cross a river on these snow-bridges, and at a certain stage of melting they are most dangerous; for, if the snow should give, there may be frightful depths beneath.

Here first I noticed how beautiful were the flowers of the heights. The men gathered and brought me tremulous white and blue columbines, and wild wallflowers, orange-colored and so deeply scented that I could close my eyes and call up a cottage garden, and the bee-hives standing in sedate rows under the thatched eaves. And there was a glorious thistle, new to me, as tall as a man, and with blue-green silvered spears and a head of spiky rays. Bushes, also, like great laurels, but loaded with rosy berries that the Kashmiris love.

We turned then round a huge fallen rock, green and moist with hanging ferns, and shining with the spray of the river, and before us was a mountain, and an incredible little trail winding up it, and that was our way. I looked and doubted. It is called the Pisu, or Flea Ascent, on the ground that it takes a flea's activity to negotiate it. Of course, it was beyond the ponies, except here and there, on what I called breathers, and so we dismounted. The men advised us to clutch the ponies' tails, and but for that help it would have been difficult to manage. My heart was pumping in my throat, and I could feel the little pulses beating in my eyes, before I had gone far, and every few minutes we had to stop; for even the guides were speechless from the climb, and I could see the ponies' hearts beating hard and fast under the smooth coats.

But still we held on, and now beside us were blooming the flower-gardens of the brief and brilliant Himalayan summer — beds of delicate purple anemo-

nes, gorgeous golden ranunculus holding its gold shields to the sun, orange poppies, masses of forget-me-nots of a deep, glowing blue — a *burning* blue, not like the fair azure of the Western flower, but like the royal blue of the Virgin's robe in a Flemish missal. And above these swayed the bells of the columbines on their slender stems, ranging from purest white, through a faint, misty blue, to a deep, glooming purple. We could hardly go on for the joy of the flowers. It was a marvel to see all these lovely things growing wild and uncared for, flinging their sweetness on the pure air, and clothing the ways with beauty. And at each turn fresh snow-peaks emerged against the infinite blue of the sky — some with frail wisps of white cloud caught in the spires, and some bold and clear as giants ranged for battle.

And so we climbed up and reached another story, and lay down to rest and breathe before we went farther up into wonderland.

The top was a grassy 'marg,' or meadow, cloven down to the heart of the earth by a fierce river. Around it was a vast amphitheatre of wild crags and peaks; and beneath these, but ever upward, lay our trail. But the meadow was like that field in Sicily where Persephone was gathering flowers when she was snatched away by Dis to reign in the Underworld. I remembered Leighton's picture of her, floating up from the dead dark, pale like a withered flower, and stretching her hands to the blossoms of earth once more. I never saw such flowers: they could scarcely be seen elsewhere.

The snow had slipped off the meadow, — was rushing away in the thundering river far below, — and the flowers were crowding each other, rejoicing in the brief gladness of summer before they should be shrouded again under the chilly whiteness. But their color took revenge on it now. They glowed, they

sang and shouted for joy — such was the vibration of their radiance! I have never dreamed of such a thing before.

And then came our next bad climb, up the bed of a ragged mountain torrent and across it, with the water lashing at us like a whip. I do not know how the ponies did it. They were clutched and dragged by the ears and tails, and a man seized me by the arms and hauled me up and round the face of a precipice, where to miss one step on the loose stones would have been to plunge into depths I preferred not to look at. Then another ascent like the Flea, but shorter, and we were a story higher, in another wild marg, all frosted silver with edelweiss, and glorious with the flowers of another zone — flowers that cling to the bare and lichenized rock and ask no foothold of earth.

That was a wild way. We climbed and climbed steadfastly, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, and round us were rocks clothed with rose-red saxifrage, shaded into pink, and myriads of snowy stars, each with a star of ruby in its heart. Clouds still of the wonderful forget-me-not climbed with us. Such rock gardens! No earthly hand could plant those glowing masses and set them against the warm russets and golds of the lower crags, lifted up into this mighty sky-world. The tenderness of the soft form and radiant color of these little flowers in the cruel grasp of the rocks, yet softening them into grace with the short summer of their lives, is exquisitely touching. It has the pathos of all fragility and brief beauty.

Later we climbed a great horn of rock, and rounded a slender trail, and before us was another camping-place — the Shisha-Nag Lake among the peaks. We saw its green river first, bursting through a rocky gateway, and then, far below, the lake itself, —

Green as a clouded chrysoprase
And lonely as a dream of God, —

reflecting the snowy pinnacles above it. The splintered peaks stand about it. Until July it is polished ice, and out of one side opens a solemn ante-chapel blocked with snow. The lake itself is swept clear and empty. The moon climbs the peaks and looks down, and the constellations swing above it. A terrible, lonely place, peopled only by the shadows. It was awful to think of the pomps of sunrise, noon, and sunset passing over it, and leaving it to the night and dream which are its only true companions. It should never be day there — always black, immovable night, crouching among the snows and staring down with all her starlight eyes into that polished icy mirror.

We camped above it, and it was cold — cold! A bitter wind blew through the rocks — a wind shrilling in a waste land. Now and then it shifted a little and brought the hoarse roar of some distant torrent or the crash of an avalanche. And then, for the first time, I heard the cry of the marmot — a piercing note which intensifies the desolation. We saw them too, sitting by their burrows; and then they shrieked and dived and were gone.

We made a little stir of life for a while — the men pitching our tents and running here and there to gather stunted juniper bushes for fuel, and get water from an icy stream that rippled by. But I knew we were only interlopers. We would be gone next day, and the cold silence would settle down on our blackened camp-fires.

In the piercing cold that cut like a knife I went out at night, to see the lake, a solemn stillness under the moon. I cannot express the awe of the solitudes. As long as I could bear the cold, I intruded my small humanity; and then one could but huddle into the camp-bed and try to shut out the immensities, and sleep our little human sleep, with the camp-fires flickering

through the curtains, and the freezing stars above.

Next day we had to climb a very great story higher. Up and up the track went steadily, with a sheer fall at one side and a towering wall on the other. We forded a river where my feet swung into it as the pony, held by two men, plunged through. It is giddy, dazzling work to ford these swift rivers. The pony seems to be stationary; only the glitter of the river sweeps by, and the great stones trip the pony. You think you are gone, and then somehow and suddenly you are at the other side.

IV

And here a strange thing happened. When the morning came, we found that a *sadhu* — a wandering pilgrim — had reached the same height on his way to the Cave. He was resting by the way, very wearied, and shuddering with the cold. So I ventured to speak to him and welcome him to our fire and to such food (rice) as he could accept from some of our men; and there, when we stopped for the midday meal, he sat among us like a strange bird dropped from alien skies. Sometimes these men are repulsive enough, but this one—I could have thought it was Kabir himself! Scrupulously clean, though as poor as human being could be. He would have come up from the burning plains with his poor breast bare to the scarring wind, but that some charitable native had given him a little cotton coat. A turban, a loin-cloth looped between the legs, leaving them naked, grass sandals on feet coarse with traveling, and a string of roughly carved wooden beads, were all his possessions, except the little wallet that carried his food — rice and a kind of lentil. I thought of Epicurus, the saint of ancient Rome, and his one tattered cloak.

This was a man of about fifty-five,

tall, thin, with a sensitive face, yet with something soldierly about him; dignified and quiet, with fine hawk-like features and strained bright eyes in hollow caves behind the gaunt cheek-bones. A beautiful face in both line and expression; a true mystic, if ever I saw one!

He told me he had walked all the way from Bengal (look at the map and see what that means!), and that the poor people were very kind and gave him a little rice sometimes, when they had it, and sometimes a tiny coin, asking only his prayers in return. That he needed very little, never touching meat or fish or eggs, which he did not think could be pleasing to the God. For sixteen years he had been thus passing from one sacred place to the other — from the holy Benares to Hardwar, where the Ganges leaves the hills, and farther still, praying — praying to the One. 'There is One God,' he said; and again I thought of Kabir, the supreme mystic, the incarnate Joy, who also wandered through India, —

He has looked upon God, and his eyeballs are clear;

There was One, there is One, and but One, saith Kabir, —

striving, like this man,

To learn and discern of his brother the clod, And his brother the beast, and his brother the God.

I asked if he had any children, and he threw out his hands palm upward with a strange gesture, and said, 'Empty.'

But does it not fill one with thoughts? That man had a soul at rest and a clear purpose. And Christ and Buddha were *sadhus*; and if it seem waste to spend the sunset of a life in prayer, that may be the grossest of errors. We do not know the rules of the Great Game. How should we judge? So he came with us, striding behind the ponies with his long, steadfast stride, and his company was pleasing to me.

That was a wondrous climb. Had

any God ever such an approach to his sanctuary as this great God of the heights? We climbed through a huge amphitheatre of snows, above us the ribbed and crocketed crags of a mighty mountain. It was wild architecture — fearful buttresses, springing arches, and terrible foundations rooted in the earth's heart; and, above, a high clerestory, where the Dawn might walk and look down through the hollow eyeholes of the windows into the deeps of the precipice below.

I suppose the architect was the soft persistence of water, for I could see deep beach-marks on the giant walls. But there it stood, crowned with snow, and we toiled up it, and landed on the next story, the very water-shed of these high places — a point much higher than the goal of our journey. And that was very marvelous, for we were now in the bare upper world, with only the sky above us, blue and burning on the snow, the very backbone of the range; and, like the Great Divide, the rivers were flowing both ways, according to the inclination of the source.

Before us lay snow which must be crossed, and endless streams and rivers half or wholly buried in snow. That was a difficult time. The ponies were slipping, sliding, stumbling, yet brave, capable, wary as could be. I shall forever respect these mountain ponies. They are sure-footed as goats and brave as lions and nothing else would serve in these high places. In Thibet they have been known to climb to the height of 20,000 feet.

Sometimes the snow was rotten, and we sank in; sometimes it was firm, and then we slipped along; sometimes riding was impossible, and then we picked our way with alpenstocks. But everywhere in the Pass summer had its brief victory, and the rivers were set free to feed the sultry Indian plains.

At last we won through to another

high marg, a pocket of grass and blossom in the crags; and there, at Panjtarini, we camped. Of course, we had long been above all trees, but nothing seemed to daunt the flowers. This marg lay basking in the sun, without one fragment of shade except when the sun fell behind the peaks in the evening. But the flowers quivered, glowed, expanded. My feet were set on edelweiss, and the buttercups were pure gold. The stream ran before me pure as at the day-dawn of the world, and from all this innocent beauty I looked up to the untrdden snow, so near, yet where only the eagle's wings could take her.

Next day was an enforced rest, for everyone, man and beast, was weary; so we basked in the sun, reading and writing, and but for the July snow and the awful peaks, it was hard to believe that one was in the upper chambers of the King's Palace. Yet the air was strange, the water was strange, and it was like a wild fairy-tale to look down from my camp-bed and see the gray edelweiss growing thick beside it, and hear the shriek of the marmot.

Next day we should reach the Cave, and the morning looked down upon us sweet and still — a perfect dawn.

First we crossed the marg, shining with buttercups, and climbed a little way up a hill under the snows, and then dropped down to the river-bed under eaves of snow, for the path above was blocked. It was strange to wade along through the swift, icy waters, with the snow-caves arching above us, sending their chill through us in the glowing sunlight. The light in these caves is a wonderful lambent green, for the reflected water is malachite green itself; but I was glad when the passage was over, for it looked as if some impending mass must fall and crush us.

We climbed painfully out of the water, and in front was a track winding straight up the mountain. It was clear

that we could not ride up; but we could not delay, so we started as steadily as the ponies. I hardly know how they did it — the men dragged and encouraged them somehow. And still less do I know how we did it. The strain was great. At one point I felt as if my muscles would crack and my heart burst. We did the worst in tiny stages, resting every few minutes, and always before us was the sadhu winning steadily up the height. It was a weary, long climb, new elevations revealing themselves at every turn of the track. Finally, I fell on the top and lay for a bit, to get my wind, speechless but triumphant.

We rode then along the face of the hill — an awful depth below, and beside us flowers even exceeding those we had seen. Purple asters, great pearl-white Christmas roses weighting their stems, orange-red ranunculus. It was a broken rainbow scattered on the grass. And above this heaven of color was the Amarnath mountain at last — the goal.

Then came a descent when I hardly dared to look below me. That too could not be ridden. In parts the track had slipped away, and it was only about six inches wide. In others we had to climb over the gaps where it had slipped. At the foot we reached a mighty mountain ravine — a great cleft hewn in the mountain, filled, like a bowl, to a fourth of its huge depth with snow, and with streams and rivers rushing beneath. We could hear them roaring hollowly, and see them now and then in bare places. And at the end of the ravine, perhaps two miles off, a great cliff blocked the way, and in it a black hole — and this was the Shrine.

The snow was so hard that we could ride much of the way, but with infinite difficulty, climbing and slipping where the water beneath had rotted the snow. In fact, this glen is one vast snow-bridge, so undermined is it by torrents. The narrowness of it and the towering

mountains on each side make it a tremendous approach to the Shrine.

A snow-bridge broke suddenly under my pony and I thought I was gone; but a man caught me by the arm, and the pony made a wild effort and struggled to the rocks. And so we went on.

The Cave is high up the cliff, and I could see the sadhu's figure striding swiftly on, as if nothing could hold him back.

V

We dismounted before the Cave, and began the last climb, to the mouth. I got there first, almost done, and lo! a great arch like that of the choir of a cathedral; and inside, a cave eaten by water into the rock, lighted by the vast arch, and shallow in comparison with its height of 150 feet. At the back, frozen springs issuing from the mountain. One of the springs, the culminating point of adoration, is the Lingam as it is seen in the temples of India — a very singular natural frost sculpture. Degraded in the associations of modern ignorance, the mystic and the educated behold in this small pillar of purest ice the symbol of the Pillar of Cosmic Ascent, rooted in rapture of creation, rising to the rapture of the Immeasurable. It represents That within the circumference of which the universe swings to its eternal rhythm — That which, in the words of Dante, moves the sun and the other stars. It is the stranger here because before it the clear ice has frozen into a flat, shallow altar.

The sadhu knelt before it, tranced in prayer. He had laid some flowers on the altar, and, head thrown back and eyes closed, was far away — in what strange heaven, who shall say? Unconscious of place or person, of himself, of everything but the Deity, he knelt, the perfect symbol of the perfect place. I could see his lips move — Was it the song of Kabir to the Eternal Dancer? —

He is pure and eternal,
His form is infinite and fathomless.
He dances in rapture and waves of form arise
from his dance.
The body and mind cannot contain themselves
when touched by his divine joy.
He holds all within his bliss.
What better praise for such a worshiper
before him in whose ecstasy the worlds
dance for delight — here where, in the
great silence, the Great God broods on
things divine?

I laid my flowers on the altar of ice
beside his. Who could fail to be moved
where such adoration is given after
such a pilgrimage? And if some call the
Many-Named 'God,' and some 'Siva,'
what matter? To all it is the Immanent
God. And when I thought of the long
winter and the snow falling, falling, in
the secret places of the mountains, and
shrouding this temple in white, the maj-
esty of the solitudes and of the Divine
filled me with awe.

Later we climbed down into the
snowy glen beneath the Cave, and ate
our meal under a rock, with the marmots
shrilling about us, and I found at my
feet — what? A tuft of bright golden
violets — all the delicate penciling in the
heart, but shining gold. I remembered
Ulysses in the Garden of Circe, where
the *moly* is enshrined in the long thun-
dering roll of Homer's verse: —

For in another land it beareth a golden flower,
but not in this.

It is a shock of joy and surprise to find
so lovely a marvel in the awful heights.

We were too weary to talk. We
watched the marmots, red-brown like
chestnuts, on the rocks outside their
holes, till everything became indistinct
and we fell asleep from utter fatigue.

The way back was as toilsome, only
with the ascents and descents reversed;
and so we returned to Panjtarini.

Next day we rested; for not only was
it necessary from fatigue, but some of
our men were mountain-sick because
of the height. This most trying ailment

affects sleep and appetite, and makes
the least exertion a painful effort.
Some felt it less, some more, and it was
startling to see our strong young men
panting as their hearts labored almost
to bursting. The native cure is to chew
a clove of garlic; whether it is a faith
cure or no I cannot tell, but it succeeded.

Of the journey down I will say little.
Our sadhu journeyed with us and was
as kind and helpful on the way as man
could be. He stayed at our camp for
two days when we reached Pahlgam;
for he was all but worn out, and we beg-
ged him to rest. It touched me to see
the weary body and indomitable soul.

At last the time came for parting.
He stood under a pine, with his small
bundle under his arm, his stick in his
hand, and his thin feet shod for the
road in grass sandals. His face was
serenely calm and beautiful. I said I
hoped God would be good to him in all
his wanderings; and he replied that he
hoped this too, and he would never for-
get to speak to Him of us and to ask
that we might find the Straight Way
home. For himself, he would wander
until he died — probably in some vil-
lage where his name would be unknown
but where they would be good to him
for the sake of the God.

So he salaamed and went, and we saw
him no more. But always I see him,
lessening along the great roads of India,
with the same set face — set to a goal
that he will doubtless attain. Was it
not the mighty Akbar who said, 'I never
saw any man lost in a straight road'?

Thus I have tried to give some dim
picture of the wonders of that wonder-
ful pilgrimage. But who can express
the faith, the devotion that sends the
poorer pilgrims to those heights? We
had all the help that money can give.
They do it as that sadhu did it. Silence
and deep thought are surely the only
fitting comments on such a sight.

A TROPIC GARDEN

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

TAKE an automobile and into it pile a superman, a great evolutionist, an artist, an ornithologist, a poet, a botanist, a photographer, a musician, an author, adorable youngsters of fifteen, and a tired business man, and within half an hour I shall have drawn from them superlatives of appreciation, each after his own method of emotional expression — whether a flood of exclamations, or silence. This is no light boast, for at one time or another, I have done all this, but in only one place — the Botanical Gardens of Georgetown, British Guiana. As I hold it sacrilege to think of dying without again seeing the Taj Mahal, or the Hills from Darjeeling, so something of ethics seems involved in my soul's necessity of again watching the homing of the herons in these tropic gardens at evening.

In the busy, unlovely streets of the water-front of Georgetown, one is often jostled; in the markets, it is often difficult at times to make one's way; but in the gardens a solitary laborer grubs among the roots, a coolie woman swings by with a bundle of grass on her head, or, in the late afternoon, an occasional motor whirs past. Mankind seems almost an interloper, rather than architect and owner of these wonder-gardens. His presence is due far more often to business, his transit marked by speed, than the slow walking or loitering which real appreciation demands.

A guide-book will doubtless give the exact acreage, tell the mileage of excellent roads, record the date of establish-

ment, and the number of species of palms and orchids. But it will have nothing to say of the marvels of the slow decay of a *Victoria Regia* leaf, or of the spiral descent of a white egret, or of the feelings which Roosevelt and I shared one evening, when four manatees rose beneath us. It was from a little curved Japanese bridge, and the next morning we were to start up-country to my jungle laboratory. There was not a ripple on the water, but here I chose to stand still and wait. After ten minutes of silence, I put a question and Roosevelt said, 'I would willingly stand for two days to catch a good glimpse of a wild manatee.' And St. Francis heard, and, one after another, four great backs slowly heaved up; then an ill-formed head and an impossible mouth, with the unbelievable hare-lip, and before our eyes the sea-cows snorted and gamboled.

Again, four years later, I put my whole soul into a prayer for manatees, and again with success. During a few moments' interval of a tropical downpour, I stood on the same little bridge with Henry Fairfield Osborn. We had only half an hour left in the tropics; the steamer was on the point of sailing; what, in ten minutes, could be seen of tropical life! I stood helpless, waiting, hoping for anything which might show itself in this magic garden, where today the foliage was glistening malachite and the clouds a great flat bowl of oxydized silver.

The air brightened, and a tree lean-

ing far across the water came into view. On its under side was a long silhouetted line of one and twenty little fish-eating bats, tiny spots of fur and skinny web, all so much alike that they might well have been one bat and twenty shadows.

A small crocodile broke water into air which for him held no moisture, looked at the bats, then at us, and slipped back into the world of crocodiles. A cackle arose, so shrill and sudden, that it seemed to have been the cause of the shower of drops from the palm-fronds; and then, on the great leaves of the *Regia*, which defy simile, we perceived the first feathered folk of this single tropical glimpse — spur-winged jacanas, whose rich rufus and cool lemon-yellow no dampness could deaden. With them were gallinules and small green herons, and across the pink mist of lotos blossoms just beyond, three egrets drew three lines of purest white — and vanished. It was not at all real, this onrush of bird and blossom revealed by the temporary erasing of the driven lines of gray rain.

Like a spendthrift in the midst of a winning game, I still watched eagerly and ungratefully for manatees. Kiskadees splashed rather than flew through the drenched air, an invisible black witch bubbled somewhere to herself, and a wren sang three notes and a trill which died out in a liquid gurgle. Then came another crocodile, and finally the manatees. Not only did they rise and splash and roll and indolently flick themselves with their great flippers, but they stood upright on their tails, like Alice's carpenter's companion, and one fondled its young as a water-mamma should. Then the largest stretched up as far as any manatee can ever leave the water, and caught and munched a drooping sprig of bamboo. Watching the great puffing lips, we again thought of walruses; but only a caterpillar could emulate that sideways mumbling — the

strangest mouth of any mammal. But from behind, the rounded head, the shapely neck, the little baby manatee held carefully in the curve of a flipper, made legends of mermaids seem very reasonable; and if I had been an early *voyageur*, I should assuredly have had stories to tell of mer-kiddies as well. As we watched, the young one played about, slowly and deliberately, without frisk or gambol, but determinedly, intently, as if realizing its duty to an abstract conception of youth and warm-blooded mammalness.

The earth holds few breathing beings stranger than these manatees. Their life is a slow progression through muddy water from one bed of lilies or reeds to another. Every few minutes, day and night, year after year, they come to the surface for a lungful of the air which they must have, but in which they cannot live. In place of hands they have flippers, which paddle them leisurely along, which also serve to hold the infant manatee, and occasionally to scratch themselves when leeches irritate. The courtship of sea-cows, the qualities which appeal most to their dull minds, the way they protect the callow youngsters from voracious crocodiles, how or where they sleep — of all this we are ignorant. We belong to the same class, but the line between water and air is a no man's land which neither of us can pass for more than a few seconds.

When their big black hulks heaved slowly upward, it brought to my mind the huge glistening backs of elephants bathing in Indian streams; and this resemblance is not wholly fantastic. Not far from the oldest Egyptian ruins, excavations have brought to light ruins millions of years more ancient — the fossil bones of great creatures as strange as any that live in the realm of fairy-land or fiction. Among them was revealed the ancestry of elephants, which

was also that of manatees. Far back in geological times the tapir-like *Moeritherium*, which wandered through Eocene swamps, had within itself the prophecy of two diverse lines. One would gain great tusks and a long, mobile trunk and live its life in distant tropical jungles; and another branch was to sink still deeper into the swamp-water, where its hind-legs would weaken and vanish as it touched dry land less and less. And here to-day we watched a quartette of these manatees, living contented lives and breeding in the gardens of Georgetown.

The mist again drifted its skeins around leaf and branch, gray things became grayer, drops formed in mid-air and slipped slowly through other slower forming drops, and a moment later rain was falling gently. We went away, and to our mind's eye the manatees behind that gray curtain still munch bamboos, the spur-wings stretch their colorful wings cloudward, and the bubble-eyed crocodiles float intermittently between two watery zones.

II

To say that these are beautiful botanical gardens is like the statement that sunsets are admirable events. It is better to think of them as a setting, focusing about the greatest water-lily in the world, or, as we have seen, the strangest mammal; or as an exhibit of roots — roots as varied and as exquisite as a hall of famous sculpture; or as a wilderness of tapestry foliage, in texture, from cobweb to burlap; or as a heaven-roofed, sun-furnaced greenhouse of blossoms, from the tiniest of dull-green orchids to the fifty-foot spike of taliput bloom. With this foundation of vegetation recall that the Demerara coast is a paradise for herons, egrets, bitterns, gallinules, jacanas, and hawks, and think of these trees and

foliage, islands and marsh, as a nesting and roosting focus for hundreds of such birds. Thus, considering the gardens indirectly, one comes gradually to the realization of their wonderful character.

The *Victoria Regia* has one thing in common with a volcano — no amount of description or of colored plates prepares one for the plant itself. In analysis we recall its dimensions, colors, and form. Standing by a trench filled with its leaves and flowers, we discard the records of memory, and cleansing the senses of pre-impressions, begin anew. The marvel is for each of us, individually, an exception to evolution; it is a special creation, like all the rainbows seen in one's life — a thing to be reverently absorbed by sight, by scent, by touch, absorbed and realized without precedent or limit. Only ultimately do we find it necessary to adulterate this fine perception with definitive words and phrases, and so attempt to register it for ourselves or others.

I have seen many wonderful sights from an automobile, — such as my first Boche barrage and the tree ferns of Martinique, — but none to compare with the joys of vision from prehistoric *tikka gharries*, ancient *Victoriae*, and aged hacks. It was from the low curves of these equine rickshaws that I first learned to love Paris and Calcutta and the water-lilies of Georgetown. One of the first rites which I perform upon returning to New York is to go to the Lafayette and, after dinner, brush aside the taxi men and hail a *victoria*. The last time I did this, my driver was so old that two fellow drivers, younger than he and yet grandfatherly, assisted him, one holding the horse and the other helping him to his seat. Slowly ascending Fifth Avenue close to the curb and on through Central Park is like no other experience. The vehicle is so low and open that all resemblance to bus or taxi is lost. Everything is seen

from a new angle. One learns incidentally that there is a guild of cab-drivers — proud, restrained, jealous. A hundred cars rush by without notice. Suddenly we see the whip brought up in salute to the dingy green top-hat, and across the avenue we perceive another *victoria*. And we are thrilled at the discovery, as if we had unearthed a new codex of some ancient ritual.

And so, initiated by such precedent, I have found it a worthy thing to spend hours in decrepit cabs loitering along side roads in the Botanical Gardens, watching herons and crocodiles, lilies and manatees, from the rusty leather seats. At first the driver looked at me in astonishment as I photographed or watched or wrote; but later he attended to his horse, whispering strange things into its ears, and finally deserted me. My writing was punctuated by graceful flourishes, resulting from an occasional lurch of the vehicle as the horse stepped from one to another patch of luscious grass.

Like Fujiyama, the *Victoria Regia* changes from hour to hour, color-shifted, wind-swung, and the mechanism of the blossoms never ceasing. In northern greenhouses it is nursed by skilled gardeners, kept in indifferent vitality by artificial heat and ventilation, with gauged light and selected water; here it was a rank growth, in its natural home, and here we knew of its antiquity from birds whose toes had been moulded through scores of centuries to tread its great leaves.

In the cool fragrance of early morning, with the sun low across the water, the leaves appeared like huge, milky-white platters, with now and then little dancing silhouettes running over them. In another slant of light they seemed atolls scattered thickly through a dark, quiet sea, with new-blown flowers filling the whole air with slow-drifting perfume. Best of all, in late afternoon, the

true colors came to the eye — six-foot circles of smooth emerald, with upturned hem of rich wine-color. Each had a tell-tale cable lying along the surface, a score of leaves radiating from one deep hidden root.

Up through mud and black trench-water came the leaf, like a tiny fist of wrinkles, and day by day spread and uncurled, looking like the unwieldy paw of a kitten or cub. The keels and ribs covering the under-side increased in size and strength, and finally the great leaf was ironed out by the warm sun into a mighty sheet of smooth, emerald chlorophyll. Then, for a time, — no one has ever taken the trouble to find out how long, — it was at its best, swinging back and forth at its moorings with deep upright rim, a notch at one side revealing the almost invisible seam of the great lobes, and serving, also, as a drainage outlet for excess of rain.

A young leaf occasionally came to grief by reaching the surface amid several large ones floating close together. Such a leaf expanded, as usual, but, like a beached boat, was gradually forced high and dry, hardening into a distorted shape and sinking only with the decay of the underlying leaves.

The deep crimson of the outside of the rim was merely a reflection tint, and vanished when the sun shone directly through; but the masses of sharp spines were very real, and quite efficient in repelling boarders. The leaf offered safe haven to any creature that could leap or fly to its surface; but its life would be short indeed if the casual whim of every baby crocodile or flipper of a young manatee met with no opposition.

Insects came from water and from air and called the floating leaf home, and from now on, its surface was one of the most interesting and busy arenas in this tropical landscape.

In late September I spread my observation chair at the very edge of one

of the dark tans and watched the life on the leaves. Out at the centre a fussy jacana was feeding with her two spindly-legged babies, while, still nearer, three scarlet-helmeted gallinules lumbered about, now and then tipping over a silvery and black infant which seemed puzzled as to which it should call parent. Here was a clear example, not only of the abundance of life in the tropics, but of the keen competition. The jacana invariably lays four eggs, and the gallinule, at this latitude, six or eight, yet only a fraction of the young had survived even to this tender age.

As I looked, a small crocodile rose, splashed, and sank, sending terror among the gallinules, but arousing the spur-wing jacana to a high pitch of anger. It left its young and flew directly to the widening circles and hovered, cackling loudly. These birds have ample ability to cope with the dangers which menace from beneath; but their fear was from above, and every passing heron, egret, or harmless hawk was given a quick scrutiny, with an instinctive crouch and half-spread wings.

But still the whole scene was peaceful; and as the sun grew warmer, young herons and egrets crawled out of their nests on the island a few yards away and preened their scanty plumage. Kiskadees splashed and dipped along the margin of the water. Everywhere this species seems seized with an aquatic fervor, and in localities hundreds of miles apart I have seen them gradually desert their fly-catching for surface feeding, or often plunging, kingfisher-like, bodily beneath, to emerge with a small wriggling fish — another certain reflection of overpopulation and competition.

As I sat I heard a rustle behind me, and there, not eight feet away, narrow snout held high, one tiny foot lifted, was that furry fiend, Rikki-tikki. He was too quick for me, and dived into a

small clump of undergrowth and bamboos. But I wanted a specimen of mongoose, and the artist offered to beat one end of the bush. Soon I saw the gray form undulating along, and as the rustling came nearer, he shot forth, moving in great bounds. I waited until he had covered half the distance to the next clump and rolled him over. Going back to my chair, I found that neither jacana, nor gallinules, nor herons had been disturbed by my shot.

While the introduction of the mongoose into Guiana was a very reckless, foolish act, yet he seems to be having a rather hard time of it, and with islands and lily-pads as havens, and waterways in every direction, Rikki is reduced chiefly to grasshoppers and such small game. He has spread along the entire coast, through the cane-fields and around the rice-swamps, and it will not be his fault if he does not eventually get a foothold in the jungle itself.

III

No month or day or hour fails to bring vital changes — tragedies and comedies — to the network of life of these tropical gardens; but as we drive along the broad paths of an afternoon, the quiet vistas show only waving palms, weaving vultures, and swooping kiskadees, with bursts of color from bougainvillea — flamboyant, and queen of flowers. At certain times, however, the tide of visible change swelled into a veritable bore of life, gently and gradually, as quiet waters become troubled and then pass into the seething uproar of rapids. In late afternoon, when the long shadows of palms stretched their blue-black bars across the terra-cotta roads, the foliage of the green bamboo islands was dotted here and there with a scattering of young herons, white and blue and parti-colored. Idly watching them through glasses, I saw them sleep-

ily preening their sprouting feathers, making ineffectual attempts at pecking one another, or else hunched in silent heron-dream. They were scarcely more alive than the creeping, hour-hand tendrils about them, mere double-stemmed, fluffy petaled blossoms, no more strange than the nearest vegetable blooms — the cannon-ball mystery, the sand-box puzzle, sinister orchids, and the false color-alarms of the white-bracted silverleaf. Compared with these, perching herons are right and seemly fruit.

As I watched them I suddenly stiffened in sympathy, as I saw all vegetable sloth drop away and each bird become a detached individual, plucked by an electric emotion from the appearance of a thing of sap and fibre to a vital being of tingling nerves. I followed their united glance, and overhead there vibrated, lightly as a thistle-down, the first incoming adult heron, swinging in from a day's fishing along the coast. It went on and vanished among the fronds of a distant island; but the calm had been broken, and through all the stems there ran a restless sense of anticipation, a *Zeitgeist* of prophetic import. One felt that memory of past things was dimming, and content with present comfort was no longer dominant. It was the future to which both the baby herons and I were looking, and for them realization came quickly. The sun had sunk still lower, and great clouds had begun to spread their robes and choose their tints for the coming pageant.

And now the vanguard of the homing host appeared, — black dots against blue and white and salmon, — thin, gaunt forms with slow-moving wings which cut the air through half the sky. The little herons and I watched them come — first a single white egret, which spiraled down, just as I had many times seen the first returning Spad eddy downward to a cluster of great

hump-backed hangars; then a trio of tricolored herons, and six little blues, and after that I lost count. It seemed as if these tiny islands were magnets drawing all the herons in the world.

Parrakeets whirl roostwards with machine-like synchronism of flight; geese wheel down in more or less regular formation; but these herons concentrated along straight lines, each describing its individual radius from the spot where it caught its last fish or shrimp to its nest or the particular branch on which it will spend the night. With a hemicircle of sufficient size, one might plot all of the hundreds upon hundreds of these radii, and each would represent a distinct line, if only a heron's width apart.

At the height of the evening's flight there were sometimes fifty herons in sight at once, beating steadily onward until almost overhead, when they put on brakes and dropped. Some, as the little egrets, were rather awkward; while the tricolors were the most skillful, sometimes nose-diving, with a sudden flattening out just in time to reach out and grasp a branch. Once or twice, when a fitful breeze blew at sunset, I had a magnificent exhibition of aeronautics. The birds came up-wind slowly, beating their way obliquely but steadily, long legs stretched out far behind the tail and swinging pendulum-like whenever a shift of ballast was needed. They apparently did not realize the unevenness of the wind, for when they backed air, ready to descend, a sudden gust would often undercut them and over they would go, legs, wings, and neck sprawling in mid-air. After one or two somersaults or a short, swift dive, they would right themselves, feathers on end, and frantically grasp at the first leaf or twig within reach. Panting, they looked helplessly around, reorientation coming gradually.

At each arrival, a hoarse chorus went

up from hungry throats, and every youngster within reach scrambled wildly forward, hopeful of a fish course. They received but scant courtesy and usually a vicious peck tumbled them off the branch. I saw a young bird fall to the water, and this mishap was from no attack, but due to his tripping over his own feet, the claws of one foot gripping those of the other in an insane clasp, which overbalanced him. He fell through a thin screen of vines and splashed half onto a small *Regia* leaf. With neck and wings he struggled to pull himself up, and had almost succeeded when heron and leaf sank slowly, and only the bare stem swung up again. A few bubbles led off in a silvery path toward deeper water, showing where a crocodile swam slowly off with his prey.

For a time the birds remained still, and then crept within the tangles, to their mates or nests, or quieted the clamor of the young with warm-storage fish. How each one knew its own offspring was beyond my ken, but on three separate evenings scattered through one week, I observed an individual, marked by a wing-gap of two lost feathers, come, within a quarter-hour of six o'clock, and feed a great awkward youngster which had lost a single feather from each wing. So there was no hit-or-miss method — no luck in the strongest birds taking toll from more than two of the returning parents.

Observing this vesper migration in different places, I began to see orderly segregation on a large scale. All the smaller herons dwelt together on certain islands in more or less social tolerance; and on adjoining trees, separated by only a few yards, scores of hawks concentrated and roosted, content with their snail diet, and wholly ignoring their neighbors. On the other side of the gardens, in aristocratic isolation, was a colony of stately American egrets, dainty and graceful. Their

circumference of radiation was almost or quite a circle, for they preferred the ricefields for their daily hunting. Here the great birds, snowy white, with flowing aigrettes, and long, curving necks, settled with dignity, and here they slept and sat on their rough nests of sticks.

When the height of homing flight of the host of herons had passed, I noticed a new element of restlessness, and here and there among the foliage appeared dull-brown figures. There occurred the comic explanation of white herons who had crept deep among the branches, again emerging in house coat of drab!! These were not the same, however, and the first glance through binoculars showed the thick-set, humped figures and huge, staring eyes of night herons.

As the last rays of the sun left the summit of the royal palms, something like the shadow of a heron flashed out and away, and then the import of these facts was impressed upon me. The egret, the night heron, the vampire — here were three types of organisms, characterizing the actions and reactions in nature. The islands were receiving and giving up. Their heart was becoming filled with the many day-feeding birds, and now the night-shift was leaving, and the very branch on which a night heron might have been dozing all day was now occupied, perhaps, by a sleeping egret. With eyes enlarged to gather together the scanty rays of light, the night herons were slipping away in the path of the vampires — both nocturnal, but unlike in all other ways. And I wondered if, in the very early morning, infant night herons would greet their returning parents; and if their callow young ever fell into the dark waters, what awful deathly alternates would night reveal; or were the slow-living crocodiles sleepless, with cruel eyes which never closed so soundly but that the splash of a young night heron brought instant response?

THE PROBLEM OF MARTHA

BY A. CLUTTON-BROCK

I

AN American lady has asked me to discuss a problem which, since she is troubled by it, must exist for you in America as for us in England — the problem of the many women for whom, as she says, 'Life is going by like time spent in a trolley station, waiting for a car that is indefinitely late and whose destination is unknown.' Such women, she adds, do not rebel; 'they are only mildly cynical, for they do not consider it well-bred or intelligent to go bawling about the stale, flat unprofitableness of all the life they get a chance at.'

How are they to be cured of their *malaise* and indifference? or, rather, how are they to cure themselves? for no one else can cure them. This lady is not to be put off with vague talk about finding an aim in life. 'It takes more intelligence and will,' she says, 'to mark out an arbitrary course and follow it, where one has no guiding inclination and taste, than most men of the highest genius evince.'

I would not, myself, put it that way, but I see what she means. Men of genius never mark out an arbitrary course: they are at one in conscience and inclination. With the whole of themselves they wish to do what they do; and they excel in doing it because there is no friction within them. I do not think that will or intelligence is ever employed to mark out an arbitrary course and to follow it: a course that is arbitrary is one imposed, by

whatever means, from outside, and the function of will and intelligence is to discover and pursue the course sought within. All doctors now know that it is vain to tell listless patients to 'take an interest in something.' Their disease itself is that they cannot take an interest in anything, and they are not helped by the advice to go and cure themselves. There is some conflict within them which, unknown to themselves, prevents them from taking an interest; and they must be shown how to end this conflict.

Of course, most of the women of whom this lady speaks are not invalids; but there is a conflict within them which leaves them no overflow of energy; a little thing may turn them into invalids, and often does. They live from hand to mouth, without momentum or reserve of power, occupied with trivial tasks which they perform without knowing why. Life to them is like a meal at a bad, pretentious restaurant, where all dishes taste alike and never of themselves; how are they to get the taste of things in themselves?

It is vain to preach at them, for what right has anyone to preach? and they may return the compliment. They may tell us busy, eager people that we are busy and eager because we have not the wit to see what shadows we pursue. The worst of preaching is that it begets preachers; anyone can do it to others, but the only useful sermons are those we address to our-

selves. Yet we may say to these women — a thing they know too well already — that what they need is a faith; and we may help them to it, not by suggesting some faith ready-made and to them arbitrary, but by reminding them of the rudimentary faith which they, in common with all human beings, possess to start with: the faith which itself makes them discontented with their life as it is. This faith, at first hearing, is not satisfying, for it amounts only to this — that there is latent within them a further faith which they might discover and believe; and that, if they have not discovered it, the reason is in themselves — not, perhaps, in any sin of theirs, but in some inner, unconscious conflict which can be ended if it is known. This rudimentary faith, lacking, I believe, in no one, will give hope, as soon as it is clearly stated, since it will give a preliminary aim in life, namely, to discover the conflict and by discovering end it.

We are learning more and more certainly that it is useless to set your teeth and say you will do or believe this or that, so long as the conflict within you remains unperceived. Your first task, the task set you by your rudimentary faith, is to discover the conflict, and then, one way or another, to end it. There is a mental sanitation needed, so that your will and conscience alike may not be slowly poisoned. If you are a Christian, you will not believe that God sets you impossible tasks; if you are not, you will not believe that 'Nature,' or anything else, sets them for you; the very sense of impossibility or futility is itself a sickness that can be diagnosed and cured. To believe this, is the rudimentary faith that promises a further faith on which you can act and by which you can live — one that will grow within you and be

utterly your own, and yet universal.

Now the commonest of hidden conflicts in women is one between the just desires of the spirit and some duty imposed and performed but resented. So long as it is hidden, it cannot be ended; often, when it is discovered, the victim can end it at once. The desires of her spirit become to her her duty, and she achieves that unity of the self which always she has unconsciously desired. Often this conflict is between the desires of the spirit and particular, imposed duties; as where an unmarried daughter 'sacrifices herself' to exacting parents, and all the while dislikes them for the sacrifice they exact of her. She is set a particular problem, and no one can advise a particular solution without knowing all the circumstances.

But the conflict from which many women suffer is, I believe, more general. It is between the desires of the spirit and a general vague sense of duty or obligation. This sense, indefinite, threatening, and exacting, both irks and constrains them; there are always things they must do, yet they get no satisfaction from doing them because they do not see why they should be done. What they really wish to do with the whole self never presents itself clearly to them. All life is to them provisional, 'like time spent in a trolley-station, waiting for a car that is indefinitely late,' because of this obligation imposed on them from outside; and by whom or what?

It is, I believe, imposed upon them by their own fears, of which they are unaware. If you told them that their lives were ordered by fear, they might deny it angrily; they might prove to you that all their conscious actions are brave enough. But often those who suffer from unconscious fear do conceal the fact from themselves by acts

of conscious bravery. Fear, being entirely negative and so entirely unpleasant, always seeks to disguise itself in some positive transformation. In the conscious mind it becomes anger, or hatred, or even a desperate kind of courage. But these disguises do not remove the original fear; the only way to do that is to be aware of it. The way to happiness is by confession of our deepest cowardice; that is the true conviction of sin, without which we cannot be saved. It is not conscience, but the unconscious, that makes cowards of us all; for the fear we face we can deal with.

But the commonest disguise of hidden fear, in modern educated men and women, is cynicism; the lady who has suggested this problem to me says that the women she has in mind are mildly cynical; they would not consider it well-bred or intelligent to be violent. In this cynicism, with its facile, impotent wit, the thwarted spirit makes a safe and so futile rebellion. No one minds the cynic; she may laugh at the machine, but it works just the same; her omelettes are made without the breaking of any eggs. It is only in words that she has her revenge; and she is allowed it so long as she does not proceed to deeds. Cynicism, in fact, is the art of those who dare not be artists, the courage of those who will not confess their own cowardice. If we knew this, we should none of us be cynics: we should look for the fear of which our cynicism is a symptom; should seek joy in faith and not in the denial of it.

But this mild cynicism, so common and so enervating to the mind that enjoys it — what fear does it disguise? Usually, I think, the very fear that it repudiates: fear of what 'everybody' thinks and does and says. There is something, commonly called the 'herd-instinct,' which makes us do, say, and

even think things because other people do, say, and think them. I do not like this name for it, because it implies that it is an inheritance from our remote animal past, which may not be true. It may rather be a result of our long efforts to civilize ourselves, to become social beings; it may be a kind of superfluous momentum, an irrational habit attached to an effort in itself entirely rational. The phrase 'herd-instinct' is dangerous because it seems to imply that we cannot overcome it. Often those who talk of the herd-instinct tell us that our morality, our values, our whole mental content, are products of it. In which case we may name it and dislike it, but we cannot resist it; for it is ourselves.

Those, however, who are aware of their instinct to do things merely because other people do them, can resist it. They can face the fear of the world if once they confess it in themselves. They can distinguish between what part of convention is rational and what irrational, what part eases and what irks them. Only, they must, first of all, be aware of their own fear of convention, they must confess it to themselves, and observe its workings in their own minds. To rail against convention in others will not help you to resist it in yourself. The world is full of men, and especially of women, who rail and obey, who are unconventional in small things and conventional in great. It is full of cynics, the iconoclasts of toy-idols, who worship the great tyrannous idols without even knowing it.

II

Women, I believe, are at the same time more subject to convention than men and secretly more rebellious against it. It imposes on them incessant duties or obligations which they perform without satisfaction or inward

consent. And, the more they perform them, the more these obligations increase; so that life seems to them to be all duty without any pleasure, and the mind all conscience without the unity of conscience obeyed. They are disciplined like recruits drilled by a stupid sergeant; it is always 'eyes right' and 'present arms'—exercises imposed because they are against the grain. The recruit must be broken in, must lose his self in the army or herd; and all the while the drill-sergeant who gives these tyrannous commands is an abstraction, and the victory to be won far away and in an unknown cause.

There are all these trivial, meaningless duties to society; but how society will profit by them, or what, ultimately, society is after, remains unknown. Only the recruit obeys, lest something dreadful should happen to him if he disobeys. This something dreadful is general disapproval, and it imposes an alien, unvalued conscience on those who fear it. They are forever doing things they do not wish to do, without asking themselves why they should do them: why they should spend so much time in tidying the house, to satisfy, not their own æsthetic standard of neatness, but an exterior one; or why they should wear clothes that cost so much time and money, yet do not express their own sense of beauty. Neatness, smartness, in home and in dress, is the only ideal; and it is an ideal abstract, general, and imposed. The real self in every woman wishes to be neat, not as an end but as a means; wishes to be individual, expressive, in clothes and furniture; and often it dares not, without even knowing that it dares not. It is this secret fear that imposes the tyranny on others: because I am afraid, I am resolved to make others afraid. If I could confess my

own fear, I should wish to free others from it also.

And then there is conversation—rightly, the means of communication between spirit and spirit, but often, in fact, the repeating of what everybody says and nobody means: often, too, a combination of the present against the absent. Fear makes you wish to form a party, to take the offensive, to criticize lest you be criticized. It is the opposite of the Christian truth—Judge not that ye be not judged. For the more we judge each other, the more others judge us, their fear of our judgment taking the offensive. Even intellectual conversation is often like the food in a bad, pretentious hotel, or like fashions in clothes. There is assumed to be, somewhere, a great intellectual process carried on by writers and professors, of which the noise is heard in books and magazines; and this noise is echoed in conversation. But the real intellectual process is individual: it must be your own, or you have no part in it: it must come out of your own experience, if it is to have precision, conviction, beauty, or joy.

America and England call themselves free; but they will never be free in fact until we all, and especially women, have learned to rebel against this imaginary intellectual process, which is not ours or anyone's; until the phrase, 'think for yourself,' ceases to be a formula and becomes a fact. We cannot acquire opinions by buying a magazine, or even a book. There is no need for us to have opinions that are not our own, earned by knowledge and experience. Democracy is merely a tyranny so long as it is the rule of a majority which does not really exist, and against which every individual unconsciously rebels; a majority which is merely a composite photograph, unlike every individual, expressing only

the abstract irrelevant part of everyone, as our pictures of Christ express centuries of misunderstanding. I believe, as I have said, that women submit more even than men to this tyranny, and yet secretly rebel more against it. Certainly it imposes on them petty, meaningless, and joyless duties, more than on men; and they have naturally more sense of duty, a sense which is abused by the duties imposed on them. Civilization presents itself to them as something huge, complicated, and threatening; demanding far more than it gives, yet seeming to be a reality without any alternative. Thus unconscious rebellion increases within them like a cumulative poison, and robs them more and more of hope, energy, gusto. As Blake says, 'He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence'; and where there are many desiring but not acting, unaware even of their desires, there will be a malaria of the mind, cynicism, and that absence of love which is apt to express itself positively as dislike, if not as hatred.

It is a fact, I think, that women look at each other more coldly, critically, even hostilely, than men do; they expect to be judged, and they judge so as to be beforehand. But the standard by which they judge is often not their own, and upon trivial points; they cannot give reasons for it and would resent being asked for them. Nothing is so intimidating, nothing lessens initiative, joy, happiness, faith, so much as the sense that you are being judged on points which you can neither foresee nor understand. It makes you feel like a new boy at a bad school, afraid of some irresistible, irrational tradition, to be revered without reason, which has grown up without you, and yet is your master. The boy cannot know it, and yet is punished for not knowing it; so he will do as little as possible until he

knows it; and, when he does, he uses his knowledge to impose the same tyranny on other new boys and to punish them for their ignorance.

I would not speak thus freely of women's fears, if I did not believe they were greatly the fault of men. Men laugh at them, but are not aware of their own sins, so often the secret cause. For, deep down in all the conventionality of women, even of women the most consciously unconventional, is sexual fear, the fear of being thought disreputable, and, still more, of being treated by men as if they were. The social tyranny of women over women, I believe, has its origin in this fear. They are all in a union, not only to preserve their sexual rights against men, but also to make it clear to men that they are members of the union; and it is an unwritten, almost unconscious, rule of the union, that they shall not lay themselves open to any misunderstanding. A man shall be able to know a member of the union at a glance, by her behavior. It is not temptation that frightens a member of the union, but the thought that she might lose her status, without committing any sexual crime, by a mere breach of the rules; the fear that women might think she was not respectable, and that men might behave to her as if she were not. This imposes a certain behavior, a certain dress, a certain kind of conversation even. They must all be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion.

I may be told that in America, unlike our profligate Europe, this is not so. I do not know that we are more profligate than you are; but Englishmen tell me that you have better public manners than we have. You still retain the remembrance of a scarcity of women, which produces respect for them, since, where women are scarce, they are all wives or potential wives; and you have no tradition of a superior

class which may behave as it chooses to the women of an inferior class.

All this I can well believe; but still I doubt whether you can have freed yourselves from the ancient fear of sexual misinterpretation. For there are, I take it, sexual irregularities in America as elsewhere; and wherever they exist, wherever there are profligate men, women are members of a union against them, with union rules and taboos and fears, often unnecessary and tyrannous.

At any rate, I would suggest this sexual fear as an explanation of social tyranny; and the greater the indignation aroused by my suggestion, the more I shall be inclined to believe it true. American women pride themselves upon being free, and yet there is somewhere in their own minds an obstacle to complete freedom, an obstacle that robs them of faith, aim, joy, conviction. May it not be, lurking deep in their passionately pure minds, the fear of being thought disreputable — an utterly groundless, unconscious fear, and for that very reason the more difficult to detect and expel? I put the question, and an answer in merely patriotic terms will be no answer. I speak, not as an Englishman, but as a human being to other human beings; and all human beings are more deeply alike than different.

It has often been noticed that women who conspicuously defy convention on one point, especially if it be a sexual point, are most conventional on others. George Eliot, for instance, just because she lived with a man not her husband, was ruthless to her own Hetty Sorrel; she could not think freely about the passions; she was afraid lest the world should think she herself had sinned through passion. Priding herself upon her freedom of thought, she was not free; and the fear she would not confess to herself made her as sensitive to criti-

cism as a wound in the flesh is sensitive to the touch. There was a wound in her mind that could not be healed, because she would not confess the fear that kept it raw. And, because she was afraid of the world, she saw the universe as ruthless to sin and forced herself to believe that ruthlessness just. Perfect love casteth out fear; but the converse is true, that fear casts out love, and George Eliot, in her novels, is a judge, rather than a lover, of women.

But Charlotte Brontë writes with freedom; she is not afraid of the world, like a boy who has never been to school, like a young home creature, full of loves and hatreds, but all of them free — her own and unimposed. Yet a woman writing of *Jane Eyre* in the *Quarterly Review* said that, if the author were a woman, she must be one who had forfeited all claim to respect from her own sex. There was the union feeling: the resentment against one who laid herself open to misinterpretation; the desire to break her in, to teach her the rules; and the envy of her unbroken spirit, which could express itself in terms of beauty and passion without asking, 'What will the world think of me?'

III

Now a diagnosis of all mental trouble is half-way to a cure. But it must be a diagnosis which convinces the patient, and one which he himself can carry further. Know that you fear, and what you fear, and your fear will begin to weaken. For, when it is known, you rebel against it with all your will; you act against it, and so prove it less terrible than it seemed. But when fear is unconscious, and so known only by its effects, which, being cut off from their cause, seem a necessary part of your own nature, then these effects are indeed terrible to you. To see the connection between the fear and its effects

is to see also the remedy. A plain task is set to the will, and it is braced to the accomplishment of that task.

At this point faith comes in, that rudimentary faith of which I have spoken and which I can now state more precisely. It is the faith that further faith will come by knowing your own weaknesses. Learn to know and forgive yourself, and you will learn to know and forgive others. Then you will no longer be afraid of them. This great intimidating world of everybody will consist for you merely of other women, afraid like yourself of the great intimidating world that does not exist. They will amuse you instead of frightening you, just as you will amuse yourself. For if once you can see that you, being a human being, are forgivable and lovable, however ridiculous, you will see that that is true of others also. But, because we never will confess that we ourselves are ridiculous, we cannot forgive ourselves, or others.

In the war, contrary to all expectation, a greater courage than ever before was shown on both sides, in spite of the fact that few soldiers had ever seen a shot fired in anger; and the greatest courage was shown by the most civilized armies. The reason, I believe, was that, in the most civilized armies, certain rudiments of psychology had been learned. In the past it was believed that, to conquer fear, you must never confess it to yourself. That is believed still by all savage peoples, with the result that they are brave enough until a sudden panic breaks out among them, after which they are but a terrified mob.

But civilized man has learned to say to himself, and to his fellows, 'I am afraid; I am a coward by nature; we are all cowards by nature; we should all like to run away.' The fact of fear is no longer a guilty secret which each must conceal within himself: it is common

knowledge, an enemy that all have to face. So the soldier, confessing his fear and facing it from the first, is far less liable to sudden panic, especially when confronted with some new devilry, than ever before. Further, since he faces his fear and even talks about it, he suffers less often from sudden nervous collapse. It is the man who 'has never known fear' whom sudden panic, sudden nervous collapse, overtakes. The savage, or the man who does not know himself, is not so good a soldier as the man who does know himself; and so it is in all the trials of life. Life is not entirely a matter of moral problems; we cannot do everything with the blind will; or, rather, it is part of the moral problem to know yourself, to manage your own will, to confess your weaknesses so that you may overcome them. The Christian doctrine of conviction of sin, rightly understood, is good psychology as well as good morals. Be aware of your sin and it will no longer be terrible or devilish to you; it will be merely human, and you will see how to overcome it, and with it the fear which is your sin.

So I would suggest to women whose life is aimless that, before seeking an aim, they should ask themselves honestly whether they are not afraid of 'everybody,' and whether this fear does not impose upon them a number of duties which are not real duties to them. Let them say to themselves, like the modern soldier, 'I am a coward and I know it.' Let them say this also to each other, so that the consciousness of a common cowardice may grow among them; for the fear of everybody is a common enemy, a common disease, which may best be fought by all in common. People catch it from each other just because it is concealed; and they may also catch the antidote to it, if it is not concealed.

Fear, powerful as it is, has this weak-

ness, that no one really wishes to feel it; we cling to our fears and side with them because, trying to escape from them the wrong way, we turn them into something more positive—hatred, judgment, self-approval. But, once convince anyone that these feelings are but disguised fear, and he will try to rid himself of them so that he may be rid of the fear. Thus women, now that we begin to understand something about our own minds, might make a collective attack on their own fears by means of a collective confession of them. They might begin to criticize the social obligations which seem to be imposed on them in the light of this new self-knowledge. 'Do we do this,' they might ask, 'because we really wish to do it, or because we are afraid of each other?' There is, of course, a common belief that the sense of duty is necessarily based on fear; that, if fear is abolished, the sense of duty will go with it; but this belief is itself a result of fear, a fear of human nature and, indeed, of the whole nature of the universe.

IV

There is another conception of duty, based, not on fear, but on hope, namely, that it is identical with the desire of the whole self, if only that desire can be discovered. When we have a desire that seems to us contrary to our duty, it means that there is a conflict within us; it means either that our sense of duty is not a sense of the whole self, or that our desire is not of the whole self. According to this view, the whole self as a unity does not exist, to begin with, as something either good or bad; it is something to be achieved gradually and by continual effort; and, when achieved, it will be good. As Keats said, this life is not a vale of tears but a vale of soul-making, by which he meant a vale of self-making. When

the self is made, then duty and desire are identical; and we know from our own experience that happiness, power, faith, mean the identity of duty and desire. It may happen to us rarely, but, when it does, then we recognize it as being the very aim of life suddenly and gloriously realized. But, where the conception of duty is separated from the conception of desire, there human beings are always fighting a losing battle: either desire or duty, both a part of them, must be worsted; and, whichever wins, the self is impoverished of a part of itself. This, then, is to be aimed at — the identity of duty and desire; and both duties and desires are to be criticized in the light of that aim.

It is a common error of professional rebels to rail at morality, duty, convention, just as blindly as they are obeyed by the mass of men. We cannot do without duty or convention; indeed, the rebels are themselves conventional; they form a small herd or crowd of their own in their very rebellion. What is needed is a clear discrimination between righteousness and convention. It is not in itself righteous to walk on one side of the path because others do so; but it is convenient; and it would be unrighteous to rebel against this convenience and cause inconvenience to others, merely in order to assert your own freedom from convention. But where conventions are themselves inconvenient, it is important to see that they are not duties, that it may be duty to break down their tyranny by asserting the rights of desire against them. Thus, if a woman has no time to read, to think, to practise some art for which she has a natural talent, because all day she is performing duties imposed on her by what she takes to be public opinion, then it becomes her duty to herself, and so to the world, to assert her own just and natural desires,

and to gratify them, so that she may be a human being, with joy, vitality, and purpose, and not a mere automaton representing the fact that she is one.

If we are unhappy, we make others unhappy; if we are happy, we make others happy, not by any conscious effort to do good, but by the mere contagion of the realized self. The world now is full of people who disseminate unhappiness, discouragement, vague fear, disbelief in the rational order of the universe, by their own lack of purpose and lowered vitality. Often they seem to be energetic, but it is the energy of a machine doing something that nobody wants done; and it is an energy distressing to witness because it is always exhausting itself, threatening a nervous break-down, communicating to others its own aimless unrest. This kind of energy we all resent with a blind, natural inhumanity, just as we should resent the presence of someone with an infectious disease; but our resentment is futile, and merely increases the disease. What we need is a diagnosis which will make us humane. The blind energy exhausting itself comes of a separation of duty and desire, comes of a secret fear lest desire should master duty; and, where this fear is, there cannot be happiness or that harmony of the self which alone produces efficiency.

It is vain to rail at such 'martyrs to duty' as slaves of convention—one might as well rail at influenza patients as slaves of bacilli. What is needed in both cases is a knowledge of the disease, its cause, and cure. The cure will not work in a moment; we are only at the beginning of self-knowledge; but at

last it has begun. For ages man has been gaining power over the external world, but without any increase in self-knowledge, and so in self-control. The task for man now is to know himself, to enter upon a new age of achievement.

And, first of all, he needs to confess that, with regard to self-knowledge, he is still in the Stone Age. All our morals, our conventions, our scientific method even, have been evolved blindly in the past of self-ignorance; but at last we are being driven to self-knowledge by suffering. We see that it is useless to tell sufferers, including ourselves, to be men and overcome their troubles. We are not yet men, or women, because we do not yet know ourselves. But, with the desire for self-knowledge, with the first glimmering conception of what it means, an immense hope has entered the world. We see that the best of the old morality, that which appeals not merely to our sense of duty but to our hearts, is itself based upon the intuitions of genius. Pity is more understanding than judgment, for those who value pity most are those who know themselves best. Those who judge always do so because they have no self-knowledge. But, beyond these beautiful but blind affirmations of the Christian faith, we need now the knowledge that will make them, not less beautiful, but no longer blind.

'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things.' It is not enough to say that with pity. Martha must know herself why she is careful and troubled, so that she may free herself from her troubles and cares.

LOVE'S MINOR FRICTIONS

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

MINOR friction is the kind that produces the most showy results with the smallest outlay. You can stir up more electricity in a cat by stroking her fur the wrong way than you can by dropping her into the well. You can ruffle the dearest member of your family more by asking him twice if he is *sure* that he locked the back door than his political opponents could stir him with a libel. We have direct access to the state of mind of the people with whom we share household life and love. Therefore, in most homes, no matter how congenial, a certain amount of minor friction is inevitable.

Four typical causes of minor friction are questions of *tempo*, the brotherly reform measure, supervised telephone conversations, and tenure of parental control. These are standard group-irritants that sometimes vex the sweetest natures.

The matter of *tempo*, broadly interpreted, covers the process of adjustment between people of hasty and deliberate moods. It implies alertness of spiritual response, alacrity in taking hints and filling orders, timely appreciations, considerate delays, and all the other delicate retards and accelerations that are necessary if hearts are to beat as one. But it also includes such homely questions as the time for setting out for places, the time consumed in getting ready to set out, and the swiftness of our progress thither. When a man who is tardy is unequally yoked with a wife who is prompt, their family moves from point to point with an

irregularity of rhythm that lends suspense to the mildest occasions.

A certain architect and his wife Sue are a case in point. Sue is always on time. If she is going to drive at four, she has her children ready at half-past three, and she stations them in the front hall, with muscles flexed, at ten minutes to four, so that the whole group may emerge from the door like food shot from guns, and meet the incoming automobile accurately at the curb. Nobody ever stops his engine for Sue. Her husband is correspondingly late. Just after they were married, the choir at their church gambled quietly on the chances — whether she would get him to church on time, or whether he would make her late. The first Sunday they came ten minutes early, the second Sunday ten minutes late, and every Sunday after that, Sue came early, Prescott came late, and the choir put its money into the contribution-box. In fact, a family of this sort can solve its problem most neatly by running on independent schedules, except when they are to ride in the same automobile or on the same train. Then, there is likely to be a breeze.

But the great test of such a family's grasp of the time-element comes when they have a guest who must catch a given car, due to pass the white post at the corner at a quarter to the hour. The visit is drawing to a close, with five minutes to spare before car-time. Those members of the family who like to wait until the last moment, and take their chances of boarding the

running-board on the run, continue a steady conversation with the guest. But the prompt ones, with furtive eye straying to the clock, begin to sit forward uneasily in their chairs, their faces drawn, pulse feverish, pondering the question whether it is better to let a guest miss a car or seem to show him the door. The situation is all the harder for the prompt contingent, because usually they have behind them a criminal record of occasions when they have urged guests to the curb in plenty of time and the car turned out to be late. The runners and jumpers of the family had said it would be late, and it was late. These memories restrain speech until the latest possible moment. Then the guest is whisked out to the white post with the words, 'If you could stay, we'd be delighted; but if you really have to make your train—' Every punctual person who lives near a car-line knows the look of patronage with which the leisured classes of his family listen to this old speech of his. They find something nervous and petty in his prancing and pawing, quite inferior to their large oblivion. As Tagore would say, 'They are not too poor to be late.'

The matter of *tempo* involves also the sense of the fortunate moment, and the timing of deeds to accord with moods. In almost any group there is one member who is set at a slightly different velocity from the others, with a momentum not easily checked. When the rest of the household settles down to pleasant conversation, this member thinks of something pressing that must be done at once.

The mother of three college boys is being slowly trained out of this habit. Her sons say that she ought to have been a fire-chief, so brisk is she when in her typical hook-and-ladder mood. Whenever her family sits talking in the evening, she has flitting memories of

things that she must run and do. One night, when she had suddenly deserted the hearthside to see if the maid had remembered to put out the milk-tickets, one of the boys was dispatched with a warrant for her arrest. He traced her to the door of the side-porch, and peered out at her in the darkness. 'What's little pussy-foot doing now?' he inquired affectionately. 'Can she see better in the dark? Come along back.' But her blood was up. She thought of several other duties still waiting, and went at once to the kitchen and filled the dipper. With this she returned to the room where sat the waiting conversationalists, and systematically watered the fern. It was like wearing orange to a Sinn Fein gathering. At the chorus of reproach she only laughed, the throaty laugh of the villain on the stage. Six determined hands seized her at once. The boys explained that, when they wanted to talk to her, it was no time to water ferns. As habitual breaker-up of public meetings, she was going to be reformed.

But the reform measure, a group-irritant second to none, is generally uphill business in the home. Welfare work among equals is sometimes imperative, but seldom popular. Any programme of social improvement implies agitation and a powerful leverage of public opinion not wholly tranquilizing to the person to be reformed. There is one family that has worked for years upon the case of one of its members who reads aloud out of season. When this brother William finds a noble bit of literature, he is fired to share it with his relatives, regardless of time and circumstance. He comes eagerly from his study, book in hand, when his public is trying on a dress. Or he begins to read without warning, when all the other people in the room are reading something else. Argu-

ments and penalties never had the slightest effect until one of the company hit upon a device that proves a defensive measure in emergencies.

Brother William started suddenly to read aloud from a campaign speech. His youngest sister was absorbed in that passage in *Edwin Drood* called 'A Night with Durdles,' where Jasper and Durdles are climbing the cathedral spire. In self-defense she also began to read in a clear tone as follows: 'Anon, they turn into narrower and steeper staircases, and the night air begins to blow upon them, and the chirp of some startled jackdaw or frightened rook precedes the heavy beating of wings in a confined space, and the beating down of dust and straws upon their heads.'

The idea spread like wildfire. All the others opened their books and magazines and joined her in reading aloud selections from the page where they had been interrupted. It was a deafening medley of incongruous material — a very telling demonstration of the distance from which their minds had jumped when recalled to the campaign speech. Brother William was able to distinguish in the uproar such fragments as these: 'Just at that moment I discovered four Spad machines far below the enemy planes', 'Thankyouthankyou cried Mr. Salteena—"'; 'Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, a most dear wood-rat'; and "It is natural," Gavin said slowly, "that you, sir, should wonder why I am here with this woman at such an hour."

This method did not work a permanent cure, because nothing ever cures the real reader-aloud. His impulse is generosity — a mainspring of character, not a passing whim. But at a crisis, his audience can read aloud in concert.

The reform measure is more hopeful when directed, not at a rooted trait, but at a surface phase or custom. Even here success is not without its

battles. The combined talents of a Congressman's daughters were once bent upon teaching their youngest brother Sam to rise when ladies entered the room. The boy Samuel, then at the brigand age, looked at this custom as the mannerism of a decadent civilization. He rose, indeed, for guests, but not as to the manner born. One day he came home and reported that the lady next door had introduced him to an aunt of hers who had just arrived on a visit. 'And,' said he, with speculative eye upon his sisters, 'I did n't get up to be introduced.'

The effect was all that heart could wish. Tongues flew. Sam listened with mournful dignity, offering no excuse. He waited until the sisterly vocabulary was exhausted.

'Why don't you ask me where I was when she introduced me?' he asked at length. 'I was crawling along on the ridgepole of her garage catching her cat for her, and I could n't get up.'

His sisters, however, were not to be diverted from their attempt to foster in him the manly graces. They even went so far as to make an effort to include their brother in afternoon tea-parties with their friends. But a teatime, he said, was one thing that he was not. On such occasions he would be found sitting on the kitchen table, dourly eating up the olives, and refusing to come in. The girls were too young then to know that you cannot hurry a certain phase. But now, when they meet that brother at receptions, they smile at their former despair. Reformers often find their hardest tasks taken out of their hands by time.

Few brothers and sisters, however, are willing to trust to time to work its wonders. There is a sense of fraternal responsibility that goads us to try to do what we can for each other in a small way. The friction that ensues constitutes an experience of human values

that the hermit in his cell can never know. Whenever people of decided views feel personally responsible for each other's acts, a type of social unrest begins to brew that sometimes leads to progress and sometimes leads to riots.

For this reason, in any home that aspires to peace at any price, the telephone should be installed in a sound-proof box-office with no glass in the door. There is nothing that so incenses a friendly nature as a family grouped in the middle-distance offering advice when a telephone conversation is going on. The person at the receiver looks so idle; there seems to be no reason why he should not listen with his unoccupied ear; and when he is so evidently in need of correct data, it seems only kind to help him out. It is the most natural thing in the world to listen. The family listens, in the first place, to find out which one of them is wanted, and they continue to listen to find out what is said. When the wrong thing is said, all loyal relatives feel responsible.

The person telephoning is unfairly handicapped by necessary politeness, because he can be heard through the transmitter and his advisers cannot. Only extreme exasperation can unleash his tongue, as happened once when a professor's son, Stanley, in his father's absence, undertook to answer a telephone-call while his sister Violet, in the next room, corrected his mistakes. Stanley, pricking both ears, was doing very well, until the lady at the other end of the line asked a question at the exact moment when Violet offered a new thought. 'What did you say?' inquired Stanley. Both Violet and the lady repeated. 'What is it?' said Stanley, waving one foot at Violet. Violet, not seeing the foot, repeated, and so did the lady, this time more distinctly. 'I beg your pardon,' said Stanley anxiously, 'but what did you

say?' Like an incredible nightmare the thing happened again. 'Shut up!' roared Stanley; 'what did you say?'

His sister, recognizing instantly that part of the message directed to her, wrote her suggestion on the telephone pad, and stole prudently away to a safe place. Minor friction, she had learned, can sometimes lead to action on a large scale. Only after some such extreme experience as this, do we allow a kinsman to conduct his own telephone conversations, taking his own responsibilities, running his own dark risks.

But the sense of mutual responsibility is, after all, the prime educational factor in family life. Every good parent has a feeling of accountability for the acts of his children. He may believe in self-determination for the small states around him, but, nevertheless, he holds a mandate. The delightful interweaving of parental suggestion with the original tendencies of the various children is the delicate thing that makes each family individual. It is also the delicate thing that makes parenthood a nervous occupation. When suggestion is going to interweave delightfully as planned, and when it is not going to interweave at all, is something not foretold in the prophets.

The question of parental influence becomes more complex as the family grows older and more informally organized. Sometimes a son or daughter wants to carry out a pet project without any advice or warning or help from anybody. There is nothing rash or guilty about his plan. He simply happens to be in the mood to act, not in committee, but of himself. To achieve this, surrounded by a united and conversational family, becomes a game of skill. To dodge advice, he seems to avoid the most innocent questions. At such times as these, the wisest parents wonder what they have done to forfeit confidence. They see this

favorite son of theirs executing the most harmless plans with all the secrecy of the young poisoning princes of the Renaissance. When this happens, the over-sensitive parent grieves, the dictatorial parent rails, but the philosophical parent delicately picks up whatever interesting morsels he can on the side, and cocks a weather eye.

'Robert seems to have a good many engagements,' wrote the mother of a popular son in a letter to an absent daughter, 'but whether the nature of the engagements is social, athletic, or philanthropic, we can only infer from the equipment with which he sets out. I inferred the first this morning when he asked me to have his dress-suit sent to be pressed; but I could not be certain until Mrs. Stone said casually that Robert was to be a guest at Mrs. Robbins's dinner next week. Don't you love to see such tender intimacy between mother and son?'

Secrecy of this kind is not the exclusive monopoly of sons. Excellent young women have chopped ice and frozen sherbet behind closed doors because they did not want to be told again to be sure not to get the ice all over the back piazza. Certain warnings go with certain projects as inevitably as rubbers with the rain. The practised mother has so often found the warnings necessary, that the mere sight of the act produces the formula by rote. Model sons and daughters should accept these hints with gratitude, thus avoiding all friction, however minor. But rather than be advised to do that which they were planning to do already, the most loyal of daughters will resort to clandestine measures, and go stealthily with the ice-pick as with a poniard beneath a cloak. This annoys an affectionate and capable mother very much. And she has a right to be annoyed, has she not? After all, it is her ice-pick.

There is something of spirited affection about the memory of all these early broils. They were heated enough at the time, for the most violent emotions can fly out at a trifling cause. Remarks made in these turbulent moments are often taken as a revelation of your true and inward self. The sentiments that you express in your moment of wrath sound like something that you have been repressing for years and are now turning loose upon an enlightened world. There is an air of desperate sincerity about your remarks that makes your hearers feel that here, at last, they have the truth.

With friends, after such an outburst, you could never be the same again. But with your relatives, such moments can be lived down — as once occurred when a busy father had sent his youngest son back to town to perform a forgotten errand. The daughter of the family had not heard of the event until she took her place at table.

'Where's Tom?' said she.

'I sent him back to get a letter he forgot,' said her father.

'In all this heat?' she protested. 'Well, if I had been in his place, I'd have gone away and stayed away.'

'Well, you could,' said her father serenely.

'Well, I will,' said little Sunshine, and walked out of the door and up the street in a rage.

After you have left your parental home as suddenly as this, there comes a moment when you have the sensation of being what is termed all dressed up with no place to go. You feel that your decision, though sudden, is irrevocable, because going back would mean death to your pride. You try to fight off the practical thought that you can hardly go far without hat or scrip. Therefore, when Tom met his eloping sister at the corner, it was with some

little diplomacy that he learned her history and took her back to the table under his wing. The conversation barely paused as they took their places. Their father went on affably serving the salad to the just and the unjust alike. If the returning Fury had been treated with the contumely that she deserved, the memory would be disagreeable in the minds of all. As it is, the boys, now grown to manhood, speak of it as the time when Susan ran away to sea.

The only thing that can make minor friction hurtful is the disproportionate importance that it can assume when it is treated as a major issue, or taken as an indication of mutual dislike. It is often an indication of the opposite, though at the moment the contestants

would find this hard to believe. Kept in its place, however, we find in it later a great deal of humorous charm, because it belonged to a period when we dealt with our brethren with a primitive directness not possible in later years. An intricate ambition, this matter of harmony in the home. Ideally, every family would like to have a history of uninterrupted adorations and exquisite accord. But growth implies change, change implies adjustment, and adjustment among varied personalities implies friction. Kept at the minimum, kept in its place, such friction does not estrange. Instead, it becomes a means to an intimate acquaintance with one another's traits and moods—an intimacy of understanding not far remote from love.

THE PERILS OF THE LITERATE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

To look a gift horse in the mouth is justly considered the height of ungraciousness. Among the greatest gifts to humanity has been that of reading and writing; and though it may have its drawbacks, its value is not to be disputed. The invention of the alphabet was a great achievement, and we now find it difficult to imagine how we could get on without it. The later invention of printing from movable types added vastly to the conveniences of human intercourse. What had been intellectual luxuries were brought within the reach of all.

Literacy, in the sense of ability to read, is no longer an unusual condition. Society is still sharply divided into the two great classes, the literate and the illiterate; but the latter are being slowly driven to the wall. In most civilized countries the powers of the laws are invoked against them, and their numbers are continually reduced, in spite of the fact that the birth-rate is in their favor.

All this is very gratifying. In our day and country, where education in the alphabet is free and compulsory, it is a disgrace to be illiterate. The adult

who refuses to learn his letters has doubtless refused to learn a great many other things that would be good for him. He is generally of a stubbornly unteachable disposition, and he is more or less a menace to the community.

But though in our day the illiterates have fallen into a low estate, and are distinctly behind the times, it was not always thus. There was a time when the illiterate intellectuals did their own thinking without the aid of labor-saving machinery, and they often did it surprisingly well. Among some groups this has continued to recent times.

In a newspaper of the fifties of the last century I came across an account of a meeting of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, devoted to the cause of missions. The moderator made a long address, which was printed in full. It was rather dull and complacent. At the end he introduced a Sioux chieftain as representing a people sadly in need of missionary attention. The Indian's reply contrasted sharply with the address to which he had politely listened. He said, 'My people are not like your people. You have books. You listen to what men said who lived long ago and far away. You see what they saw; you do what they did; you hear what they heard; you think what they thought. My people cannot do this. We cannot read. We can only see with our own eyes, and hear with our own ears, and think with our own minds.'

I suspect that the Indian chief was not unaware that he was the mental superior of the person he was addressing, and that he attributed this superiority to his illiteracy. His irony was that of a gentleman of the old school humoring the foibles of the newly rich.

In this I think he was mistaken. It does not follow that a person loses the power of direct observation because he has learned to read, any more than that the possession of an automobile de-

prives one of the use of his own legs. It is quite possible to follow the words of a book with as keen an eye for reality as that of the Indian on the war-path.

Nevertheless, the remarks of the illiterate critic are worth considering. As fingers were before forks, so culture was before books. Reading, while an admirable exercise, is no substitute for direct observation of nature or for the ancient art of meditation. It has dangers of its own.

All the arts had their origin, and reached a high degree of development, among people who were unable to read or write. These gifted illiterates, while they had their limitations, had one great advantage over us — they always knew what they were about. When they were doing one thing they were not under the impression that they were doing something else. Each art was distinct, and the work of art was not confused with somebody's description of it.

We literates have been taught to read poetry, and taught also that it is highly commendable to enjoy it. In order to know what kind of poetry ought to be especially enjoyed, we read other books, written by critics. In order to understand what the poetry that ought to be admired means, we read other books by professional grammarians. By the time we have finished this preparatory reading, we are somewhat confused. We are in doubt as to what poetry actually is, and how it differs from prose. In this predicament we fall back on the printer. If every line begins with a capital letter, we assume that it is poetry.

In the old illiterate days there were no such difficulties. There were no books of poems to be criticized. People got their poetry direct from the poet and saw him in the act of making it. There was no possibility of mistake.

Poetry was the form of speech used

by a poet. When a person who was not a poet tried to say the same thing he said it differently: that was prose.

The poet was a care-free person who went about uttering what was in his heart. You never knew what he was going to say till he said it, but you were quite sure he would say it poetically, that is, according to his own nature. That was the license that you gave him. It was not because he was wiser than other men that you listened to him, but because he gave you a peculiar pleasure. There was a lilt in his voice and a fire in his eye that strangely moved you. You never got tired listening to him as you did to the droning elders of your tribe. It was like playing truant from the humdrum world.

We literates have upon our shelves ponderous historical works written by learned men for our edification. These volumes await some hours of leisure which are long delayed. But when one speaks of History as an art, we are often confused. We think of a book, and not of an artist at work upon living materials.

In the days of unabashed illiteracy every community had its historian. He was the story-teller of the tribe. The sources on which he drew were not dusty parchments, but the memories of men who could tell him of the stirring events in which they had taken part, and of the traditions handed down to them by their fathers.

One who practised this art had to have a good memory, but he must not allow it to be overloaded. To try to salvage too much from the past was to invite disaster: all would be swallowed up in the black waters of oblivion.

He must have a good judgment in selecting the incidents to be preserved. His history must be composed of memorable things; they were the only things that could be remembered. There must always be a vital connec-

tion between the incidents, so that the Past may live again in the Present. A tale that is printed may be cluttered up with all sorts of learned irrelevancies, but a tale that is told must hold the listeners' attention. The illiterate historian had no way of reaching posterity except by telling his story in such a vivid and dramatic way that some of his listeners would tell it again to their children. That is what made him such a consummate artist. A story might be told in a dozen different ways and each time be forgotten. At last, in a happy moment, is achieved immortality. In these primitive tales we have an art which the skilled literary man cannot improve.

II

The invention of printing has produced a change like that which has taken place in modern manufacture. There has been a vast increase in quantity, but with danger to the quality of the product. There has been also a tendency to standardization, with a danger to the individuality of the producer. Once the craftsman worked in his little shop open to the view of all interested persons. They could watch him at work and see each personal touch. Now there is less room for improvisation.

The literate person gets his ideas from two sources. There is the field of personal experience, which is essentially the same as that of his illiterate ancestors. His senses are continually informing him of what happens in his immediate vicinity. He exchanges thoughts with his neighbors; he reasons with himself in regard to the expediency of certain actions; he learns many homely and wholesome truths by experience. But he is also acted upon by a literary environment. He cannot remember the time when he did not know how to read; and it is very hard for him

to distinguish between the ideas which came to him directly and those which came indirectly. Often it is the book which has made the most powerful influence on his mind.

A New Testament writer compares the forgetful hearer of the word to a man who, seeing his natural face in a glass, goes his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is. He might have gone further, and said that the person who looks ever so carefully at his reflection in a mirror gets only a misleading impression of what manner of person he is. He never really sees his own face as his neighbor sees it.

It is the boast of the literary artist that he holds the mirror up to Nature. But the mirror is nothing more or less than his own mind, and the reflection must depend upon the qualities of that mind. The mirror may be cracked, it may have all sorts of convexities and concavities, its original brightness may have been lost. All kinds of distortions and flatteries are possible. Some minds are capable only of caricature, and every object reflected becomes amusing. Others invest the most trifling circumstance with mystery and dignity.

The most perfect artist in words cannot express a higher or larger truth than he is capable of feeling. Only so much of reality as he can comprehend can he offer to the reader.

This being so, it might be supposed that we would read warily, and be skeptical in regard to those who sought to influence us. We have eyes to see as well as they, and our vision of reality is to be preferred to their report.

This is what we do in conversation, and it is what gives conversation its charm. Among intellectual equals there is no dogmatizing, and yet the fullest expression of individual opinion. The pleasure and profit come from the fact that each mind has approached the fact from a different angle, and one

view may be used to correct another.

But we are superstitious creatures, and we are easily imposed upon by print. Curiously enough, we are apt to attribute a greater validity to what we have read than to what we have seen or heard. We are more likely to believe what we have read in the daily newspaper than what our neighbor tells us. This is because we know our neighbor, and we do not know the young man who wrote the paragraph for the paper. The fact that thousands of our fellow citizens are reading the same words makes an impression on the imagination. If it is not true that 'everybody says so,' yet it is probable that everybody will say so when they have read the article. We have a comfortably gregarious feeling in being subjected to the same influence which moves so many of our fellow beings. It is pleasant to think that our minds synchronize with theirs. There is safety in numbers.

It used to be said of the pulpit that it was the 'coward's castle.' The man who invented that phrase did not mean to bring a railing accusation against the clergy. He did not say that the occupant of a pulpit was more apt to be a coward than other men. What he had in mind was the opportunity for defense. If a man happened to be a coward, and at the same time wished to say unpleasant things about his neighbors, a pulpit seemed to be a safe place to say them from. People are accustomed to listen to the pulpiteer without answering back.

But if a person is a real coward, a pulpit is not such a safe vantage-ground after all; for it stands in a very exposed position. Even if the congregation does not talk back, it has an excellent opportunity to look at the pulpiteer and size him up. This, to a timid person, is very disconcerting, as he stands behind a barricade which does not protect the most vulnerable part of his person—his

tell-tale countenance. What avail his mighty words if his chin is weak and his eyes are shifty? With a hundred pairs of eyes directed upon him it requires a good deal of bravery to enable him to 'carry on.'

The true coward's castle is the printed page. Here, secure from observation, free from prying eyes, the writer may make his attacks without fear of reprisal. Nobody sees him in the act of composition; nobody knows what he looks like. Even if they know his name, his readers do not make any searching inquiry into his personal characteristics. When a strange voice is heard over the telephone, we inquire as politely as possible: 'Who is speaking, please?' But when we take up a newspaper or magazine, we do not take the trouble to find out who is addressing us. Even with a book, unless the author is a very noted writer, we are incurious as to the personality behind the words. We think of the author as the eighteenth-century Deists thought of the Great First Cause. He is a logical necessity. He sets things going, and then returns into the Unknown, where it would be a kind of sacrilege to attempt to follow him. His attributes are sufficiently, though vaguely, revealed through his works.

The person with literary skill has the same kind of advantage which the government has over private capitalists in being able to print money and force it into circulation.

Dean Swift took a sardonic delight in an exhibit of this power. The almanac-maker Partridge had made an honest living by publishing an annual in which the events of the coming year were predicted with sufficient vagueness to fit the circumstances as they might arise. Swift, under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, set forth a rival almanac which should be more definite in its prognostications. Instead of prophesying in

general terms, he put down the exact day of the month in which the death of Partridge the almanac-maker would take place. The day came, and Swift saw to it that on the morrow the announcement of the sad event appeared in all the London newspapers. Attention was called to the fact that the death occurred in exact accordance with the Bickerstaffian chronology. Of course, Partridge was annoyed and attempted to set himself right. But Bickerstaff was the better writer and had caught the public eye. His cause was presented with such fullness of detail that there was no resisting it. Against the mass of documentary evidence the unsupported word of one man who was evidently prejudiced in his own behalf could not avail. Poor Partridge might gain credence among the few people to whom he could exhibit himself in the flesh, but the reading public preferred the printed obituary.

I had occasion recently to observe the helplessness of those who attempt to contend against a first-rate literary tradition. For several years the nineteenth of April has, in the vicinity of Boston, been celebrated in dramatic fashion by reproducing the historic ride of Paul Revere. It happens that the historic route does not go through Cambridge, so this year our citizens arranged a rival, or rather supplementary, celebration. It seems that Paul Revere was not the only patriot who rode forth on that fateful night in 1775 to warn the farmers of Middlesex County, Massachusetts. One William Dawes galloped on the same errand and, as good luck would have it, took the road that led past the college at Harvard Square. So this year a citizen impersonating William Dawes rode through Cambridge, and the mayor and local dignitaries gathered to see him do it.

But alas, the public imagination was

not stirred. William Dawes was not a name to conjure with. Every school child resented the substitution. It would be vain to say, 'Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of William Dawes.' They would not listen to what seemed a contradiction of what they had read.

Our most familiar experience teaches us how our contacts with nature are interpreted by what we have read. The amateur gardener never tires of calling attention to the fact that the vegetables he raises taste different from those he buys in the market. He attributes this to the circumstance that they come to the table in a fresher condition. But do they?

I suspect that the indescribable something which he enjoys is derived largely from literary associations. While the ground was yet frozen, he had glistened over the pages of a seed-catalogue, and his mouth had watered over the delectable fruits which were there described. In imagination he saw his future garden 'without spot or blemish or any such thing.' There he saw radishes and super-radishes, not tough and stringy, but with the dew of their youth yet upon them. There were, on each side of the garden walk, twelve manners of peas, some dwarf and some of gigantic growth, but each excelling the other in earliness and deliciousness. There were dwarf-giants combining the excellencies of dwarfishness and gianthood in a manner wonderful to relate. Each dwarf bore pods so full and heavy that a giant might be proud to lift them. The cauliflowers never refused to head; the lettuce never exhibited signs of premature senility; the cucumbers were all beautiful within. All the tomatoes were smooth and of a ruddy countenance, solid of flesh and wonderfully prolific. Even the modest spinach merited the adjective superb, which was freely bestowed upon it. The pole-beans were

veritable skyscrapers of the vegetable world.

When the literate gardener had read all this, he straightway bought the little packets of seed which contained these marvelous potentialities. This done; he considered his work half accomplished, for had he not read that the secret of success is in buying the right kind of seed from thoroughly reliable dealers? The rest is a mere detail.

When in midsummer he invites you to partake of vegetables that not only are the fruit of toil but come as the fulfillment of early dreams, you should be in a sympathetic mood. He has a satisfaction unknown to one who has not read the seed-catalogue. His palate has been trained by long anticipation to taste that of which it has had a literary foretaste. Accidents may have happened not set down in the books, but the essentials are there. All that the garden aspired to be, and is not, comforts him. He welcomes to his table the wizened survivors of the campaign against insect enemies and an unusual season. They have been traveling through an unfriendly world, but they have arrived. How many comrades they have left behind them on the field, he does not inquire. It is not a time for retrospection. Any appearance of meagreness is overlooked. He sees upon the table the symbols of the marvelous prodigality of nature. The consideration which gives mystical significance to this feast of first fruits is that he is now actually eating the vegetables he has read about.

III

In regard to what lies outside the field of our personal experience the power of literary suggestion has no natural check. We generalize more easily from what we have read than

from what we have tested by our own senses. We have fixed ideas as to what happened in distant times and places, and we spend little time in inquiring as to the source of our opinions. In general, we accept the authority of the books we have read without inquiring in regard to the personal bias of the writer.

Suppose we were to put the ideas of the docile reader in the form of a catechism.

Question. At what time was society in the Roman Empire most corrupt?

Answer. In the age of Juvenal.

Question. When was the life of the lower classes in London most pictur-esque and amusing?

Answer. In the time of Charles Dickens.

Question. At what precise period were the manners of Americans at the lowest ebb?

Answer. At the time when Dickens wrote his *American Notes*.

Question. When did they begin to improve?

Answer. About the time when James Bryce published the *American Commonwealth*.

Question. When did the English Puritans lose their original sincerity and become canting hypocrites?

Answer. When Samuel Butler wrote *Hudibras*.

Question. Who was the most brilliant sovereign of England?

Answer. Queen Elizabeth.

Question. How do you prove this?

Answer. From the writings of the brilliant Elizabethans.

Question. When was Spain a happy country, and all classes of people easily moved to laughter?

Answer. In the age of Cervantes.

Question. When did England most deserve to be called 'Merry England'?

Answer. In the age of Chaucer.

Question. When did the Scotch

peasant lose his dourness and become genial?

Answer. In the days of Robert Burns.

Question. When was French family life most sordid and mean?

Answer. In the days of Zola.

Question. What historical period is indicated by the term 'Ages of Faith'?

Answer. The period during which the only literature which has survived was written by monks.

Question. Who was the most influential preacher of the early church — Paul or Apollos?

Answer. Paul.

Question. What makes you think so?

Answer. Because Paul wrote letters which have been preserved, while Apollos probably preached without notes.

The moment we stop to analyze our impressions of the events of the past, or the personages of human history, we realize how dependent we are on the literary medium through which our ideas are obtained. The merest literary accident — the preservation or the loss of a scrap of paper — may make or mar the greatest reputation.

An illusion to which the reader is subject arises from the selective nature of all literary art. The writer, even when he thinks he is most realistic, is compelled to choose both his subject and his way of treating it. This means that he must ruthlessly reject all phases of reality which are irrelevant to his purpose. He is a creator making a new world, and all that cannot be remoulded by his intelligence is to him but a part of the primal chaos. That which to him is unintelligible is treated as if it were non-existent. On the other hand, that which interests him is exhibited as if it were the only reality.

When the reader is literal-minded and of a too docile disposition, he ac-

cepts the writer's representation of the world at its face-value. It is a very crowded little world, and full of terrifying objects; and the reader has moods of depression unknown to his illiterate brethren, who, however hard their lot, are accustomed to take one trouble at a time.

In the old-fashioned geography book there was a full page devoted to a pictorial view of the animal life of the Western Hemisphere. It was a terrifying collection of wild beasts and birds. Wild cats, jaguars, lynxes, and alligators, grizzly bears, polar bears, rattlesnakes, eagles, and condors abounded. They were all visible at the same time, and each creature was exhibited in its most threatening attitude. The Western Hemisphere was evidently a perilous place for a small boy. Even if armed with a shot-gun, he had a small chance for his life; for if one wild beast did not eat him up, another would. As for the Eastern Hemisphere, that was no safer, for it was crowded with lions, elephants, tigers, leopards, and orang-outangs.

The anxieties of the small boy might have been allayed by the consideration that the Western Hemisphere was larger in reality than might be imagined from the wood-cut. There were great spaces between the wild beasts. One did not encounter them all at once. In that part of the hemisphere that is infested by polar bears there is immunity from alligators. A person may travel over wide stretches of country where the only specimen of wild life he will see is likely to be an inquisitive chipmunk. The dangers are so diluted by the distances as to be almost negligible to anyone who does not insist on traveling all the time.

The literate person needs to be continually reminded that the things he is reading about do not all happen to the same people or in the same place.

The risks are well distributed. Nor need he think that the things he reads about are the most important, either in themselves or in their effects.

It is in his ability to concentrate the report of a large number of facts of the same kind into a small space, and then fix the reader's attention upon them, that the writer has his strategic advantage. He can, with a really inferior force, produce the impression of overwhelming power. It is a repetition of the military tactics of Gideon. The resourceful Israelite, by the use of trumpets and pitchers, was able with three hundred men to put to flight the Midianites and Amalekites whose army 'lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude; and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea side for multitude.'

There was perhaps not a single able-bodied Amalekite who would have been scared if Gideon had appeared before him in broad daylight and broken a pitcher and blown ever so loudly with his trumpet. But when all the Amalekites heard a loud sound at the same time, they frightened each other terribly. And when they heard the shout 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' they 'fled to Beth-shittah in Zererath and to the border of Abelmeholah, unto Tabbath.' Gideon and his three hundred, 'faint but pursuing,' had really nothing to do after he had started the stampede.

Among illiterates the mob-spirit is something fierce, cruel, irrational, but it is apt to be short-lived. Something happens that arouses the passions of anger and fear, and a victim is found. The mob tears him to pieces and then disperses.

But among literates the mob-spirit may be preserved for generations, sometimes smouldering but always liable to be fanned into a flame. A hatred preserved in print and multiplied through

literary art assumes the dignity of a first principle and the force of an instinct.

Anti-Semitism is of this nature. When one attempts to analyze it, he becomes conscious that he is not dealing with the modern Jew, but with an almost endless array of literary allusions. There are taunts that have become classic.

The Irish Question is similarly complicated. So much has been written about it during the last five hundred years that it seems unscholarly not to keep it up. Any amicable settlement would be at the mercy of the next literary revival.

There are aversions that may last for thousands of years, and then be suddenly intensified. In Palestine to-day there must be thousands of persons who are descended from the ancient inhabitants who dwelt in the land before Joshua descended upon it with his militant Israelites. Many of these are peaceful persons against whose conduct there is no reasonable complaint. But if they should reassume the name of Canaanites in their plea for the self-determination of nations, they would find the literate world against them. A Canaanitish restoration would be stoutly resisted by all persons who have not forgotten their Sunday-school lessons. The old text 'cursed be Canaan' would raise a vague feeling of revenge which might easily be mistaken for religion.

The feuds and panics which have been largely confined to the reading classes seem to have very little to do with what is actually taking place at any given time. They represent the state of mind into which a company of imaginative young people can throw themselves when they sit around a dying fire and tell ghost-stories. Some dreadful thing has happened in the past. Long after the danger is over,

the story can be told so as to produce a tremor.

The Spanish Inquisition, the religious persecutions in the Netherlands, the martyr-fires of Smithfield, the descent of the Armada, were real facts of the sixteenth century. But this period came to an end. Men's minds turned to new issues, and priesthood lost its power.

But for two centuries in England innumerable pamphlets were printed by alarmists who were fighting the old battles of the sixteenth century over again. The literate mob was continually inflamed by stories of Jesuit plots. Everyone who was not in good and regular standing in the Church of England was subject to suspicion. Richard Baxter, author of the *Saint's Everlasting Rest*, had to deny the charge of a secret leaning toward the Scarlet Woman. William Penn, on returning from Philadelphia, found himself described as a Jesuit in disguise, who had been educated in the college of St. Omer in France and who had celebrated mass in the palace of St. James. To be sure William Penn did not look like a Jesuit or talk like a Jesuit, but that only proved the completeness of his disguise. In the next century John Wesley had the same charge hurled against him. What more subtle way of advancing the Catholic conquest of Britain could be devised than to entice the working-people of England into Methodist meeting-houses. King James I, uniting two prejudices in one, coined the term Papist-Puritan. In its comprehensiveness it reminds one of the way in which many people in our day are able to think of anarchists and socialists as members of the same party.

The Reign of Terror in France had a similar effect upon the imagination of the reading public in England and America. For a whole generation the press told of the ferocious Jacobins who

were about to set up the guillotine in London and Philadelphia. Who were the Anglo-Saxon Jacobins? Joseph Priestly, man of science and scholarly minister, was one. Horne Tooke, the eccentric scholar who advocated parliamentary reform, was another. He was put on trial for his life and barely escaped the gallows. In America the most feared of all Jacobins was Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.

At a later period the literate mob had a classical revival. When General Grant was proposed for a second term as President of the United States, the cry of 'Cæsarism' was raised. There was something in it that brought back lessons learned in early youth. Everybody knew about Cæsar. The analogy between past and present was obvious to the humblest understanding: indeed, the humbler the understanding, the more satisfactory it was. Cæsar was a great general; so was Grant. Cæsar, after the Civil War, went into politics; so did Grant. Both men attained the highest honors within the gift of the people. Then Cæsar destroyed the Republic. Could anyone doubt that Grant would do the same?

After an interval such historic doubts are tolerated. We are able to see that

William Penn was not a Jesuit, and Thomas Jefferson was not a Jacobin, and Ulysses Simpson Grant was not a reincarnation of Julius Cæsar. But when at the breakfast-table we read of a strike in a Massachusetts textile factory, of a convention of Western farmers who are organizing against their enemies the middlemen, and of the remarks of a teacher in the public schools whose opinions are more radical than ours, it is quite natural to connect them all together, and think of them as manifestations of Russian Bolshevism. Things which appear under the same head-lines must have some sinister connection, though we may not know what it is.

In calling attention to some of the perils of the literate, I do not mean to discourage the reading habit. Indeed, the persons who are most superstitious in regard to printed matter are those who have most recently crossed the boundary line from illiteracy. On the other hand, some of the most level-headed people I have known have been constant and even omnivorous readers. But I have noticed that they have always used their own minds when they were reading.

BETWEEN THE LINES

BY F. JACQUELIN SWORDS

SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND
Monday, August 16, 1920.

MY DEAR MR. TALMADGE,—

Just this time last evening we were deep in Napoleon, and dinner, and you had not quite recovered, even after my having so tactfully drawn in Napoleon to distract you, from your indignation over the Prohibition Amendment. And yet you were drinking champagne —

In other words it is now 8.30 to-night; and I am the person who at 8.30 last night — Well, it is all described above.

You remember me? Of course you do. I would n't even ask the question, but that I once dined next to a man (at the town house of our last night's hostess, by the way) whom I had met, also, for the first time, and who spent most of the evening telling me that he never remembered a person whom he had met only once! I suppose he forgot me. But I have never been able to forget him, as is shown by the above absurd question.

For you do remember me, of course. That's established. And you remember Napoleon. And some quite interesting things I told you about him — to distract you from Prohibition — that you had n't known before. And you remember, don't you, recommending a book about him (which you said you had n't read, so why you recommended it was n't clear) by Lord Somebody, about those last days at St. Helena? Well, now we come to my point. I can't remember Lord Somebody's name. Would it bother you too much if I ask you to send me a line with just the name? You need n't remember me afterwards if

you don't want to, but I would like the name. I want to read the book. I liked what you said about it, which must, I suppose, be what someone else said to you.

So there's the reason for my letter — for it's going to be one! At least, it's one of the reasons. The others are that it's 8.30, and last night at this hour I was struggling with your temper — the hour suggests you. And then I'm alone. I've been swimming and motoring all day, and I am tired and have had a tray here in my room. The windows by my desk are open, and I can hear the ocean booming, you know, as it boomed last night at Marian's; and the light on it is that same long, quivering, golden way. It makes the best of you rise up in your heart, and the truest, and you want to be so frank — so frank — as frank as Maeterlinck says we may be; and you want to say to a perfect stranger who complains of the drought as he drinks deliciously cooled champagne, that you are glad you met him; that one meets so many people, and they are all so confusing; that these times are so confusing, with upheavals in everything — religion, politics, art, life; that one feels the ground slipping beneath one's feet — especially a person like me, someone who is nothing in particular — a woman not too young to understand life and not too old to enjoy it, with ideals which are torn at and trampled on every day — puzzled — wondering; and that to meet someone who can look with calmness on a war in which he has played a part (which he carefully

ignores), and who can look on these heaving times with hope; who has n't lost his bearings in the magnitude of the cataclysms that have overtaken us; someone who still looks for the best in us women — just the same good, old-fashioned best that was before these days, when so much has crept in that is coarse and vulgar and cheap: to meet someone like that — and someone who has just your peculiar shade of yellow hair — makes you very glad!

I'm joking, but I'm telling you the sober truth. You remember, perhaps, all that we talked about — a good deal for our first meeting. Well, the best of me was moved, and I shall remember it always.

Will you send me, please, Mr. Bonaparte's biographer's name?

And so no more — as Du Maurier so often said in *Trilby*; and how freighted the words were with the lightness and the tragedy of endings! And so no more.

From your — what am I? — well, your very grateful

MARGARET HAMILTON.

Margaret Hamilton read the letter through, sought in the faithful *Social Register* for George Talmadge's address, and finding it where stood his name, with an asterisk beside it, she addressed the envelope.

Then for a long time she looked out at the sea, with the golden light across it, remembering and dreaming.

She was very tired when she turned back to her desk. Somehow a lightness had gone out of her with the writing of the letter. She reread it — all that she had written in ardor and sincerity; but now it brought to her a swelling tide of mortification and chagrin.

'If I had sent it,' she whispered aghast, 'to almost an utter stranger! What in the world would he have thought of me!' And she tore the sheets carefully across and across.

Into the envelope went another note:

MY DEAR MR. TALMADGE, —

I wonder if you would mind letting me know the author of the book on Napoleon that you recommended so highly last night at Marian Livingston's dinner. I've forgotten the name you mentioned but would like to read the book.

Trusting that I am not bothering you, I am

Cordially yours,
MARGARET HAMILTON.

In his apartment in town, a day or so later, George Talmadge received this note. He did n't answer it until the end of a busy week, though the fact that it was there to be answered occurred to him constantly.

At last he wrote: —

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON, —

I am not going to tell you the author's name that you ask for, though I'm grateful to the fellow for having had a forgettable name, and to you for having forgotten. For I was singularly glad to hear from you. Indeed I can hardly make you understand how glad. It does n't seem a matter for much rejoicing to meet a strange and charming woman at dinner. One meets so many — the stranger the more charming!

But perhaps you understand — no, I'm sure you understand — how we all have moods now and then of mental Bolshevism, when the world seems turned topsy-turvy, and all our old plans and hopes discredited. And perhaps you can imagine how, if one were in such a mood, the meeting of a stranger might set things right again. Of course, only one kind of a stranger, someone clever and cultivated and sweet, about whom hung the aroma of all that was true and rare and steady in life. May I write you so? Of course I

may. Something about you gives me permission, and with your permission I am, of course, taking no liberty.

Besides, I am a little desperate, if that is n't too tragic a word to use over one's own unimportant affairs.

I'm to be sent away again; at least the government wants me to go — to South America this time. I don't want to go. I've just come home. And yet I don't want to shirk, and they tell me that's where I'm needed most — not that I'm needed much anywhere, but you know how these disagreeable duties are baited.

I feel that, if I could see you again and tell you all about it, I could have the decision to stay, or the strength to go. Don't laugh at me, though you did laugh at me many times the other night. Just realize — I'll spare you the details — that I've been through a good deal, and I'm upset and lonely, and that I want to talk things over selfishly and self-centredly with someone, and that I want that someone to be you, and I don't know why, or care why, but won't you let me come to wherever you are, just for one evening? Laugh at me if you like, but let me come.

I am reminded of my small-boyhood days, and of someone admonishing me, 'You should say, if you please.' If you please!

I shall await your answer anxiously.

And I don't care what you say, I think Prohibition is an awful mistake.

Your friend, really, though I see you laughing again, — I see your eyes, and I hear you, —

GEORGE TALMADGE.

P.S. I am sending you Lord Rosebery's book. That's why I'm not bothering you with the name.

George Talmadge threw himself back in his chair, and passed his hands over his warm forehead.

'It's beastly hot to-night,' he mut-

tered; and he stumbled up, and out for a few blocks down the avenue, and back again, restless and half-dreaming, and then to bed.

The next morning he reread his letter.

'Of all the pieces of d—— rot and impertinence!' he exclaimed, and tore the letter, savagely, to ribbons.

Then he wrote: —

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON, —

Lord Rosebery is the author of the book on Bonaparte of which we spoke. I am taking the liberty of sending the book to you, to express, partially, my thanks for a very pleasant evening.

Hoping that we shall meet again, I am

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE TALMADGE.

The letter and book reached Margaret Hamilton at Southampton. On the evening of their arrival she escaped from her family and some guests who were bent on including her in a game of Auction, and made her way to her room. Alone there, she went to her window and looked out at the sea. There was no moon. The sea was a dark, mysterious surging.

She strained her eyes into the darkness; her breath came heavily; her breast was heaving.

Then she went quickly to her desk, pulled on the electric light and wrote: —

MY DEAR MR. TALMADGE, —

I wrote you a week ago. Not the stupid little line you received, but an honest letter. I hardly remember what I said, only that I felt it all; that I stretched out my hand to you across the fact that we were strangers, and that I felt new strength and buoyancy from the moment's clasp. And then, of course, I tore the letter up. We women are cowards. We are afraid to read our own statements that we know to

be rather fine, and desperately sincere. You who have been a soldier cannot perhaps understand this, but it is true. I was afraid. I rushed back into the banal protection of the inane, and asked only for a name, and you sent me the book. I have come to my room this evening to read the book, and to send you my thanks. You were very kind, and I do thank you.

But I wish you were down on the beach out there. I would go down and join you — you see I'm not a bit afraid any more, and I would tell you so many things; all I said in my letter, if I could remember it all, and the things I've been saying to you through the week, for I've had a number of talks with you up here alone. There, you see how brave I am! Why should n't I be? You interested me — you tempted me to a bigger point of view than those I see around me. I would like to talk over so many things with you if you were down there now on the beach.

Of course, everything might be different, such queer things happen. I might n't find you a bit interesting a second time. And you might find me dreadfully boring; though you did n't that night at dinner. I don't care what you say, I know you did n't. If you think I 'make too bold' in saying this, just avoid me when we meet again, and I'll understand and be properly rebuked.

Seriously, with my renewed thanks for Lord Rosebery's book, please accept my greater thanks — for what — for having been what you were that night — for having given me the courage not to be ashamed of an instinct that turns to all that is best — I'm floundering, and you won't understand

— Well, for having prompted me to write so absurdly a second time!

MARGARET HAMILTON.

The next morning it was with a certain shivering of the soul that she realized that this letter, too, must not be sent. 'It was the night. It was — I don't care what it was!' she cried, and sat down, forlornly, at her desk.

MY DEAR MR. TALMADGE [she wrote], —

Thank you so much for the very kind way in which you helped out my poor memory. You were too good. I shall hope to see you again sometime, somewhere, and to be able to thank you in person. I know I shall enjoy the book.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,
MARGARET HAMILTON.

One evening, two weeks later, George Talmadge was lounging in his room in that particular, hopeless despondency in which a man is apt to be plunged when he has decided to do what he reluctantly believes to be his duty. He had decided to go to South America.

Something drew him to his desk. He took a card from his pocket, and wrote slowly, 'I am sailing for South America in three days, to be gone for a few years. If you should happen to be passing through town, won't you call me up so that I might meet you somewhere, and hear what you think of Lord Rosebery?'

Both sides of the card were covered with the diminutive writing. He read it over to see if she could decipher it.

Then, with a quick gesture, he threw the card into his empty fireplace, struck a match, held it to the message, and in a moment it was gone.

CHILDREN'S GARLAND

BY ELIZABETH MADDOX ROBERTS

DICK AND WILL

OUR brother says that Will was born
The very day that Dickie came;
When one is four the other is,
And all their birthdays are the same.

Their coats and waists are just alike;
They have their hats together, too.
They sleep together in one bed,
And Will can put on Dickie's shoe.

But they are not the same at all;
Two different boys they have to be,
For Dick can play in Mother's room
When Will is climbing in a tree.

Or maybe Will is on the porch
To cry' because he stubbed his toe,
And Dick is laughing by the gate
And watching ants go in a row.

THE TWINS

The two-ones is the name for it,
And that is what it ought to be,
But when you say it very fast
It makes your mouth say *twins*, you see.

When I was just a little thing,
About the year before the last,
I called it two-ones all the time,
But now I always say it fast.

MISS KATE-MARIE

And it was Sunday everywhere,
And Father pinned a rose on me,
And said he guessed he'd better take
Me down to see Miss Kate-Marie.

And when I went, it all turned out
To be a Sunday school, and there
Miss Kate-Marie was very good
And let me stand beside her chair.

Her hat was made of yellow lace,
Her dress was very soft and thin;
And when she talked her little tongue
Was always wriggling out and in.

I liked to smell my pretty rose,
I liked to feel her silky dress.
She held a very little book
And asked the things for us to guess.

She asked about Who-made-y-God,
And never seemed to fuss or frown;
I liked to watch her little tongue
And see it wriggle up and down.

ON THE HILL

And Mother said that we could go
Up on the hill where the strawberries grow.

And while I was there I looked all down,
Over the trees and over the town.

I saw the field where the big boys play,
And the roads that come from every way,

The courthouse place where the wagons stop,
And the bridge and the scales and the blacksmith shop.

The church steeple looked very tall and thin,
And I found the house that we live in.

I saw it under the poplar tree,
And I bent my head and tried to see

Our house when the dark is over it,
And how it looks when the lamps are lit.

I saw the swing from up on the hill,
The ropes were hanging very still.

And over and over I tried to see
Some of us walking under the tree.

And the children playing everywhere,
And how it looks when I am there.

But Dickie said, 'Come on, let's race';
And Will had found the strawberry place.

LITTLE RAIN

When I was making myself a game
Up in the garden, a little rain came.

It fell down quick in a sort of rush,
And I crawled back under the snowball bush.

I could hear the big drops hit the ground
And see little puddles of dust fly round.

A chicken came till the rain was gone;
He had just a very few feathers on.

He shivered a little under his skin,
And then he shut his eyeballs in.

Even after the rain had begun to hush
It kept on raining up in the bush.

CHILDREN'S GARLAND

One big flat drop came sliding down,
 And a ladybug that was red and brown
 Was up on a little stem, waiting there,
 And I got some rain in my hair.

MR. WELLS

On Sunday morning, then he comes
 To church, and everybody smells
 The blacking and the toilet-soap
 And camphor-balls from Mr. Wells.

He wears his whiskers in a bunch,
 And wears his glasses on his head;
 I must n't call him Old Man Wells—
 No matter — that's what Father said.

And when the little blacking smells
 And camphor-balls and soap begin,
 I do not have to look to know
 That Mr. Wells is coming in.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

If Bethlehem were here to-day,
 Or this were very long ago,
 There would n't be a winter-time
 Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,
 And down along the pasture walk;
 And off beside the cattle-barns
 I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain
 And pull away the wooden pin;
 I'd push the door a little bit
 And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens
And all the cows would stand 'away;
Their eyes would open wide to see
A lady in the manger hay.

If this were very long ago
And Bethlehem were here to-day,

And Mother held my hand and smiled —
I mean, the lady would — and she
Would take the woolly blankets off
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,
And he would look like our John,
And he would be all crumpled too,
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out.
His little clothes would all be white.
I'd slip my finger in his hand
To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, 'Take care,'
The mother, Mary, would, 'Take care';
And I would kiss his little hand
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back
The gentle talk would soon begin.
And when I'd tiptoe softly out
I'd meet the wise men going in.

THE PRISON HOUSE¹

BY ALICE G. MASARYK

February 6, 1916.

DAY before yesterday I went to see Mrs. M——. She is weak and desolate. It is overcoming her at last. She wept before Revota. I remained with her only a very short time. She was so weak that sleep was overcoming her.

February 8.

DEAR MOTHER, —

These days I have been in the Ratiborice Valley with *Babicka*.² I was tired and remained in bed. Every movement required an effort; and I took *Babicka* into my hands and lived there with her. I was moved by her loving righteousness, her righteous kindness, which flowed from a deep heart. A closed, concentric world — simple and beautiful. In the present-day rush, in the atmosphere of steam, electricity, intellectualism, and Ibsenism, this book acts like a healing potion. Here we have to think about the woman question. I know one *Babicka* like that, among women who have had schooling: her room is bright, she rises early, has an ear for everybody, but not a single superfluous word. She grew out of the soil as an herb out of the wayside, from among poor people, orderly and just, for whom work is a matter of course and rest is a holiday. She is simple and good — without plans. The others are not so well balanced — but then, in all classes, rare people are not numerous. Here we

have a girl — a bank clerk. Her type is also that of *Babicka*. She is the first to rise in the morning. The lamp still burns; outside, the dawn is breaking; this little girl jumps up, washes, folds her blanket with a sprightly air, shakes her pillow — and then calls out: 'Now rise, ladies, rise; the soup will be here in a moment.' Not for a moment does she waste time; she finds work for herself and others; yet she is only a simple girl. Here we have evidence that everything will become settled again, and this fine natural type will become predominant with us. Also, I know a nurse of such firm character: she is strong, but merry at the same time.

Dear mother! If only I could be in Bystricka now! That would be immeasurable!

Morning, eight o'clock. The pots with the steaming coffee — the cream in a pitcher — we take breakfast in the open court. Opposite, on the other table, are the earthenware bowls of the farm-laborers who have gone into the fields after breakfast. And then — off to work. I remember how gladly I went into the garden for vegetables, around the circular flower-bed, past the currant bushes and white lilies; and back of that hedge of the currants and lilies is the vegetable garden. The walk with a border, on the right-hand side of the currant bushes, is overgrown with grass and plantain; it is covered with dew and green, and the vegetables also stand in dew. So: carrots, parsley, celery — the onions are entirely washed out by the rain. And one's heart is so light.

¹ Earlier letters by Miss Masaryk were printed in the November issue.

² *Babicka* (Grandmother), by Nemeova, is the great Czech epic.

Then I prepare everything in the vaulted kitchen, — one pot next to the other, — and near eleven we begin in earnest. Above the stove, flies are so numerous that it looks black — just as though this had to be. The boys go into the pantry for bacon; they joke together, investigate the preparations for dinner, and are off again. Is this all true? It was all so long ago. And then those rainstorms in the garden; the hen who laid her eggs away from the nest, and had to be followed into the hayloft to see where she would stop. It is on the other end, so that I must crawl under the roof — and there indeed I find a nest and in it ten white eggs. That is the ground on which I am at home; and then the whirl of the new world. Fundamentally I am to this day a conservative creature. This year I would have ended my seeking on a field dear to me — those babies in Holesovice.¹ But what seekings and struggles they were — I do not know whether I shall ever be happy again. Mother dear, this night I was with you; my heart bleeds; how near to one another we could have been!

February 22.

DEAREST MAMA, —

This afternoon we went for a walk in the cold, sunny weather. Just now, some older, merry soldiers went by, drilling. The women in the courtyard change with time. I am now the oldest inhabitant, almost. It is this way with the food arrangements. The prisoners who have no money of their own get very poor rations. At six o'clock, early soup; at ten, bread; at eleven, soup again, and beans or peas; and at six in the evening, soup again. A few buy something in addition, and some buy food from the card — that is, coffee, meat, fruit. In the evening, butter, cheese, eggs, sausages, and so forth. I

¹ Holesovice is a poor, industrial section of Prague.

spend about four or five crowns a day for food, often less. Now that my term seems to be a long one, I must somewhat reduce my expenditures.

Dear mother, I think about you so often, and of the beautiful life which, now that we are left alone, we could have had together. I am wishing much peace and strength for you. You have it in you. I should like to write more; but the life is so monotonous here that the inner life does n't broaden out much either. I am too nervous to study, and so I busy myself as best I can, a little reading, a little sewing, etc., etc. I love you so dearly.

Evening. The light is on. The room large and bare. A doctor is going to Germany by way of Prague! My God, what a feeling it must be! Everything has an end.

March 7.

MAMA, —

Last Tuesday I had no paper so I have not written for a long time. I thought that my letters were too monotonous, and that it was too bad to rob the time of the censor. But now I know they are a comfort to you, I shall try to write more often, if I can.

Your last letter touched me. The gardens with the families in them which you can see from your windows — yes, indeed, mother, it is just the time: 1915 and 1916 — such stormy years! And yet one must take both sad and happy things. And the eternal justice will bring something stronger and mightier out of the blood. I can see how much human sympathy is called forth by human suffering; and people will have taken a step forward in the great change of events. War brings so many people out of themselves. I remember how the seriousness of the many faces surprised me when I returned from my vacation in 1914. Without showing a trace of emotion, the soldiers strode by, strong and manly.

And those who saw this seriousness felt too that it was beautiful to have a noble end to live for, and that it was easier to battle than to measure worth with poverty and misfortune in the peaceful daily fight of life. For it often seems to me, in social hygiene, for instance, that the rare, lone worker must stand at his post like a soldier sentinel, unseen and faithful, and finally from the masses of these soldiers will come a victorious army.

Happy, happy are those who stand at their post! I have sought out a modest post for myself, in the care of the nurslings — a little house and quiet work. Others are happier; I should only like to cry aloud into the world how happy is he who can work, and people would wonder who was making such disagreeable remarks. It is easy to understand. Yes, indeed, it is true.

I dream that I am at home and can see the loveliest country, green, with flowing water. Lately we walked together through a park; we came to a beautiful terrace, but I did n't want to go any farther; there were steps. You see, when I go to my bunk I really am going home. During the day I am nervous, but at night I only tell stories; but not so often either. I say adieu to the cell and am in the open air. I can see the white statues of the vestals on the Forum and the blue heaven above, the crimson roses which grew up by the marble; and then again I am far away on Lake Geneva; the moon shines; our little sail-boat leaves the shore and reaches the middle of the lake; the wind dies down, there is n't a breath; the sails gather no air, and we stand still in the quiet night. We sit quietly. So we stay for half an hour; then a breath, and we sail toward the shore. And again I see a poor, poor little house near the stockyard — on a dirty bed lies a child with tuberculosis of the back: I see the eyes, which burn into

my soul, such a deep, old expression. The child was an old man, and I saw those eyes when I was amid the luxury of my friends and was unhappy in it.

Well, adieu. I am always,

ALICE.

March 14.

MOTHER, to-morrow is the 15th of March,¹ a day which one will not forget. Life is the most worth-while thing one has: noble, striving human life. I should like to concentrate my life in simple service, granting death nothing. I could say much about that, but it is hard. Do not think that I do not grant Herbert his peace. He was good and beautiful and died in great sorrow. How could one talk about it? How could I ever speak about it? The deepest things are without words, as self-understanding as an element. Problems are nothing! Only the real world matters.

Mother, I wish you good-night and kiss your hand.

March 21.

DEAR, DEAR MOTHER! —

I want to tell you what I have just experienced. I have had a nervous breakdown. Every night I have waked and not known where I am; and then I could not remember why I am here. I had a suffocating beating of the heart, and it has lasted over two months. Now I hope I can live, but I was very near complete breakdown. My mind was divided into two parts: the one was a dull emptiness, and in the other I felt a buzzing and could not follow conversation. I felt that I did not belong here; and the thought that I could not have you followed me and robbed me of the possibility of living. Therefore, forgive me if my letters have lacked necessary reserve and clearness of thought. There were whole days during which I did not

¹ First anniversary of her brother Herbert's death.

live. Now I hope this sickness is past. Mother, I know it should not be, but I am not a calm person, if one takes everything into consideration. I have special strength, but only in one sphere of life.

To-day it is raining, but we have had wonderfully beautiful days. I wanted to tell you all this, for I have become very hopeful.

March 24, 1916.

MAMA! I have written a couple of sad letters. Please forgive me. You are sick, and so brave. However, one must take what life brings and as well as one can. We are having very beautiful bright days, and it is very good. You can hardly imagine how many different stories of people and traditions come together in one cell. Yesterday, the pretty little Jewess was released. She became as white as the wall, and could not understand that she was a free person. Her tradition and religion were a good example of the good Judaism: an intellectual, keen justice. She prayed every day.

There is also an East Friesland woman, who grew up in a beautiful open country, married an Austrian count, and lived for a long time in Southwest Africa. She is evangelical—a sister. She suffers so much under confinement that she is very nervous. Tradition is very important.

A good example of our best peasant background of the prosperous type is our little lark.

I would love to go to church on Good Friday. This day has always affected me powerfully since my childhood. I see the dark clouds torn asunder as Christ breathes out on the Cross his great, beautiful soul, which understands the whole of human suffering. How many artists have been inspired by this moment: by the beautiful tender figure of John and the mother's broken heart!

Yes, indeed, antiquity is firm and resilient as steel. Modern times, the victorious, fully understanding Christendom, respond to the human heart, to a free heart, through fear of God and love of mankind. Is that mawkish? I will not have it! But when I see Him living and suffering here, I am entirely freed from modern desire for pseudo-liberalism, which never agreed with me. But I see here that the professional women of the German Empire also incline to a certain critical world-philosophy, which is a symptom of the time of tradition. It is quite as simple as every great truth—that which is not seen by the dazzled mob, and which blooms in simple loving hearts. My life as it may be given to me will be given to active prayer. The truth for which I strove through my work has become quite clear to me through suffering. There is now very much suffering in the world, and I have heard it many times, like a beautiful swan-song. The feeling of the spring lives in nature and deep love in humanity. I am thinking of a little church in the mountains: of candles in each hand, which one had to use to light the song-book; the little boys who made mischief, and one little boy who had gathered around him many, and sits surrounded by candle-light, his little nose sticking above his festive little necktie brightly lighted.

Mother, I love you and understand you completely, and remain

Your ALICE.

March 31.

DEAR MOTHER,—

Thank you for Englis.¹ I have already begun to read it. I am now quite industrious and very well. If I were only a little bit free, I would be truly

¹ Professor Englis was appointed Minister of Finance, May 25, 1920. He is the foremost political economist of Czechoslovakia. The reference is to *Financial and Peace Problems of the Czechoslovak State*.

April 8.

DEAR MAMA, —

I am so sorry that you are so weak. I promise to do better and write more. I thought I would find my imprisonment quite plain and useful, but it is not as I thought. I suffer so in it! But what can one do? I hope it will have an end. If the end were only in sight! But here I am writing again things which I should avoid. I read this little essay, which pleased me. I am sending it to you.

Mother, can you send me a new picture — the one you think is good? I often imagine how we could have lived together, when I see the clouds and the blue sky; then one would be quite free. To-day there were beautiful groups of clouds, and the wind came in from the city and freedom. I imagine how it is in front of the fire: everything as simple as possible. I always admired simplicity. It was the same way with all the forbears on grandmother's side. I always felt very much at home there. Do you know how I felt when I was with Uncle Frank? The whole spirit of the Pilgrim fathers was there also. Never, never will I forget the picture. I can see the house which stood in the garden. The birches had their first green tinge and the flower-beds were the first promise of spring, which seemed to bring their tender leaves up out of the snow — crocus, snowdrops, hepatica. And the old man said, 'Many years ago I had a niece Charlotte, who was very dear to me. Is it possible that this is her daughter?' And I can see the April evening as we stood on the shore of the lake. Ah, mama, what a pure good world it is! Simple, true, beautiful, and, one may say, Christlike. People seem to fear that word less now.

So very often I think of Jane Addams. She is a great person. How happy I am that I have been allowed to know such people. How thankful I am. I can see

satisfied. We are having wonderfully beautiful days. The auditor has told me that you wish to come. Do it only if it is not too hard, for the journey is very fatiguing.

When I received the *Life of the Poor*, I had a great desire to leave my cell and go to work. It was the one thing that interested me. Just think, I will soon have been in Vienna for half a year; and even though it is very monotonous here, time goes really very fast. Yesterday, the church counselor visited me again. It is very good of him. He is a good man.

It is a great joy to go out into the free corridor. Yesterday, I looked at the Ring Strasse for a few minutes. The people were going up and down happily, and did not know how to appreciate their free motion.

Do you see Anicka now and then? She is extraordinarily like Herbert, even in her expression. I am worried about her. I was always so happy when I could play with her. An old man once said quite emphatically that he cannot have any feelings, for he has never had children: he has not seen how they grow slowly, and change from day to day. It is an ordinary observation, it is true, but it is very fitting. Jane Addams and such people, who have a maternal feeling for children, have therein their strength: when a little fist, tiny as it is, is truly a whole world for a heart. The admiration and the joy which the outer world awakens: one becomes accustomed to the world when one is grown; the world seems to be no revelation so long as one is not busied in self-creative work, and the world does not look the same through their eyes if one is not bound by love to little folks.

I hope that I shall now be calm and well, taking everything as it comes, having always hope. I do not feel like writing to-day. Farewell. A kiss from

ALICE.

before my eyes the hall in Hull House. The fire crackled in the fireplace. A group of people around the table — two working-girls, a contractor, a doctor, a 'quadroon.' They were talking about a strike. Jane Addams, calm, selfless and still, quite crystallized in her desire, without a trace of softness or insecurity, and at the same time so womanly and good, with a sweet face, calm, prophetic eyes, the hands of a talented person, a white frill the only relief to her simple dress. Ah, yes, a human being is a miracle of God!

I can tell little news of myself. The light of the soul flickers and, if God wills, it will burn in quiet pursuit of the good in which I have believed all my life. Put it out? Why? Ah, there is a God in the world! Shall I write, or is it too stupid? I have no way to judge. I only want something to do.

April 11.

DEAR MAMA, —

Just think, I have read Nemcova and reveled in Grandmother's valley, which I saw last summer in the true smile of the sun. The life there is described as static, and in it there is a great peace. Circumstances fit like the parts of a picture-puzzle in children's play. And so the good pious eye of the old woman can see this whole life, which she, with modesty and clearness, herself has wonderfully fitted for filling her place in the world. Her religion is remarkable, her wisdom sweet. And so a person can live, and also die, involuntarily. I thought of my grandmother, who grew up in the traditions of the Pilgrim Fathers. Great differences, and yet again alike in many ways. It was always a joy to run through *St. Nicholas* and to find the tender passages which had pleased the unknown grandmother. Her illiterate negro friends all had the atmosphere of love that belonged to her.

Well, now I am coming for a little

talk, and it would be the best thing if I could sit down on the edge of the bed and take your hand. I won't laugh so much, but it won't be necessary. Shall I tell you a story — a story about this place? To picture my room companions, I would like to introduce one of the girls. She is competent in her manner. She has a musical temperament, which the other people do not like. She gets up right on time, folds up her covers, and with energetic steps begins the day. Although she has a very heavy punishment, she is always satisfied. Only, in the evening, she often stands by the window, pale of face, and watches a gleaming star, which is so far, so pure, and so friendly. In the evening she kneels by her little bed deep in prayer. A people that has such girls has something good in it — something healthy. She is pretty, too: rosy, with intelligent gray eyes. She is now learning French with a very pleasant teacher of painting, who, when she takes off her glasses, is a true peasant type, phlegmatic and honest. The little Pole tries to grasp the meaning of declensions, and has succeeded a little.

The woman from East Friesland often describes the North Sea and the people, for whom I feel a great sympathy. She is nervous. She has wonderful hair, — two huge plaits, — and it is certainly lovely to look at.

There, now, I should describe myself, should n't I? There is not much to describe — health, industry, interest. But what can one do? How fine it is I have such good people here. The wardens are very decent. The food does well enough. Satisfying, enough, is n't it? But I hope it will come to an end, for I cannot stay here very long. How happy I would be in my work! How free from every trifle that is usually so hard to do away with. Teaching, and then to consecrate myself to social work. Ah, what a life! But I will be an old

woman. I am. The entire suffering of humanity overwhelms me. Wickedness is lack of divine light, the divine light which is the eternal source. I should be thankful.

[Miss Masaryk and Kotikova worked together as teacher and pupil. Every day, at a regular hour, Miss Masaryk gave Kotikova lessons in Greek and Roman history, and in Czech grammar and composition. She told her of the places that she had visited in her travels. Always after their friendly talks their spirits rose.]

April 15.

MAMA, —

I go to sleep at eight and wake up at two, and I hear the bakers as they go to work. The night is still; the light burns in the room; all are asleep; outside it is very quiet. I can see a star near the chimney in the distance; I can hear a train whistle in the quiet night, and then stillness again. I shall probably be awake a couple of hours. Memories come fast; conversations do not, but the faithful faces and the dear places come to me out of the dark night. They are more beautiful to me through memory, as a stone is more sharply delineated in bright, clear water, still more splendid in color. There is no cell here, but a winter morning, so beautiful that it seems like Sunday on a week-day.

Have you still cocoa? I bought a supply in advance, and if you do not need it, you might send a little to the children. Prices are going up terribly.

Yesterday Dr. Samal was here. That was mighty nice of him to take so much trouble. I was very glad to have the greetings of his sister and the Drtina family. I forgot to send greetings to them. Please do it for me. They are such good people.

I am very happy that you are taking care of yourself. Dear mama, there is so little of interest to write about. Please

forgive my letters. I wrote the fifth of March instead of the fifth of April, and it is truly April — almost Easter. I would love to send you some flowers, but it cannot be done. Many kisses from your old true

ALICE.

May 3.¹

DEAR MOTHER, —

Greetings! for I know you are thinking of me.

I think about the years gone by, of the parties in the beautiful garden of Waldstein Street, of the dining-room with its outlook into Thungasse, always with satisfaction. To-day I have the beautiful gift of sunshine and a soft wind, which fully anticipates May. I am keeping holiday only to spend the hours of the forenoon thinking — nothing more. I have also a beautiful book.

Oh, if one could only see what next year will bring!

Soldiers are marching by; the bugles blow merrily.

Once more, heartiest greetings.

May 5.

MAMA, —

I am working! do you know what that means for me? Years ago I was standing before sunrise by the sea, with all its rising waves in front of me, and gleams of bright rosy color far on the horizon — all making a feeling of unforgettable freedom. Can you believe that yesterday I experienced the same feeling, in the third story of the state prison? The sea of social facts in all their regularity opened before my inspired eyes, in complete order and therefore in great beauty. The feeling that I never express except in the words, 'the courage for bold endeavor' (*der Mut zum kühnen Fleiss*), was clear to me. Dear God, grant me the possibility of taking this path! I have great long years in preparation. Social path-

¹ Her thirty-seventh birthday.

ology is like an element, as water to the fish, the free air to a bird, to human beings the kingdom of helpful love on earth. It is a world in itself. Every science has its specific material.

If I only had a piano, I could bear anything; for one imprisoned has feelings which the free person does not know; and if one wishes to make these feelings harmless, one should allow them to be harmoniously expressed. But after all, it is just as well that they can't be expressed on the piano, for otherwise the state prison would become a beautiful orchestra in the centre of Vienna. But we shall some time hear *Fidelio* together, shan't we?

Mama, what are the goldfish doing that I had at the police court? They are wonderful in movement. I used to look at them hours at a time, with the black spots on their little heads, golden, transparent among the green water ornaments. I felt how unending the world is in a tiny drop of water, as well as in cosmos. What is Anicka doing with you? Are the new plants growing yet?

It does n't matter if you have no school. When I am free I shall work for you; we shall live so simply and independently. How gladly I would start to-day and work for you. God grant it will be soon, my child!

I have n't seen my lame dove in a long time. My pupils are getting along finely; the countess is on her own feet to-day — otherwise no news. Farewell, take care of yourself, and don't forget me. Others wear themselves out in order to enjoy the fruits of their labor. My lot is to wear myself out for work. And I intended and wanted to do good. 'But somewhat much of this,' said Hamlet.

Your Alice kisses you — I am really very near you, poor little mother.

P.S. Have you sent the Czech novels that Dr. Samal promised?

May 8.

Heartiest greetings, dear mama; I have been in such a fury of work to-day, that I have n't had time to write to you.

I dreamed last night that I was stroking your white hair. I hope that my work makes me strong and free, for you know how I love it. I send many kisses to you and beg that you stay well and happy in trouble.

I am as always,

Your ALICE.

May 16.

Dreams, mama, are the most real and the most beautiful things about this prison life. To-day I was in wonderfully beautiful woods — deep and dark they were — and in the valley flowed a clear brook. The earth was not yet inhabited; it was in olden times. On a small plain stood a chapel, the Palatinate, Roman but modern. It was so remarkable to see the mediæval as well as the most modern, the newest architecture. High above were several chapels and castles — it was so beautiful that it was refreshing.

For two weeks I have had no mail. I am anxious to know if you are well. I am the same as ever, except that the world seems a little different, and I too feel like a different speck of humanity here in state prison. To-day Mrs. Kassowitz-Schall was here; she is good and faithful.

It gives me a wonderful feeling to see people fresh from the street, in summer blouses and straw hats. My seal-skin is out of time.

Often, however, I am very sad. I think over my life and my hopes, and often I feel actually near you. I should like to be near you, helping you as a good friend close at hand. But one should not be sentimental — that's certain.

I kiss your dear hand.

May 19.

DEAR MOTHER, —

Your letters are so sad. I was very, very disturbed; but I hope that now I shall have better news from you. Take care of yourself.

To-day Dr. Samal was here, the Consistory (Herr Oberkirchenrath), and also Belli, with his wife. It was so good of Dr. Frank to allow me to have so many visitors. If you did n't have your freedom, you would know what it means to see free people. Freedom clings to them. Just as when someone fresh from frost and snow comes into a warm, gloomy room, the fresh air breathes from them — so are free people. They are like nature's flowers from the fields and woods — the most secluded receive refreshment. But enough of the cure; let's hope all will be well. If it ends well I shall some time be thankful for this hard test. Yes, it is hard. If it only could be over soon!

If I could only take care of you. I should like most of all to find a place in the country, either as a nurse or in an orphan asylum, or something of the sort; then you could be with me. Or else in a lyceum — there is much to do there, too; but now I have the feeling that I should like to be somewhere near to nature, under God's sun, where I could be near to Him.

May 21.

MAMA, —

If ever you happen to talk to anyone who works in the maternity home, I wish you would ask them how many children have been born there, and if they give the Skysolamin-Morphium twilight sleep. I'd love to see the little things (infants) — what kind of a picture awaits them, the little warriors! The best thing about the work is that it is not at all public, but when arranged properly, it is entirely private. I think that many women will find happiness in this field of work; some have, already.

In Germany there are cities where a third of all births take place in such hospitals. When I think of the homes, let alone the beds, in which our children first see the light of day! And it seems to me a good thing, if even educated women carry the home in their hearts. It is a fire that warms wonderfully.

It may be that the motto of the first Emancipation is equality with men! but in that sense, that is the question; good and bad — through differentiated acts — soul and body — will blossom now as always.

Mama, it is hard to chat; my heart longs for you but I can't express it; it sounds like flattery always to say the same thing. It longs for you and for my work. My life was so simple and happy! When I look back on it, it is hard to realize what can happen to one. Oh, well!

I am so glad that my good child is here —

Always happy, always gay,
Always cheerful and so forth;
Always natural and clever too.
Well I think it's enough.¹

Sometimes, however, she is very pale when she looks at the stars. My dear Fatherland! the villages, with the pond in the middle of the square, the geese around it; the cows come home in the evening, the evening bell rings. She has grown up in this environment. It is much better to belong to one nation, to have one tradition. I feel like that here too, but what can one do? If I could choose again, you would be my mother just the same. You are calm, good. I am like the storm-tossed waves. Upon these waves the sun is reflecting so beautifully, as if its brow was resting upon my breast, or some such feeling.

¹ Immer lustig — immer heiter,
Immer munter und so weiter;
Stets natürlich aber klug.
Nun ich dachte — 's war genug.

Movement alone has always been worth a great deal to me. An albatross at sea has for breadth of wing about three metres — with wings folded, he can hardly walk. I am like that. Mother of

mine, love your poor sea-bird! I always wished to go around the hard places. I felt a sharp constriction in the manifold layers of appearance.

Kisses from your ALICE.

[The story can be completed by the following extracts from newspapers.]

(Chicago Herald, April 19, 1916)

**AUSTRIA HOLDS CHICAGO WOMAN
University of Chicago Settlement Hears
Member is to be Executed**

C. R. CRANE SEEKS AID

A telegram from C. R. Crane who is in New York received at the Settlement House Saturday stated: 'Miss Masaryk is in serious trouble. Send photograph and sketch of her career made by American friends of no foreign connection.'

(Chicago Herald, April 25, 1916)

**40,000 IN APPEAL FOR U. S. TO SAVE WOMAN
IN PRISON**

We, the American friends of Alice Masaryk of Prague, whose mother is an American woman, have learned with deep concern of her imprisonment in Austria on a charge of high treason. Knowing as we do her nobility of character, her fine sense of honor, her humanitarian interest, her distinguished scholarship, we urgently request the State Department to use all possible influence with the Austrian government to insure against any summary action being taken in her case.

(New York Times, April 30, 1916)

SEEKS AID FOR CAPTIVE GIRL

Representative Sabath Visits State Department

Mr. Sabath learned from the State Department that, as Miss Masaryk is a foreigner, the State Department cannot directly interfere with the matter. Although her mother is an American woman, the daughter partakes of the citizenship of Professor Masaryk, her father. Sec. Lansing, however, indicated to-day that the State Department would probably make an informal inquiry through Ambassador Penfield at Vienna for the purposes of ascertaining the facts. It is believed that the inquiry by this informal method would demonstrate the interest of the U. S. in the case.

(London Times, June 9, 1916)

THE CASE OF MISS MASARYK

To the EDITOR OF THE TIMES, —

SIR: I see that Professor Münsterberg of Harvard has tried to whitewash the Austrian govern-

ment by asserting that my daughter is kept in prison pending a preliminary trial. As a matter of fact, my daughter was imprisoned on November 5, and has now been several months in prison without a preliminary trial. This clearly shows that the government at Vienna has no legal title to proceed against her. My daughter is kept in prison in order to persuade the Austrian public that she was in close political touch with me. But that is not true. I have always taken the greatest care not to involve my family in my work, and the government has absolutely no legal title to imprison women as hostages. The question is not whether and why I left Austria, but whether the government had a right to imprison my daughter; and if she has been imprisoned, why the investigation is delayed to such an extent. The answer is very simple. My daughter has been imprisoned as other Bohemian men and women have been imprisoned — to terrorize our people. Quite recently our greatest living poet, Machar, has been thrown into jail on the pretext that he had published an anti-Austrian poem in America. But this poem is merely a reprint, issued without his knowledge, from a collection of his poems published in Bohemia many years before the war, with the permission of the Austrian censor.

PROFESSOR THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK.
LONDON, June 8.

(New York Times, August 20, 1916)

**MISS MASARYK FREED AT LAST
BY AUSTRIA**

Miss Alice Masaryk, who has been a prisoner in Vienna on a charge of high treason many months, in which it was reported several times that she had met the fate of Edith Cavell, the English nurse, who was executed by the Germans, was liberated on July 3rd according to an announcement made late last night by Alexander Van Nuber, the Austrian consul general here (N. Y.). On July 31st it was reported from Washington that she was in danger of being executed and Ambassador Penfield notified the State Department that she was being detained in Vienna on a charge of having tried to aid her father in his escape from Austria.

AT A TOY-SHOP WINDOW

BY CHARLES S. BROOKS

On this Christmas night, as I stand before the toy-shop in the whirling storm, the wind brings me the laughter of far-off children. Time draws back its sober curtain. The snow of thirty winters is piled in my darkened memory, but I hear shrill voices across the night.

In this Christmas season, when snow-flakes fill the air and twilight is the pleasant thief of day, I sometimes pause at the window of a toy-shop to see what manner of toys is offered to the children. It is only five o'clock, and yet the sky is dark. The night has come to town to do its shopping before the stores are shut. The wind has Christmas errands.

And there is also a throng of other shoppers. Fathers of families drip with packages and puff after street-cars. Fat ladies—Now then, all together!—are hoisted up. Old ladies are caught in revolving doors. And the relatives of Santa Claus—surely no nearer than nephews (anaemic fellows in faded red coats and cotton beards)—pound their kettles for an offering toward a Christmas dinner for the poor.

But, also, little children flatten their noses on the window of the toy-shop. They point their thumbs through their woolly mittens in a sharp rivalry of choice. Their unspent nickels itch for large investment. Extravagant dimes bounce around their pockets. But their ears are cold, and they jiggle on one leg against a frosty toe.

Here in the toy-shop window is a tin motor-car. Here is a railroad train,

with tracks and curves and switches, a pasteboard mountain, and a tunnel. Here is a steamboat. With a turning of a key it starts for Honolulu behind the sofa. The stormy Straits of Madagascar lie along the narrow hall. Here in the window, also, are beams and girders for a tower. Not since the days of Babel has such a vast supply been gathered. And there are battleships and swift destroyers and guns and armored tanks. The nursery becomes a dangerous ocean, with submarines beneath the stairs; or it is the plain of Flanders, and the Great War echoes across the hearth. Château-Thierry is a pattern in the rug, and the andirons are the towers of threatened Paris.

Once upon a time,—in the days when noses and tables were almost on a level, and manhood had wavered from kilts to 'pants' that button at the sides,—once there was a great chest that was lodged in a closet behind a sitting-room. It was from this closet that the shadows came at night, although at noon there was plainly a row of hooks with comfortable winter garments. And there were drawers and shelves to the ceiling where linen was kept, and a cupboard for cough-syrup and oily lotions for chapped hands. A fragrant paste, also, was spread on the tip of the little finger, which, when wiggled inside the nostril and inhaled, was good for wet feet and snuffles. Twice a year these bottles were smelled all round and half of them discarded. It was the rag-man who bought them, a penny to the bottle. He coveted chiefly,

however, lead and iron, and he thrilled to old piping as another man thrills to Brahms. He was a sly fellow and, unless Annie looked sharp, he put his knee against the scale.

But at the rear of the closet, beyond the lamp-light, there was a chest where playing-blocks were kept. There were a dozen broken sets of various shapes and sizes — the deposit and remnant of many years. These blocks had once been covered with letters and pictures. They had conspired to teach us. C had stood for cat. D announced a dog. Learning had put on, as it were, a sugar coat for pleasant swallowing. The arid heights teased us to mount by an easy slope. But we scraped away the letters and the pictures. Should a holiday, we thought, be ruined by insidious instruction? Must a teacher's wagging finger always come among us? It was sufficient that five blocks end to end made a railway car, with finger-blocks for platforms; that three blocks were an engine, with a block on top to be a smokestack. We had no toy mountain and pasteboard tunnel, as in the soft fashion of the present, but we jacked the rug with blocks up hill and down, and pushed our clanking trains through the hollow underneath. It was an added touch to build a castle on the summit. A spool on a finger-block was the Duke himself on horseback, hunting across his sloping acres.

There was, also, in the chest, a remnant of iron coal-cars, with real wheels. Their use was too apparent. A best invention was to turn playthings from an obvious design. So we placed one of the coal-cars under the half of a folding checkerboard, and by adding masts and turrets and spools for guns we built a battleship. This could be sailed all round the room, on smooth seas where the floor was bare, but it pitched and tossed upon a carpet. If it came to port battered by the storm,

should it be condemned like a ship that is broken on a sunny river? Its plates and rivets had been tested in a tempest. It had skirted the stairway and passed the windy Horn.

Or perhaps we built a fort upon the beach before the fire. It was a pretty warfare between ship and fort, with marbles for shot and shot in turn. A lucky marble toppled the checkerboard off its balance and wrecked the ship. The sailors, after scrambling in the water, put to shore on flat blocks from the boat-deck and were held as prisoners until supper in the dungeons of the fort. It was in the sitting-room that we played these games, under the family's feet. They moved above our sport like a race of tolerant giants; but when callers came, we were brushed to the rear of the house.

Spools were men. Thread was their short and subsidiary use. Their larger life was given to our armies. We had several hundred of them threaded on long strings on the closet-hooks. But if a great campaign was planned, — if the plains of Abraham were to be stormed, or Cornwallis captured, — our recruiting sergeants rummaged in the drawers of the sewing-machine for any spool that had escaped the draft. Or we peeked into mother's work-box, and if a spool was almost empty, we suddenly became anxious about our buttons. Sometimes, when a great spool was needed for a general, mother wound the thread upon a piece of cardboard. General Grant had carried black silk. Napoleon had been used on trouser-patches. And my grandmother and a half-dozen aunts and elder cousins did their bit and plied their needles for the war. In this regard grandfather was a slacker, but he directed the battle from the sofa with his crutch.

Toothpicks were guns. Every soldier had a gun. If he was hit by a marble in the battle and the toothpick remained

in place, he was only wounded; but he was dead if the toothpick fell out. Of each two men wounded, by Hague convention, one recovered for the next engagement.

Of course, we had other toys. Lead soldiers in cocked hats came down the chimney and were marshaled in the Christmas dawn. A steam-engine with a coil of springs and keys furnished several rainy holidays. A red wheelbarrow supplied a short fury of enjoyment. There were sleds and skates, and a printing-press on which we printed the milkman's tickets. There was, also, a castle with a princess at a window. Was there no prince to climb her trellis and bear her off beneath the moon? It had happened so in Astolat. The princes of the gorgeous East had wooed, also, in such a fashion. Or perhaps this was the very castle that the wicked Kazrac lifted across the Chinese mountains in the night. It was rather a clever idea, as things seem now in this time of general shortage, to steal a lady, house and all, not forgetting the cook and laundress. But one day a little girl with dark hair smiled at me from next door and gave me a Christmas cake, and in my dreams thereafter she became the princess in my castle.

We had stone blocks with arches, and round columns that were too delicate for the hazard of siege and battle. Once, when a playmate had scarlet fever, we lent them to him for his convalescence. Afterwards, against contagion, we left them for a month under a bush in the side yard. Every afternoon we wet them with a garden hose. Did not Noah's flood purify the world? It would be a stout microbe, we thought, that could survive the deluge. At last we lifted out the blocks at arm's length. We smelled them for any lurking fever. They were damp to the nose and smelled like the cement under the back porch. But the contagion had

vanished like Noah's wicked neighbors.

But store toys always broke. Wheels came off. Springs were snapped. Even the princess faded at her castle window.

Sometimes a toy, when it was broken, arrived at a larger usefulness. Although I would not willingly forget my velocipede in its first gay youth, my memory of sharpest pleasure reverts to its later days when one of its rear wheels was gone. It had been jammed, in an accident, against the piano. Three spokes were broken and the hub was cracked. At first, it had seemed that its day was done. We laid it on its side and tied the hub with rags. It looked like a jaw with toothache. Then we thought of the old baby-carriage in the storeroom. Perhaps a transfusion of wheels was possible. We conveyed upstairs a hammer and a saw. It was a wobbling and impossible experiment. But at the top of the house there was a kind of race-track around the four posts of the attic. With three wheels complete, we had been forced to ride with caution at the turns, or be pitched against the sloping rafters. We now discovered that a missing wheel gave the necessary tilt for speed. I do not recall that the pedals worked. We legged it on both sides. Ten times around was a race; and the audience sat on the ladder to the roof and held a watch with a second-hand for records.

Abandoned furniture, also, had uses beyond a first intention. A folding-bed of ours closed to about the shape of a piano. When the springs and mattress were removed, it was a house, with a window at the end where a wooden flap let down. A pile of old furniture in the attic, covered with a cloth, became at twilight a range of mountains with caverns underneath.

Nor must furniture of necessity be discarded. We dived from the foot-board of our bed into a surf of pillows. A sewing-table with legs folded flat was a swift sled upon the stairs. Must I do

more than hint that two bed-slats make a pair of stilts, and that one may tilt like King Arthur with the wash-poles? Or who shall fix a narrow use for the laundry tubs, or put a limit on a coal-hole? And step-ladders! There are persons who consider a step-ladder as a menial. This is an injustice to a giddy creature that needs but a holiday to show its metal. On Thursday afternoons, when the cook is out, you would never know it for the same thin creature that goes on work-days with a pail and cleans the windows. It is a tower, a shining lighthouse, a crowded grand-stair, a circus, a ladder to the moon.

But perhaps, my dear young sir, you are so lucky as to possess a smaller and inferior brother who frets with ridicule. He is a toy to be desired above a red velocipede. I offer you a hint. Print upon a paper in bold, plain letters — sucking the lead for extra blackness — that he is afraid of the dark, that he likes the girls, that he is a butter-fingers and teacher's pet and otherwise contemptible. Paste the paper inside the glass of the bookcase, so that the insult shows. Then lock the door and hide the key. Let him gaze at this placard of his weakness during a rainy afternoon. But I caution you to secure the keys of all similar glass doors — of the china closet, of the other bookcase, of the knick-knack cabinet. Let him stew in his iniquity without opportunity of retaliation.

But perhaps, in general, your brother is inclined to imitate you and be a tardy pattern of your genius. He apes your fashion in suspenders, your method in shinny. You wag your head from side to side on your bicycle in the manner of Zimmerman, the champion. Your brother wags his, too. You spit in your catcher's mitt like Kelly, the ten-thousand-dollar baseball beauty. Your brother spits in his mitt, too. These things are unbearable. If you call him

'sloppy' when his face is dirty, he merely passes you back the insult unchanged. If you call him 'sloppy two-times,' still he has no invention. You are justified now in calling him 'nigger' and cuffing him to his place.

Tagging is his worst offense — tagging along behind when you are engaged on serious business. 'Now then, sonny,' you say, 'run home. Get nurse to blow your nose.' Or you bribe him with a penny to mind his business.

I must say a few words about paper-hangers, although they cannot be considered as toys or playthings by any rule of logic. There is something rather jolly about having a room papered. The removal of the pictures shows how the old paper looked before it faded. The furniture is pushed into an agreeable confusion in the hall. A rocker seems starting for the kitchen. The great couch goes out the window. The carpet marks the places where the piano-legs came down.

And the paper-hanger is rather a jolly person. He sings and whistles in the empty room. He keeps to a tune until you know it. He slaps his brushes as if he liked his work. It is a sticky, splashing, sloshing slap. Not even a plasterer deals in more interesting material. And he settles down on you with ladders and planks as if a circus had moved in. After hours, when he is gone, you clamber on his planking and cross Niagara, as it were, with a cane for balance. To this day I think of paper-hangers as a kindly race of men, who sing in echoing rooms and eat pie and pickles for their lunch. Except for their Adam's apples, — surely not the wicked apple of the Garden, — I would wish to be a paper-hanger.

Plumbers were a darker breed, who chewed tobacco fetched up from their hip-pockets. They were enemies of the cook by instinct, and they spat in dark corners. We once found a cake of their

tobacco when they were gone. We carried it to the safety of the furnace-room and bit into it in turn. It was of a sweetish flavor of licorice that was not unpleasant. But the sin was too enormous for our comfort.

But in November, when days were turning cold and hands were chapped, our parents' thoughts ran to the kindling-pile, to stock it for the winter. Now the kindling-pile was the best quarry for our toys, because it was bought from a washboard factory around the corner. Not every child has the good fortune to live near a washboard factory. Necessary as washboards are, a factory of modest output can supply a county, with even a little dribble for export into neighbor counties. Many unlucky children, therefore, live a good ten miles off, and can never know the fascinating discard of its lathes — the little squares and cubes, the volutes and rhythmic flourishes, which are cast off in manufacture and are sold as kindling. They think a washboard is a dull and common thing. To them it smacks of Monday. It smells of yellow soap and suds. It wears, so to speak, a checkered blouse and carries clothes-pins in its mouth. It has perspiration on its nose. They do not know, in their pitiable ignorance, the towers and bridges that can be made from the scourings of a washboard factory.

Our washboard factory was a great wooden structure that had been built for a roller-skating rink. Father and mother, as youngsters in the time of

their courtship, had cut fancy eights upon the floor. And still, in these later days, if you listened outside beneath a window, you heard a whirling roar, as if perhaps the skaters had returned and again swept the corners madly. But it was really the sound of machinery that you heard, fashioning toys and blocks for us. At noonday, comely red-faced girls ate their lunches on the window-sills, ready for conversation and new acquaintance, taking the passing world into an occasional flash of confidence about their stockings.

And now for several days a rumor has been running around the house that a wagon of kindling is expected. Each afternoon on our return from school we run to the cellar. Even on baking-day the whiff of cookies holds us only for a minute. And at last the day comes. The fresh wood is piled to the ceiling. It is a great mound and chaos, without form, but certainly not void. For there are long pieces for bridges, flat pieces for theatre scenery, tall pieces for towers, and grooves for marbles. It is a vast quarry for our pleasant uses. You will please leave us in the twilight, sustained by doughnuts, burrowing in the pile, throwing out sticks to replenish our chest of blocks.

And therefore on this Christmas night, as I stand before the toy-shop in the whirling storm, the wind brings me the laughter of these far-off children. The snow of thirty winters is piled in my darkened memory, but I hear shrill voices across the night.

THE WILD WEST

BY EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH

IT was mid-afternoon. The thermometer at the ranch-house had shown a temperature of 108 in the shade on my last round of the ditches. All the 'sets' were flowing freely in the north end of the 'eighty,' and at noon George had relieved me of the south end. At last I could make the best of a thin line of shade along Vogler's orchard, where the alfalfa that had been missed in the first cutting was flowering in deep purple, and myriads of sulphur-colored butterflies, like great motes of sunlight, were dancing over the blue-green hay. I slashed the long-handled shovel into the moist earth along the head ditch, and drew from my shirt the soggy and dog's-eared copy of the July *Atlantic Monthly* that I had been carrying there since noon.

Leaning against Vogler's hog-tight fence, I broke my fast on William James's letters, and then turned hungrily to 'The Spirit of the West,' by Mr. William T. Foster, an article which I might have ordered *à la carte*. For it was this very Spirit of the West that I had been pondering and attempting to define ever since, on a hazy morning in early May, I had entered the Toppenish Valley in central Washington. Here it would be interpreted for me by a man who, like myself, had fretted himself for a number of years in a far Eastern community and had sought the larger, freer air of the great Northwest.

Yes, here were the stride and clamor and the extravagant good humor of the Pacific Slope, distilled into such telling advertisement of all that is fine in the

region that I seemed to be reading the work of a first-rate literary man turned publicity agent. The goods were displayed for the Eastern buyer in a way that would prove irresistible to many a young man of Atlantic seaboard traditions who had returned from service in France with a flux of impatient energy that the older communities could not contain. It occurred to me that the Chambers of Commerce of the Far West might well reprint in circular form, with suitable fine-screen electro-types, this latest version of the post-war commandment, 'Go West, young man!'

The quondam publicity man and hack editor in me applauded this article as literature and as 'blurb.' But I was the buyer, I remembered, not the seller or 'booster.' I was exploring the Northwest with the desire to found a farm-home, to make a living out-of-doors because indoors had become intolerable after the war experience; and I had not approached the land through the portals of the real-estate agent or the local board of trade. I had stolen in the back way, so to speak, through the dingy door of the Pastime Pool Hall as a 'working stiff' or harvest hand — my way of letting the buyer beware, and of seeing at first hand the subject of Carleton Parker's 'The Casual Laborer.'

For ten weeks I had been down in the foundations of Western society, Carleton Parker my Virgil in that Inferno; and the Spirit of the West that Mr. Foster celebrated so engagingly seemed as distant and unreal as the shining cupola of Rainier jutting over the Ahatanam

Hills which bounded the north end of this steaming field of alfalfa. I knew that the mountain existed, for I had worshiped on the altar of Paradise Valley. I knew what a delightful reality Mr. Foster's Spirit of the West can be, for I had moved at the social altitude of the middle and upper-middle classes, too. But from the Toppenish Bench, as a 'working stiff,' Mount Rainier and the Rainier Club were equally incredible.

Yes, it seemed to me that this Spirit of the West that Mr. Foster celebrated was merely the sparkling, rarified atmosphere that may be breathed at the upper levels of Western society. Who can withhold admiration from the initiative of Seattle business men who have moved mountains and made real estate of them on the floor of Puget Sound? And who can move with the tide that floods Market Street, San Francisco, on a May morning, without abandoning himself to the flush of vigor and power that sweeps up from the Oakland Ferry like a strong, clean wind off the sea? But this is the Spirit of the West that flows in free channels for the young business men and the gentlemen of the boards of trade. What of the noisome and dangerous concentration of this freely flowing energy, the baulked, convulsive power of the lower levels where dwell the long logger and the short logger, the miner and mucker, the railroad boomer, the fruit glummer, the roustabout, the longshoreman, and the great armies of the migratory agricultural laborer? Surely, these are the vast majority. What is their spirit?

During the first cutting of alfalfa, as a shocker and spike-pitcher, I had had my first contact with the casual laborer of the Far West. Swinging down the windrows of freshly cut hay behind a giant 'pacer,' who was paid double the wages of the 'stiffs'; wretched with fatigue that became grievous pain before the end of the day, I heard for the

first time the heavy undertone of a will to revolution that growls in the underpinning of Western society. If I had not offered my services from the same 'slave-market' in Wapato, while the filthy lodging-house and 'hash-house' consumed the wages I had well earned at hand-mixing concrete; if I had not slept in the same haystacks or verminous bunkhouses, and seen the same look of contempt for the 'working stiff' in the eyes of the *haute et petite bourgeoisie*; if I had been a detached observer and listener, in short, I might well have been horrified by the thunder and lightning of blasphemy and hatred that sounded and played over the shockers as they stumbled along the windrows of the bonanza hay-ranch.

It was the same in the second cutting and in the barley and wheat harvest. One found one's self working with men whose single hope of rehabilitation and human dignity lay in the revolutionary programme of the I.W.W. Out of the heavy fatigue, the fetid torpor of the bunkhouse, at the end of the day's labor, the only influence that could stir the sullen hulks who lounged in the bunks was the zeal of the agitator tirelessly and astutely instructing the 'working stiff' in the strategy of class warfare.

As one listened to this dark-eyed giant of the old American stock, one heard for the first time an authentic American version of the gospel according to Karl Marx. The harangue was never doctrinaire. It was couched in the poetic speech of the Far West, with all its quaint obscenities. It had nothing of the 'intellectual' appeal that rivets the cold, fanatical eyes of the young Jewish Radical on the Cooper Union speaker. It was full of the brutal energy that can give such impetus to ideas when they are projected by men who live a hard life out-of-doors, and it had its dramatic relief of horse-

laughter and mimicry. It was authentic American radicalism, naïve, realistic, racy, 'red-blooded, 100 per cent American radicalism,' that one heard preached in the harvest bunkhouse.

The picture of his society that the agitator would sketch was one of a series of parasites successively sucking the blood out of one another. He pictures the financier, or 'Wall Street,' sucking the blood of the local banker, who in turn is shown fastened on the back of the commission man or hay-buyer, who bleeds the rancher of all he can hold. Finally, the rancher is sketched, with mimicry of some personal characteristic, with his proboscis in the flesh of the 'working stiff.' And at this point the agitator thunders the query, —

'Now, who the hell do we bleed?'

There is a chorus of, 'Nobody, by God!' from confirmed Radicals, and a scattering of applause among the more conservative of the group.

'Yes, it's the truth,' says a grizzled old man, one of the teamsters. 'They're riding us hard and dragging their feet. And they're riding for a fall, what I mean, Buddie.'

In the field the agitator will shout to the worker who is 'throwing himself away,' —

'Better lay off that stuff, Fellow Worker. You won't get no more money for burning it up that a-way.'

And the chances are that the rebuked 'stiff' will apologize, saying that 'a man can't help it once in a while. He forgets and gets interested in the work.'

The fact is that the will of the agricultural worker to produce — the bedrock of Western prosperity — is as badly impaired as the industrial worker's, and, perhaps, he is being more assiduously educated in cynicism with regard to his work. His lawless, migratory life and the unconcealed contempt

for him of all his social superiors wherever he moves, east and west, between the Mississippi and the Pacific, or north and south, from Phoenix to Medicine Hat, his sense of being permanently outcast and his usually violent temper make him excellent material for a revolutionary nucleus — material that astute, cynical radical leaders are not overlooking in this year of social disequilibrium. Furthermore, his class is not a small one numerically. In 1910 there were 10,400,000 workers in 'that particular unskilled work from which the migratory is recruited,' according to Carleton Parker's authoritative study in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1917. The disillusion and demoralization wrought by the war has probably swelled this number; for it is a notable fact that a large percentage of the men who are floating in the West this season saw service in the American Expeditionary Force. These men are usually the 'reddest' of all and the most inclined to violence.

It occurred to me, as I continued on my patrol of the ditches and ruminated on Mr. Foster's 'The Spirit of the West,' that this spirit is, in its essence, a crude will to power that is becoming more and more distinctly split, dual, irreconcilable; for the much-advertised tendency of the I.W.W. to violence is well matched by the lawlessness of certain influential members of the upper classes. It is well known in one small town of central Washington that the motto of the Board of Trade is, 'To hell with the Constitution. This is — County.'

Apparently there are two sides to the story of Centralia — a shocking episode that shows how ready Westerners at the two poles of their society are to contest economic control by resorting to violence. On both sides of this ugly affray most of the participants were Americans of the old pioneer stock: men whose

fathers or grandfathers were of that frontier society that came reluctantly to the court of justice to settle a dispute; men who much preferred to draw the classic six-shooter and see who was the better man. On both sides were young men who had learned to shed blood in the world-war.

It has not been disproved that the I.W.W. Hall which was the scene of bloodshed had twice before been raided by the respectable faction, and that no defense had been made by the pariahs; that this third raid, on Armistice Day, 1919, was expected by the I.W.W., and that they had asked for police protection. None was given — with what result the world knows.

One wonders if a clinical study of this incident by the late Carleton Parker, in the manner of his report on the Wheatlands Hop Riot, would not show that

the disease that he diagnosed so skillfully has been aggravated by the post-war psychosis almost to the point of crisis.

One day this summer I was seated at a ranch-table, with twenty-two other casual laborers who were audibly enjoying fresh pork and spuds. The rancher returned from Yakima as we ate, and announced the nomination of Senator Harding at Chicago. There was a voluble silence for a moment, broken by Blackie Waldron, who looked up from his tin plate with a wry face and drawled in thundering bass: —

‘Well, I ask you — can you beat it?’

His was the only verbal comment on this important political event; but it was followed by a roar of laughter around the table that was more expressive than words. It was not pleasant laughter.

ON DUTY. II

BY HARRIET A. SMITH

Friday, February 20, and the 12th day of the Siege. — We used to debate whether this was a siege of Urfa by the French, or a siege of the French by Urfa. It has resolved itself into a siege of the French by Urfa, for the French are practically surrounded, and we are within the lines — being, as I said, the ‘first line’ to the north.

Monday, February 23. — Quiet all day. The family is gradually emerging from the cellar, as sleeping-quarters; but none have yet decided to join me upstairs. They prefer to be near the stairway.

Tuesday, February 24. — It was a wild night. War has really come home to us, and I’ve watched a French soldier die on our own hearthstone. If I had any desire to see actual warfare, it has been satisfied fully, and I am willing to pass it up. At midnight, the Turks made a concerted attack on our house and the din was terrific, but they were finally driven off, although at one time Antony heard them say, ‘Allah, we have the house.’ Feeling that with the bullets flying in through doors and windows I was safest where I was, I lay still in bed for a while, listening to one

splash on the wall at my head, and the fragments of stone fall to the floor. Another came bang at my north door. I did not know until daylight that it had come through my very futile defenses; it must be somewhere in the room, but I have not found it. My bed lies in the angle of the wall, head to the north, and across the north room behind mine is a door opening on space, through which the bullet came. About two feet from the head of my bed is a door also leading into this north room, which has a window exactly opposite the door, for the entrance of the Turkish bullets; thus, with my front door and window, I have four places of entrance for the bullets, and practically no part of the room is safe. Fortunately, the marksmen in front of the house are a mile away across the valley, so their aim is not so sure. I felt rather safe in bed, with a ten-inch stone wall between me and the bullets from the north; but what was my surprise this morning to find that the impact had shattered the stone on my side of the wall.

Shortly after 1 A.M., Antony came to my door and called me, saying there was a wounded soldier downstairs. I went down to the living-room, where our men had him stretched out in front of the fireplace, and were cutting off his blood-soaked clothing. At a glance I knew that he was beyond help, with a great, gaping bullet-wound in his chest. He died within a half-hour. A boy from some Algerian home; who knows who may be mourning for him! Such is war! And of such are the minds of men.

All day I have been busy bringing my medical and surgical supplies from my office downstairs to my room, for the incoming bullets were beginning to shatter my bottles, and then, too, I wanted them handy in case of need. Also, I prepared a bed in my room as a temporary resting-place for the wounded until they could be taken to the

hospital at Headquarters. I further barricaded my north door with pillows; but, judging from the ease with which a bullet tore through a bag of wool close to me in my storeroom this afternoon, and shattered the opposite window leading into the hall, I doubt if pillows are much good. One can but trust in a guarding Providence and go about one's business. I, being the only one who got much sleep last night, am sitting here writing in the living-room at 9 P.M., while all the others are lying about on chairs and couches, sleeping. If the attack comes, it will probably not be before midnight or toward dawn. Except for one dim, shaded light which burns before me, all is darkness; while at doors and windows are soldiers listening intently for the slightest sound. Indeed, I have to whisper my password, 'Américaine,' to every listening sentry when I make my devious way from living-room to bedroom and return — for I intend to sit up to-night. The commandant has sent us an extra force of ten or fifteen men, and Lieutenant Soyet comforts us with the thought that with our present force we are impregnable.

Wednesday, February 25. — The attack came earlier than expected last night. Our boys had their rifles, and had picked out their places for firing, should the Moslems make a concerted rush for our doors. Their plan was to send us women to the cellar while they defended the stronghold. However, I felt that they would have had some difficulty in sending me, for I have an aversion to being trapped in a cellar, and should probably have gone up to my room, where I would have felt safer with the French soldiers outside my door. The cellar, with its present cave-like opening suggests the possibility of being smothered to death by having burning material thrown in from above.

However, all was quiet after 10 P.M. The family went to sleep on the

various couches, while I sat and read Morgenthau by the much dimmed and shaded light. At 2 A.M., feeling that it was unnecessary and foolish to remain any longer, I left them there and went upstairs to bed — and slept well, too. This morning, I found a bullet-hole in my front window-frame, but I can't decide whether it came from outside from the hills across the valley, or was made by the bullet which came through my rear door the other night and passed out the front way. That may account for my not finding the bullet.

This morning, just before noon, when the family was gathered in the living-room and all seemed quiet and peaceful, a bullet came crashing through the front window, through a box of condensed milk, and gave Miss Waller a terrific blow on the shoulder-blade, bruising the skin and flesh. The milk spattered over the table, and a piece of the can was carried as far as the mantel. It was fortunate that the force of the blow had been broken by the box of milk; but it shows how unsafe we are, even with our barricade. Upstairs, a box of lima beans was shedding its contents, and a can of tomatoes its life-blood, and a bullet had made a big dent in the wall at the head of my bed.

Thursday night, February 26, 1920. — I am beginning to feel sorry for the family. Here am I, peacefully undressing and going to bed every night, while they get what sleep they can, fully dressed, and in rather uncomfortable positions, downstairs, ready for that long-expected dash to the cellar.

To-night the sergeant came in to say that our remaining water-supply had been cut off, and that what was coming through looked suspicious. He feared poisoning; so we have sent a bottle to Dr. Vischer to be analyzed. Mr. Clements was enumerating the special provisions that Providence seemed to have made for us in this war, and the

last is that our roofs are again, much to our discomfort, leaking from the snow which has gathered on them, so that we have been able to collect many gallons of rain-water for washing the dishes and such work. There is a more cheerful air in the house to-night, an improvement over last night, and a thousand per cent improvement over two nights ago, when the family morale was so low that it seemed as if the sword of Damocles were hanging over its head. I think they all expected to be massacred. There were only whispers, and a dim ghostly light and a 'hand-out' dinner; but one gets used even to the sword of Damocles, and after a while it does not look so threatening.

Friday, February 27. — Captain Perrault wrote us a letter last night, saying they had found a well which is apparently fed by a spring, and that if we will send over the receptacles with the night-patrol, we can get all we need; so we shall not die of thirst, though the distance is considerable, and there is always the chance of a rifle bullet. Just at present, Mr. Weeden is conducting a court-martial on Miss Waller, which makes connected thinking quite difficult. We so far progressed last night that Miss Waller consented to come upstairs to sleep with me, and then Mrs. Mansfield was induced to occupy the other bed, which I had prepared for the wounded; which she did, fully dressed. She rested so well that she has decided to undress to-night.

My room is no safer than the others, — in fact, not so safe as some of them, — but the fact that I have occupied it through the stress of the siege makes it appear so. Naturally, I did not sleep as well as usual, and I had a very vivid dream. I dreamed that Miss Waller was snoring, and that at the apex of the snore she half-awakened and went into a fit of hysterics, laughing and crying. I tried to hush her for fear she would

disturb the listening sentry in the room behind; but only succeeded in lowering her voice. Then Mrs. Mansfield wakened and came over to the bed with endearing words, answered in kind, and I saw where I got off; so getting up out of my warm bed, I let Mrs. Mansfield take my place while I prepared to get into her bed. Just then two or three children seemed to make a part of the assembly, clustering round the head of their bed; also our yellow cat. I remember saying, 'I do wish that cat would keep out of here'; for you know I am not fond of cats, and like neither cats nor dogs in the room. Mrs. M. assured me that the cat would follow her out in the morning; so, as I suddenly noticed that window and door seemed to be wide open and unprotected, I hastened to put out the candle. Then, looking at door and window more especially, I thought they seemed very strange and I said to Miss Waller, 'Is this the same room that we went to sleep in?' She got up and looked out and said, 'No, it is not the same room.' Before us was a broad, wide-open door, with a few steps leading down to a green lawn, giving a prospect on the rear lawns and gardens of a typical well-to-do American community. A side street to the left was lined with detached houses, each with its garden of flowers, vegetables, and climbing vines. In one of them was the typical American family man taking his Sunday-afternoon complacent look at the result of his own handiwork and Nature's lavish reward. We went down the steps to our side lawn and walked around the corner of the house to the front. Here, a little eight-year-old girl, playing on the street, caught sight of us, and with a yell of fright, made for her own yard across the street, screaming, 'Mamma, mamma, look at little Cooky Sister' — 'Sister' being English for *nurse*, and meaning in this case Miss

Waller. Her evident terror made us understand that we were not supposed to be on mortal soil — much less, visible to the human eye; but we smiled at her reassuringly, and she stopped inside the fence in her flight, mamma evidently paying no attention, and gazed at us with round, wondering eyes. I thought to myself, 'I feel very substantial; but can it be possible that we were snuffed out in that Mesopotamia affair, and that we are really disembodied spirits?' — the reincarnation theory being upset by the evident fact that we were not supposed to be visible in earthly form. And I thought, 'Is it possible that this New England town is built upon the plain of Mesopotamia, and that this house stands upon the site of that stone castle of ours?' Else how could we disembodied spirits be occupying it? Miss Waller went on and in the front door, and I followed after, lingering to throw a last kiss at the youngster, who still followed us with hypnotized gaze.

Then I wakened, after seemingly dragging my soul back from an illimitable distance, and could not believe that I should still find myself in bed with Miss Waller, so vivid had been the dream that I had surrendered it to Mrs. Mansfield and gone into her bed. I had my two trusting guests on my mind, however, and hearing what I thought unusual noises downstairs, which sounded like falling boxes and scuffing of feet, I wondered if by chance the Kurds had surprised our sentries and had come in the front way; so, hurriedly slipping on my blanket-wrapper, I went out into the hall. All was quiet, however, and the landscape looked very peaceful under the stars; so I just put out my candle and went back to bed to wait for the morning light. The occasional banging of a door accounted for the noise of the falling boxes, and the imagined scuffling was probably the flapping of the Red Cross Flag on the roof,

which sounds sometimes like the distant report of the machine-guns.

Yesterday, I had the cheerful feeling that we had reached the turning-point of the campaign, and to-day's quietness confirms the impression, though we may have one or two flurries yet. The soldiers come to me with their minor ailments, sore throats, tonsillitis, Aleppo or Urfa 'buttons,' frost-bite, and the like. Most of them have no stockings, which makes me wish I had a few Red Cross ones. I gave one man to-day my pair of bed-socks.

Saturday, February 28. — Captain Perrault appeared to be a bad prophet this morning, for the Turks still had a few tricks up their sleeves, as we learned on being awakened by a bombardment, just after sunrise, of Captain Marcerau's headquarters, five hundred yards to our right. It was finally repulsed with some loss to the Turks, but we do not know Captain Marcerau's losses. Mr. Woodward, and later Mr. Weeden, came rushing to our room upstairs to hurry us below. The others went, but I refused to be stampeded, thinking that only a bombardment of our house could send me down. I little knew how soon it was coming. Captain Marcerau's headquarters building was quite a wreck, with gaping holes in walls and parapet, but they still held the fort. During the midst of the firing, about 10.30, came the whir of an aeroplane above the city, letting loose a paroxysm of rejoicing in the house, and doubtless a greater one in town. All the children rushed up out of the cellar with smiling faces to embrace me, and the family was happy as well. Their joy was rather short-lived, however, for just after luncheon, perhaps about 2.30, the bombardment began again, sending everyone scurrying to shelter. I saw from my door some more of Captain Marcerau's headquarters collapse; but being busy just then, compounding

some carbolized zinc-oxide ointment for the frost-bites, I kept on till I heard the sudden, heavy crash of a bomb against our house, and then another, and in the bathroom across the hall was a great gaping hole through the 28-inch stone wall. The second one shattered the stone near the floor in Mr. Clements's room, but did not come through. Of course, under these circumstances, there was nothing for me to do but gather some personal effects and medicaments together and follow the family into the cellar, where the soldiers are preparing loop-holes through the narrow windows, to repel the expected bombardment and attack to-night.

I forgot to say that the aeroplane, after circling about and apparently dropping some kind of a signal for headquarters, disappeared again. I suppose the reinforcements must be two or three days away, and the Turks will make the best use of their time meanwhile.

At present, 4 P.M., I am in my own room again; for the confusion and the dirt, the boys digging up the earth to make sand-bags, and the crowd did not appeal to me, and the cannon seems quiet just at present. Later, doubtless toward morning, it will begin again.

9.30 P.M. — A letter from Dr. Vischer tells us to try the water on the dog, which we have already done. We are getting it now from a very dirty hole in the back yard: snow-water, at which our palates and reason would have rebelled a month ago.

Sunday morning, February 29. — The sergeant came in at 3.35 A.M., to bring us the message of good cheer which the aeroplane had dropped off: 'Good courage. We are coming to your aid. The evil days are nearing their end. You will soon be reinforced and revictualed.' (It also dropped a signal code for the next planes which are to come.) 'February 29. [Note this date.] Signed, GEN. DUFFIEUX.'

The sun has been up an hour or two now, and nothing has happened, so I am going to bathe and go to bed — *au revoir*.

Later. — I did not go to bed, and you might doubt my cleanliness could you see the muddy water in which we bathe; but it is very refreshing to us. The Turks moved their cannon to the city this morning, and seem to be bombarding the 'cantonment.' There has been much noise and firing, but we are quiet here except for an occasional sniper. Mr. Clements found the nose-piece of the bomb that came into our bathroom.

I think it is fully five weeks, perhaps six, since we have been able to send out any mail, for to-day begins the fourth week of the siege. This afternoon two soldiers went boldly over to the mill in broad daylight, to get some drinking water. My, but it tasted good!

9.30 P.M.—Quiet, so far, to-night. The French are accepting our offer of milk, chocolate, *confitures*, and a few other good articles. I went out of the front door and round to the back of the house to-day without drawing fire. Stones of the house are badly shattered by the shells that struck. My little silk American flag still flies, but is only a shadow.

Thursday, March 4 (25th day). — It has rained all day, a fine drizzle which turns our lawn and fields into a deep sticky mud, as I learned to-night when I accompanied the squad that goes for the food to French Headquarters, to call on the Sisters, taking them some more supplies of cotton and bandage material. I could hardly lift my feet out of the mud. I could not have chosen a worse night underfoot for the journey, but the rain and the darkness overhead were a protection against the fire of the Turks, since they could not see us as they could on the bright moonlight nights we are having just now. I found the Sisters in their

little underground room, 6 × 6, the other two Sisters having gone to the barracks a little farther on, to do the dressings. The shelling of the Turks did so much damage that all are living underground as far as possible. I think, perhaps, our whole circle of defense inside the French lines is not more than three fourths of a mile in diameter, so you can see how easily they could demolish every one of our scattered and detached houses, had they even ammunition enough for one small cannon, which we hope they have not. Its voice has not been heard for two days.

Friday, March 5 (26th day). — I did not have to go to France and get into the war. I fell into it right here. It is now 3 P.M., and the bombardment has been kept up all day from, presumably, the Khan near the Telebiad road, not 200 yards away. The tall Headquarters building is riddled with great gaping holes, and we thought a little while ago that the big barracks had been taken, for we saw the men pouring out of the rear door which faces us; but a soldier tells me the French still hold it. The French position looks very precarious; for nothing can stand this bombardment at such close quarters, and, of course, all there have taken to the cellars and safe shelters, for they have no cannon with which to answer. Evidently the machine-guns repelled an attack just a short time ago, for there was rapid and continuous fire.

We see many men out on the plain, not far away, less than two miles — horsemen also. It appears to me that they are digging a trench to get at us from that side. How long the French can hold out is becoming a serious problem, for there is yet no word from the reinforcements. The Turks seem to have more than one cannon. At least two are firing, Mr. Woodward says, and perhaps three or four. The shells come every minute or so, sometimes more

often. Many have gone screaming past our house, but so far none have struck, *grace à Dieu*. The shells are still screaming, but the French flag yet flies. We know what they are praying for — 'An avion!' even only one, to drop a few bombs in appropriate places.

This is not like the war in France, where there was always room to retreat — here there is none. We are cooped up in a small circle, or oval, from half to three quarters of a mile, north to south, and even less from east to west. I think a quarter-mile would cover that diameter, and we are exposed on all sides to fire, so that any bullet or ball can travel from end to end; and when bombardment begins, it is just a case of holding out. There is no way to retreat, for there are hostile tribes all round, and I think it would be impossible even to get out of town without being annihilated. I rather think the French underrated their foe, and I am wondering if there are not German brains behind this affair.

Saturday, March 6 (27th day). — The very breath of spring is in the air this morning, and after I have dismissed all my patients, I am going to remove my whole barricade and open wide the door for the air and sunlight to enter. I have opened it a little every day, but this time it is to be a full bath. Last night, as usual, I slept upstairs, and the others down, because the terrible bombardment of yesterday brought fear to everyone. Somehow, when I get inside the walls of my own room, it seems as safe to me as if it were specially protected; and with one sentinel at the window in the hall outside my door, watching to the south, and another in the room at my back with his eye noting every movement to the north, I go to sleep in peace, and whatever fears I may have imbibed downstairs vanish.

3 P.M. — As the Turks celebrated the coming of the avion last Saturday by a

fierce bombardment on Captain Marceau and on us, they did it again today by another terrific bombardment on General Headquarters. About 11.30 A.M., just as I was finishing a dressing, the whir of the aeroplane could be heard; , regardless of the Turkish bullets, we rushed for the ladder leading to the roof — at least, I did, and the others followed; and soon eight or ten of us were lying flat on our backs behind the shelter of the parapet, gazing up into the sky, where, far away, we saw it coming over the hills from the west. It circled two or three times right over our heads, till it got its message of distress (food and ammunition wanted) by *panneaux* from Commander Hanger, then turned again westward and was soon lost in the distance. It brought rejoicing to all foreign hearts; but, as I said, it seemed to cause the Turks to let loose their deadly shells and shrapnel again, mostly directed at F.G.H.; but those that missed there came screaming by us and burst in the field beyond.

My door had been wide open about an hour when the first shell was fired; and much as I disliked to shut out the sunlight, I thought discretion the better part of valor, and again built up my halfway barricade of boxes. The upper half of the door, which is glass, and the upper half of the window, I cover only at night with a blanket, to keep the light from being seen.

8.30 P.M. — Just at moonrise, about 7.15 P.M., the cannon began to boom, and the attack was on, to capture the ruined post to the east (*quatre-cents-douze*), at our left, facing the town; and the firing was fast and furious for a half-hour or so, with our house joining in. We were at dinner, but quit in a hurry — the others to go downstairs while I went up. We resumed dinner after it was over and finished our dessert. The moon looks big and protecting again to-night, and gives us the ad-

vantage of her light to prevent surprise.

Sunday (28th day of the Siege, which began February 9, Monday). — A perfect summer day; and so, regardless of gun-fire, I removed my barricade and my door has stood open all day. It is delightful to let in the sun and the brightness of the daylight. I think it has much to do with one's morale. Being so closely confined, we are a very touchy crowd here, and argument is the order of the day. I just sat back in my chair a while ago and laughed at the idea that we would dare to grouch at a menu of Mrs. Richard Mansfield's providing from our rather scant variety, though abundant quantity, of tinned stores. She has got so that she expects it now, and is rather pleased and elated when we find something to praise. Dear Mrs. Mansfield — she is learning to be very patient with us, and to make excuses for our mental irritability. We soon recover.

Our clothing has been pretty sombre — just heavy gray dress and sweater, which we have clung to religiously; but to-day, as it was Sunday and warm, I gave the family a surprise by appearing at dinner in white. It helped to take the gloom away. I do not mean that we are always gloomy — not by any means: we are usually pretty jolly, and often you can hear Mr. Weeden and Mr. Clements going through their repertoire of funny songs, as they did to-night. Indeed, we are getting quite used to the scream of the shells; and as for the rifle-bullets, we don't seem to mind them any more. The Turks have been too busy firing at French G.H.Q. to pay much attention to us.

Monday, March 8 (29th day). — The wind whistling through the broken windows sounds very much like rain, but the moon rides high in a cloudless sky over the dark and silent earth. We had a very lovely quiet day, and everyone felt so cheerful that he and she

went to the trouble of changing their siege-clothing to get into something more in keeping with the weather. I got my soldier, who carries all my supplies and messages to the Hospital for me, to put my door barricade on the balcony outside my door, instead of inside; so now I can keep my door open day and night, and my room is cheery.

From our stores, especially of milk, we have been able to supply the needs of the French officers. Mr. Clements attends to that, but I attend especially to the needs of the Sisters and of the wounded, sending them, besides medical and surgical supplies, milk and sugar, of which they have none, and occasionally some cans of fruit and vegetables; so I get a nice little letter in French every night. To-day, March 8, is the day that I should be in Beirut, taking passage for America. Man proposes — God disposes.

Tuesday, March 9 (30th day). — Mrs. Mansfield lost five piastres to me, for she bet that the column would reach here to-day. So hopeful are she and Miss Waller, that both have gathered courage to come upstairs to my room again to-night to sleep. They have been gone for about a week, and life finally got not quite worth living downstairs. Mrs. Mansfield's expression for it this morning was short and emphatic, might even have been called profane. Trying to sleep night after night, fully dressed, on a sofa, gets to be rather wearisome to the flesh.

Wednesday, March 10 (31st day). — To-night I made another trip to the cantonment with the food squad. In their little underground room, I found the three Sisters, who seemed happy and cheerful.

Tuesday, March 11 (32d day). — There was a portentous quiet to-day — broken at intervals by rifle- and machine-gun fire, which seems to bode ill for to-morrow, the feast day of the

Moslems, which they usually signalize by some kind of unexpected attack, Friday being also the favorite day for the beginning of massacres, probably in imitation of our maxim, 'The better the day, the better the deed,' and killing Christians being a work of virtue. At any rate, the girls are going to leave me to my fate upstairs, while they seek their favorite resting-places again on the couches in the living-room — fully dressed. I really do not think I am so foolhardy as I seem, for I do give the French soldiers credit for being able to hold off an attack on our own house long enough to let me get dressed. However, a bombardment is another matter — but I took Miss Waller's bet that they would bombard before 6.30 A.M. to-morrow.

Friday, March 13 (33d day). — Antony's prophecy and the family's expectation of a bad day and night were happily not fulfilled. Antony said yesterday to Mrs. Mansfield, 'I fear we will have a bad day to-morrow, for I heard the Muezzin's call to prayer from the city, and after the Moslems pray, they fight and kill.' Mrs. M. was so encouraged by her quiet night in my room that she decided that she and Miss Waller would occupy her room to-night; so Antony has been busy to-day, replacing the boxes of milk in her window by sand-bags, so that to-night it is a fortress indeed, but correspondingly gloomy. Two windows have loop-holes for the riflemen, should attack come from the south or west. Just now, 10 P.M., she came in and said she wished she were back here. There is something a bit cheerful about my room. To-day we could see two sentinels on the highest pinnacle of rock-mountain to the southwest — Turks, doubtless, watching to give notice of the first appearance of the advancing column. Signals again to-night, from Telebiad way, but we no longer think they are French

signals — Turkish, they must be. There is a wild rumor in the kitchen, of signals seen from the direction of Seroudj, and the hoped-for appearance of the column before midnight. Vain hope, say I — I have a bet on with Mrs. M. that it does not come to-morrow. I think the avion will come, however.

The 33d day of the siege, and we've watched the plain turn from brown to white, and then to brown again. Even the near-by snow-covered mountains have shed their white mantle and appear once more either as ledge on ledge of gray rock or as rounded heaps of grain. Patches of lovely green are seen on the plain, the first outcroppings of the spring wheat. In fact, beyond rifle-range, the whole plain teems with life, where the country people are going about their ordinary business, ploughing and planting; for this is a highly cultivated country, this Asia of the Turks, regardless of their ancient instruments and their primitive methods. Wherever one may turn, in the lowlands or far out on the desert, are cultivated patches of land, one after the other, covering the whole plain, and the red-brown of the earth is very pleasing to one's eyes; while every available space on hill and mountain-top, up to the barren rocks, is covered with vineyards — well cared for in times of peace. They are the garden and the granary of the world, these great plains of Asia Minor; and under a just and fair government they could produce untold wealth.

Saturday, March 13 (34th day). — Being besieged is getting to be a normal condition with us, the family having almost given up speculating on the arrival of reinforcements. Miss Waller is now putting it at May 3, and Mr. Clements at July 4.

Sunday, March 14 (35th day). — I was awakened this morning from a dream of flight and massacre — mas-

sacre of little children — by the plop of the bullets outside my door and the vicious swish or the musical whirr of those which passed us by. Above the gray rock-tops, the storm-clouds hang low, sending down streamers that almost trail their barren summits. On the plain, the patches of lovely soft green increase and spread, bidding fair, as Frère Raphael has told us, to carpet soon the whole expanse. Then perhaps we shall see the *tapis* of blue flowers he has promised us.

Monday, March 15 (36th day). — The bullets sang very close to us several times to-day. At the cantonment, they have for some time been eating their cavalry horses, and the captain promised to send some to the family; but I'm a bit uncertain about my desire to eat any of it. Luckily, we just found a box of deviled tongue—Underwood's—among the boxes used for barricades; for we had finished our supply of meat, except one small can of corned beef, which I am withholding for the 'great day.' Three days ago the captain thought they had supplies enough to last them fifteen days. We can hold out longer than that, but our diet would be rather restricted.

Tuesday, March 16 (37th day). — Our *captivité*, as Sister Alice calls it, rather palls on the family. Mr. Clements amuses himself by writing sonnets, and he has finished what he calls his 'Epic of Urfa,' which reminds me of that blank verse on the last page of the *American*. Mrs. Mansfield has also epitomized the family in rhyme. Numbers of horsemen have been seen on the plains, going north toward Severik and Diarbekr; but whether they are wending their way homeward, or whether they are finding their way around us through the hills to meet our fabled 'column,' we do not know. The French sent us over some horse-meat, and asked for some feed for their remaining horses.

Wednesday, March 17 (38th day). — Captain Perrault is always optimistic about the lowering of the Turkish morale, but we usually find that the Turk has still something up his sleeve. Nous verrons. At any rate, if we are going to be shut up for another week or two, I am going to have a little more sun and breathing-space, for Anthony is going to build my barricade on the outer edge of my six-foot balcony.

Thursday, March 18 (39th day). — A day of comparative quiet and a peaceful evening. The construction of my sun-parlor on the veranda goes on, but was not finished to-night for lack of sand-bags. Our water-supply is again cut off, so that we get only half our usual quantity. The boys go to the mill outside our gate, about 150 yards away. Most of the wheat is ground by water-power. When Lieutenant Soyet came over to-night, he brought some letters from Misses Holmes — one dated February 22. We have been cut off from them for over three weeks, so a letter from there was as unusual an event as would have been one from America some time ago. As for America — nothing has come through for two months.

Friday, March 19 (40th day). — The attack last night was of corresponding intensity with the fervor of the prayers in the mosques earlier in the evening. The din was terrific, and as I was by this time in my own room, I debated what I should do, finally deciding that I might as well undress then as later, and get into bed rather than sit up in the cold; which I proceeded to do, depending on our trusty soldiers to defend the house. Since the windows have been sand-bagged, the danger of one of them being shot is greatly lessened. As the soldiers were firing from Mrs. Mansfield's room, the family remained downstairs. At sunrise, I was peacefully sleeping, despite the hubbub of soldiers' voices outside my doors, when suddenly

came a heavy double explosion which seemed to portend another bombardment: I even thought I heard the scream of the shells going by; but Allah was merciful, as it was only the whir of the rifle-grenades from our windows and the sound of their explosion.

The babel of voices suddenly ceased, as their owners separated and went to their posts, and silence reigned except for the cawing of the crows in the vineyard beyond. Unlike our American crows, those here are slaty-gray-bodied with black heads, wing-tips, and tails. They are a larger species, too.

As the bombing lasted only about a half-hour, I went to sleep again, having first got up to take a look from my balcony at the sun just risen above the eastern plains.

The water-supply at the mill is entirely cut off, and we can see it flowing in a broad but shallow river over the plain. For our personal supply to-day, we were given only drinking-water, and glad enough we are to get that. The boys went to the 'post' to the west of us to-night for a few pailfuls, and will go again at midnight over to Headquarters with the soldiers, in the hope of getting more.

Saturday, March 20 (41st day).— We have come to the conclusion that that 'relief column' is coming from France; so, if I reach America by the first of June, I shall do well. However, that will be in time to let the other members of the office force go on their vacations. So far we have been able to keep an oil-lamp in the living-room, but now that our supply of kerosene is gone, we shall have to use the oil-torches we have used in the rest of the house, made by floating a piece of cord in some of the thick automobile oil we fortunately have on hand.

To-night, for the fourth time, I made the trip across the vineyards — about a quarter of a mile — with the food-squad

to Headquarters. We march in silence and in single file, I following the leader, and the other two soldiers bringing up the rear. Mr. Clements accompanied me. The others, quite wisely, do not care to take the risk yet. Somehow, to me, there does not seem to be any risk: one just marches along as one would any dark night.

I saw the Sisters, who have deserted their 'cave' for the present, and are in a little room above-ground, which formerly served for a hospital. Here they have partitioned off one end for a chapel, where the altar-light was burning. For a lamp on their table, they had one of the shells, into which they had fitted one of my solid-alcohol tins, using a cartridge-shell for burner and string for wick. They were burning gasoline and getting a very good light. From this compound, through a low gateway broken in the wall, where I nearly dislocated my neck by bumping my head against the top, we crossed an open space protected by a low wall to the next compound, where Commander Hanger has his headquarters, and thence by labyrinthine ways and dark passages, through stables and open spaces, we reached Dr. Vischer's hospital and visited the wounded.

Sunday, March 21 (42d day).— It being Sunday, and there being no possibility of going to church, — the sixth Sunday, — I was sleeping calmly, though the sun had long been up, when Mrs. Mansfield knocked at my door, saying she could not wait longer to bring me my letters from the city and good news. The good news was that peace-terms had been signed at Paris or Constantinople, and that the 'column' was once more at Telebiad, — at least, so some friendly Kurds had informed the Armenians, — and that it was expected here in town to-day or to-morrow. It has not come to-day. The children at the Orphanage have eaten the mill-

horses and the donkeys, Yester writes me; so that my scabies problem will be indeed grave after the siege is over — 110 cases now on hand.

Monday, March 22 (43d day). — I am sitting out on my little balcony to catch the last gleams of daylight for my writing. Straight in front of me, to the west, the beautiful new crescent moon hangs in the sky, with the faint outline of the old moon in its arms. At my left are the sand-bags, which give security from the bullets that occasionally whiz by. The family even felt reassured enough to take tea out here with me this afternoon, but I think Mrs. Mansfield is really the only one who shares its pleasures of sun and air with me.

Tuesday, March 23. (44th day). — Rain all day, much to our advantage, for we have gathered many cans of rain-water, much cleaner and purer than the water we have been using. Sharp-shooting as usual. Dr. Vischer sent us about a gallon of kerosene with which to replenish our lamps, which gave out entirely two nights ago. Since then, we have used tall jelly-jars nearly filled with water, upon which we have superimposed some of my precious cotton-seed oil; then, for a floater, I've used the cork and metal seal of the 'alkalol' bottles, with a hole punched in the centre, through which I have put a piece of cord for a wick. It gives a very good light; the heavy automobile oil refused to burn.

The family is teaching me to play poker. We play with buttons at present.

Wednesday, March 24 (45th day). — The sergeant has been experimenting with home-made flares to-day, fired from a rifle; but they were a failure. The moment the Campbell's soup can left the gun, its flare was extinguished, and it fell flat and dark. This afternoon I've been copying odes on the Siege

of Urfa — by Mrs. Mansfield and Mr. Clements. Perhaps you will have the privilege of reading them. I have n't been moved to poetry myself, but this is a very poetic family. Everyone, except Mr. Woodward, does it — and he's British and prosaic, not meaning by that dull, but matter-of-fact.

10 P.M. — I've been trying to read, but there's been a discussion going on all evening about 'art,' and the artist's life, and the pull of art on a man — the divine fire that leads him on and compels him to choose poverty and cold and hunger, rather than give up his art. Mr. Clements has the artistic soul and Mr. Weeden was arguing against him.

Friday, March 26 (47th day). — Mrs. Mansfield whispered me last night that she must get over to the cantonment at least once before the 'column' arrived, else she would miss the thrill of the dangerous passage; so to-night I arranged with *mon soldat*, and Mr. Woodward joined the file. I am getting to feel quite at home in the cantonments by this time, but everything was new and strange and thrilling to Mrs. Mansfield, who felt that she was having quite a wonderful adventure.

Missing the family about luncheon, I went in search and found the whole group lying flat on their backs on the roof, having a sun-bath. Soon after I came down a bullet whizzed by, and then there was a hurried exit over my head. It looked to me to-night as if the French were on very short rations, and like the rest of us, they seem to be getting a bit thin — not that we do not have enough to eat, for we do. Mrs. Mansfield does wonders with the cuisine.

Saturday, March 27. The 48th day of the Siege, which begins to seem as if it would last forever; so we might as well let the world go by. Boston will look for me in vain during April.

(To be concluded)

THE PREPONDERANCE OF THE EVIDENCE

BY JAMES PARK

I

‘MARY HENDERSON *vs.* Valley Mills Street Railway Co. Hamilton for plaintiff, Brown for defendant.’ The judge looked up from his docket and, gazing over his spectacles, swept the assembly of attorneys seated inside the railing. ‘What says the plaintiff?’ he added.

‘The plaintiff is ready, Your Honor,’ said a tall young man, rising to his feet.

‘Is the defendant ready?’ asked the judge.

Counsel for defendant slowly rose to address the court. Ease and confidence of manner and the tailor-made cut of his clothes marked Brown as one of the fortunate old lawyers whose corporation clients paid fat fees and paid them with promptness and regularity. His whole appearance and attitude of composure were in marked contrast to young Hamilton’s, whose fee was contingent upon success.

‘Will your Honor indulge me a moment while I consult with plaintiff’s counsel?’ asked Brown. And without awaiting the judge’s reply, he turned to Hamilton and whispered an offer of five hundred dollars in settlement of the case.

Hamilton turned to his client, with a look that suggested a willingness to settle.

‘Better take that than nothing,’ Brown persisted; and half addressing his words to the lady, he added with assurance, ‘The evidence against you is overwhelming. You cannot possibly

secure a verdict. But the company will donate that sum.’

‘Mr. Brown,’ — the lady’s words came with a determination that cut off hope of compromise, — ‘I am not seeking a donation. I want this case to be tried.’

‘All right; you’ll get a trial,’ returned Brown. Then, addressing the judge, ‘The defendant is ready.’

‘Give the parties a list of the jury,’ said the judge; and after a few general questions to the panel as to their employment by the street railway, Hamilton sat down, and Brown, holding the list in one hand and his glasses, attached to a slender gold chain, in the other, advanced to examine the jury.

‘Mr. Kennon, have you any prejudices against railway corporations in general, or against this defendant in particular?’ With great solemnity this question was addressed to each juror, until the interminable repetition firmly established the conviction in the minds of all the jurors that such a prejudice was the suppressed attitude of every normal man in the community.

No confession of prejudice appearing, Brown began to examine the whole panel with another question: ‘Can you and will you disregard any and all sympathy in this case and base your verdict entirely upon the preponderance of the evidence?’

This question and the plaintiff’s crutches leaning against her chair immediately aroused legitimate waves of

sympathy in the hearts of all the jurors. Young Hamilton nervously suggested that time might be saved by asking the question of the entire panel collectively; but Brown replied that the 'whole case rested upon the pre-pon-der-ance-of-the-tes-ti-mo-ny,' and he wanted every juror to take his oath with this rule of law in mind. The court sustained Mr. Brown, and every individual juror had the question propounded to him, and every last one of them swore to disregard sympathy and consider the cruel evidence alone.

'What do you think of the jury?' said Brown to Harris, the claim-agent, when they had the list before them out in the hall.

'I would scratch them all if I could,' impatiently replied the claim-agent. 'They are all from the country, and I don't know one of them.'

'Well, I don't care where they come from. No jury on earth can ever get away from our testimony.' Thereupon Brown scratched six jurors at random and returned the list to the clerk. Not a scratch appeared on Hamilton's list.

The clerk called the first twelve men and swore them to 'render a verdict according to the evidence heard from the witness-stand and the law as given you in the charge by the court.'

Hamilton read his pleadings to the jury: Plaintiff, Mary Henderson, while getting on a street car of defendant, was thrown from the step to the street and broke the bones of her leg in several places and also the ankle of her foot — 'all through the negligence of defendant and its servants in causing or allowing the car to move or jerk while she was getting on; so that she suffered great pain and lost the use of her leg, and her capacity to earn money as advertisement-solicitor, to her damage in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars.'

Brown read a general and sweeping denial of 'each and all the allegations in

plaintiff's petition contained,' and sat down.

Hamilton suggested to the court that he would like to have the witnesses excluded from the courtroom.

'Plaintiff has invoked the rule,' the judge said, looking at Brown. 'Call your witnesses.'

The claim-agent ushered in an array of men whom Mr. Brown, with considerable pride and many glances at the jury, grouped in the shape of a crescent about the clerk's desk. 'We have twenty-four, Your Honor,' he said.

'Very well,' replied the judge. 'And where are your witnesses, Mr. Hamilton?' he asked, with a slight accent of impatience.

Hamilton turned to his client and assisted her to her crutches. She penetrated the crescent and stood before the clerk, her hand raised to take the oath. She was tall and thin. Her black dress and hat accentuated the pallor of her face, where sorrow and pain seemed about to vanquish the beauty that comes to every woman. But she was not old; and her cold blue eyes and thin lips spoke a large degree of purpose and decision.

'Have you no other witnesses, Mr. Hamilton?'

'The plaintiff is the only witness, Your Honor.'

Hamilton sank back in his chair, conscious of a sensation of helpless sympathy that seemed to vibrate in the atmosphere of the courtroom.

The judge leaned forward for a moment and began to whirl a pencil on his desk. The lawyers all knew the significance of that slight gesture. The judge was not moved by any emotions of sympathy. He was impatient.

Brown nudged another lawyer and whispered in his ear: 'See the judge? He's got his eye on the preponderance of the evidence.'

'Mr. Brown,' — the judge stopped

the whirling of his pencil, — 'let me understand the issues clearly. The plaintiff says she was injured through the negligent moving of the car as she was getting on. You have numerous witnesses here. Do they deny the moving of the car, or the injury?'

'Our testimony' — Brown swept his hand toward his array of witnesses — 'will be confined to the moving of the car. We deny that it moved.'

'A very simple issue,' said the judge, leaning back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

The witnesses all raised their hands and swore before God to speak 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' and were ushered out of the courtroom.

'Miss Henderson will take the stand,' suggested Hamilton, as he helped his client to her crutches and conducted her to the witness-stand, the jury leaning forward with morbid curiosity to watch her as, with difficulty, she ascended the steps and manipulated the crutches on the small platform.

Hamilton's examination went straight to the point in the suit.

'I was standing at the transfer station when my car came in.' She spoke clearly and directly to the jury. 'It was about noon. A great many other persons were also waiting for the car. I had a package in each hand — purchases that I had just made down-town. The car stopped and I got on the step; just as I was in the act of taking the next step, the car suddenly moved, and as I was standing on one foot, with my hands full of bundles, the jerk threw me from the step to the ground.'

She described the agony that she had suffered ever since; and by an X-ray photograph taken a few days after the accident, Hamilton showed the jury that the bones of her leg had been broken in several distinct places and that one of the fractures ran into her ankle.

'I cannot put this foot to the ground. I could not bear the pain. For seven years I have been an advertisement-solicitor. I have earned good money: some months over five hundred dollars. I do not believe I shall ever earn another dollar.' Her voice began to choke, her eyes began to fill, and she turned her head to use her handkerchief. Having recovered control of her feelings, she turned again, and after running her eyes over the jury a moment, said, 'Pardon me, gentlemen, but I have n't that control over myself that I used to have. I would n't care so much for myself. But what will become of —'

'We object! Wait a minute! Don't say another word.' Brown was on his feet, waving his hands and shouting to drown her voice. He knew that her old mother, sitting at the end of the courtroom, was wholly dependent on her. 'Your Honor, we object to that sort of testimony.'

'What is the objection? I did not hear the witness,' replied the judge. 'The stenographer had better read the answer.'

Brown was embarrassed. Further discussion might reveal the very fact that he was attempting to conceal.

'Never mind,' said he, 'we had better proceed.'

But the objection had done its work. The jury were discreetly whispering questions among themselves: 'What did she say? What is going to become of who?'

Hamilton rose. 'Your Honor, we tender the plaintiff for cross-examination.'

Brown leaned back to the claim-agent and consulted in a whisper. They agreed.

'Your Honor, we have no questions,' said Brown.

Hamilton stepped forward and assisted his client back to her chair. Cross-examination had been waived. Her testimony had been ignored as wholly

unworthy of belief. He had hoped that cross-examination would strengthen her story. He had asked her very few questions, and he had no other evidence. He felt the utter want of convincing proof of his case. She swore that the car had moved. And there were twenty-four men out in the hall who would contradict her. He attempted to place one of the crutches under her arm, and dropped it from the witness-stand to the floor. He recovered the crutch and held his client as she descended from the stand. As he looked up at the jury, he felt an assurance of sympathy; but he felt also that they were demanding more proof. And he had no other proof. She sank into her chair. He stepped forward and sat down. He knew that he must announce the fact that he rested his case. But he could not muster courage.

'Mr. Hamilton,' — the sharp accents of the judge struck upon his ears, — 'proceed with the case.'

Brown rose from the opposite side of the table. 'I presume, Your Honor, that plaintiff rests. No other witnesses were sworn. He has failed to make out his case. At this time, therefore, we wish to move the court to instruct the jury to find for the defendant.'

The motion was presented with an air of perfect indifference as to the ruling that might be made by the court.

'Mr. Brown, I may have my opinion, but I will not comment on the evidence at this time. The plaintiff's testimony makes out a *prima facie* case. It is a case for the jury. Proceed with your witnesses and the jury will decide the issue.'

The claim-agent went into the hall and returned with the conductor who was in charge of the car when Miss Henderson had an accident. He told a straightforward story. The car had just returned from a trip out to the Fort. The passengers had all alighted

from the car. 'We were at the terminal, getting ready to turn back for another trip. I took the trolley-cord and pulled the trolley off the wire. When I had gone about half-way round to the end where the new passengers were getting on, I heard a scream and saw a woman fall from the step to the street. That is all I know.'

The judge was sitting very erect, with his arm resting on the bench. The jury were leaning forward in their seats. Every eye was intent on the witness. Then Brown, bending forward with his elbows on his knees, asked the conductor in a distinct but quiet voice, 'Was the car moving or standing still?'

'It was standing still,' came the answer, in a tone of apology for contradicting a lady, but of positive affirmation of a fact. 'It could n't move. It had no power. The trolley was off. I was holding it with my own hands.'

Brown swayed back in his chair. 'Take the witness,' he said, with infinite assurance.

Hamilton tried to collect his wits. This witness was an employee. His testimony would be colored by his zeal and interest for his employer. But how could he escape the fact that the trolley was off the wire?

'You are still in the employ of the company?' he asked.

'Yes, sir.'

'And you did not see the car move?'

'No, sir.'

The testimony was so positive that it stopped Hamilton's mental inquiry as to circumstances tending to corroborate his client's statements.

'That's all,' he said.

The claim-agent brought in another witness, the postmaster of Valley Mills. He saw the accident.

'I was on my way home. I was preparing to get on the car. Fifteen or twenty other people were all crowding to get on. Probably a hundred people

were waiting at the terminal to take various cars. The lady got on ahead of me and fell from the steps with a scream. Mr. Carter, the City Auditor, raised her from the pavement; but she could not stand up. She seemed to be in great pain.

'Was the car moving or standing still?' came Brown's impressive question.

'It was dead still,' deliberately asserted the postmaster.

Hamilton felt his courage oozing away. He remembered the rule taught at the law school, not to ask a question unless it had a definite purpose.

One after another the claim-agent produced witnesses from the hall. The City Auditor and three of his assistants all stood at the door of the car, and one of them raised the young woman from the ground when she fell. Merchants, mechanics, laborers, and a teacher of the public schools — all had been bystanders waiting to enter the car, and every one of them testified that the car did not move. Brown's questions to the witnesses became brief and uniform: 'Were you present at the time of the accident? Was the car moving or standing still?' Their answers were uniform. It was evident that they had no interest in the outcome of the suit. There seemed to be but one conclusion: the car was standing still, and in Hamilton's mind, the argument that followed this conclusion was that his client had testified falsely. She had a vital interest in the case. And he also was interested. He had a half-interest in the suit. His fee depended upon success.

Witness after witness testified. Hamilton had ceased to undertake any cross-examination. At first, his client had urged him to test the witnesses: 'Were they certain the car did not move?' She whispered her remonstrances to him in a voice that at times reached the ears of the jurors in the first row of the

box. 'Ask him if he means that the car did n't move or that he did n't see it move.' And they answered that they did not see it move.

Hamilton was beginning to accuse himself of complicity in manufacturing the testimony that his client had rendered. He saw the venerable judge restlessly whirling his pencil between his long, lean fingers, and raising his eyes occasionally with a look that seemed to speak of fraud and perjury in more certain terms than any indictment by a grand jury could ever have done. Hamilton felt that the responsibility for this irreconcilable conflict between the evidence of his client and that of the defendant's host of witnesses would be placed entirely upon him. He wanted the esteem, confidence, and respect of court, lawyers, jury, and men. This trial would identify him with the worst type of shysters and disreputable practitioners of the law.

II

The clock began to strike twelve. The judge interrupted the examination of a witness and took a recess for two hours. The crowd began to move out, and Hamilton, though impelled to move away with them, was restrained, not by a sense of duty to his client, but by a sense of humanity. He gathered up her crutches.

'Let's go,' he said.

'No; sit down a minute,' she answered without rising, and tapped the seat of his chair with the end of her finger. 'Sit down. I want to talk to you.'

Hamilton was startled by the peremptory decision of his client's voice. He sat down and gathered up his papers as the crowd filed out of the courtroom.

'Mr. Hamilton,' she began with perfect deliberation, 'it is quite apparent to me that you have lost faith and inter-

est in my case. It is true, I have paid you no fee. But when you undertook this suit, you offered your services and asked for a half-interest in the verdict of the jury. You have ceased to render services, and I demand the return of my contract.'

With these words Miss Henderson reached over for a crutch and rose from her chair.

Hamilton was overcome for the moment with a grateful sense of relief. Withdrawal from the suit had been contemplated by him as the witnesses rendered their unvarying testimony. It would involve an embarrassing situation, and possibly the judge would require unbroken fidelity to his client. But her own suggestion brought the desired consummation.

'After hearing twenty-four witnesses who absolutely contradict you, Miss Henderson,' Hamilton answered, as he rose and handed her the other crutch, 'you cannot blame me for being discouraged.'

'Discouraged?' The lady braced herself firmly on the handles of her crutches and slowly raised her chin with an expression of disdain. 'Discouraged? Oh!' And with that long-drawn-out vowel the storm broke. 'Courage never kept house in a man like you. Twenty-four witnesses! I don't care if there were a *hundred* and twenty-four witnesses! Did n't I say the car moved? Did n't I see and feel the car move? Did n't I fall? Did n't it splinter my bones?' She slammed her open hand on the X-ray picture of her broken leg lying by them on the table. 'I thought you had nerve and sand. Give me the contract.'

'The contract?' Hamilton stammered. He sat down by the table and began to search the file that he held under his arm. 'Courage' — 'nerve' — 'sand.' Was he without courage? Was he overwhelmed by the mere numerical supe-

riority of Brown's witnesses? Why deny faith to the affirmative account that she had rendered of the accident? After all, these witnesses — numerous as they might be — were giving only negative testimony. 'Courage!' He heard the word in a rising flood of emotions. He was not without courage, he assured himself. Had he not fought his way, single-handed and unassisted, through one of the best colleges of the land? Had he not undergone privations to train, educate, and prepare himself for his profession? For the moment he lost the sense of oppression that he had felt under the eyes of the judge, the jurors, and the crushing preponderance of the evidence from twenty-four witnesses. The fighting spirit of his client had taken possession of him. 'Did n't I see the car move?'

'Miss Henderson.' He closed his file, and rose and confronted his client. 'I am going to make the best of the matter as it stands, unless you insist that I withdraw.'

'I don't know what can be done now.' She was relenting. She knew that her influence had invaded him. He was aroused, and the woman within her felt a warm sense of gratification. 'They have two more witnesses. If you have any pep in you, show it. And if you can't get anything out of them, don't show the white feather. Remember, I have told the truth. I don't know what made that car move; it moved — it moved. And the — angels — in — heaven — know — it — moved.' She tapped the end of her crutch on the floor with every word of the sentence. 'And you know it too, don't you?' she suddenly added, regarding him with a look in which triumph and a certain appeal seemed to mingle.

'What we need now,' Hamilton answered, 'is to make the jury know it.'

'Don't worry about the jury. As long as you know it, and know it with

all your might, the jury will know it.'

'Well, then, I'll make the jury know it,' said Hamilton, as he waved his arms at the empty jury-box. 'Oh, but there is the unbelieving heart,' he added, as he shook his fist at the judge's chair, and seized his hat. 'Be back promptly at two o'clock.'

With this he hurried away through the hall and down the stairway, leaping two and three steps at a time. He ordered coffee and apple pie at a Chinese restaurant, and from the restaurant he walked over to the scene of the accident.

It was only a block from the courthouse. Three of the jurors engaged in the trial of the case were standing at the curb. A large crowd was waiting for cars, or embarking and disembarking on those that arrived and departed. Hamilton sat down on one of the benches and watched the jurors. They were idly observing the cars, the crowd, and the situation.

A car came in from a trip. The conductor alighted, seized the trolley-cord, and was working his way through the crowd alighting from the front end, when someone shouted, 'Look out!' Hamilton jumped up. He could not believe his eyes. The car was moving! Slowly, to be sure; but it moved. The people passing over the track surged back. Passengers in the act of alighting stopped in the door. Then the brake-shaft and cogs whirred, and the car stopped. It had moved several feet.

'Did you see that?' said one of the jurors to the rest of them.

'Yes; and did you see where the conductor had his trolley-pole?' exclaimed another.

'Well, well; would n't that jar you!' said another, with one hand in his pocket and stroking the whiskers of his chin with the other.

Hamilton moved away from the jurors. He was elated; but he feared lest they might wish to engage him in

conversation about the matter—in violation of the court's instructions to the jury when the noon recess was taken.

'What made the car move?' he asked one of the street-car employees standing at the transfer station.

'I guess the brake-chain slipped,' he answered. 'And it's a little bit down-hill there, too,' he added, as he walked over to a car that was just arriving.

'Brake-chain slipped—down-hill,' Hamilton muttered to himself. He was working at his problem. Here was a car that moved without a trolley-pole.

III

When the court reconvened, Brown called to the witness-stand a motorman. He related the circumstances of the accident very much as the conductor and the other witnesses had done. 'She was about the first passenger to get on. I was right there on the platform when she fell. I saw the conductor with the trolley-cord outside.'

'Well,' came Brown's question, less dramatic than at first, but with perfect assurance, 'did the car move or was it standing still?'

'It was standing still,' was the answer; and with a wave of his hand, Brown tendered the witness to Hamilton, and relaxed in his chair.

Hamilton and his client were holding a whispered conference when one of the jurors rose and spoke:—

'Your Honor; could I ask that motorman one question?'

The judge turned sharply. 'It is bad practice to let jurors examine witnesses; they break the rules of evidence; but you may ask one question—just one.'

'Is there any way that the car could move at that place when the pole is off the wire?'

The motorman for a moment looked hard at the juror, who had remained

standing. In fact, he was the object of general observation in the courtroom. Even his fellow jurors were turning in their seats to regard him — all but two, and these two had their eyes on the witness.

Suddenly the witness spoke up. 'I don't see how it could move. I had set the brake. It was standing still. Unless something bumped into it, I don't see any earthly way for it to move.'

The juror remained on his feet, looking intently at the witness. Evidently he was not satisfied. The court recognized the argumentative, combative look in his eye and promptly intervened.

'Your question has been answered, Mr. Juror.' And one of the other two jurors pulled at his coat and, as he sat down, whispered to him, 'That's enough. He is a liar.'

Hamilton saw and felt the attitude of those three men. They were fighting with him. His voice and bearing had a ring of challenge as he leaned forward in his chair.

'You say a car could n't move at that place. Suppose you released the brake when the trolley was off?'

'But I did n't release the brake,' the witness quickly hedged.

'Answer my question.' Hamilton sat up straight.

The jury was all attention, and the questioning juror most of all. The inquiry was personal with him.

'Answer my question.' Hamilton repeated. 'If you release the brake at that place, trolley or no trolley, what will the car do?'

The witness was hesitating.

'Well?' urged Hamilton.

'I have never released the brake.' The reply came slowly. 'I don't know what the car would do.'

He looked over at the claim-agent for approval.

'Now, Mr. Hill; that car had wheels?' Hamilton began to syllogize.

'It certainly had.'

'And a wheel will roll down-hill?'

'If you turn it loose, it will.'

'And the track runs down-hill where the car stood?'

'Well,' — Hill shrugged his shoulders, — 'I guess there is a slight grade at that point.'

'Slight grade? Grade enough to make a car roll, is n't there?'

'Yes, without a brake; but I did n't release the brake.'

'Well, you just wait a minute. Forget about that brake.'

The zero hour had passed for Hamilton; he was going over the top. Three jurors and the determination of his client were right at his heels. He was no longer alone.

'That car had a hand-brake?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And the brake had a brake-chain?'

'Yes, sir.'

Hamilton's knowledge of brake-chains was *nil*. But his collective courage was sweeping him on.

'Have you ever seen a brake-chain?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well; tell the jury what it is and how it works.'

'It is a chain on the end of the brake-shaft under the platform of the car. When you turn the brake-wheel on the end of the car, this chain slaps the brakes to the wheels. That's all.'

'Oh, no, that's not all,' Hamilton retorted quickly, as he observed the witness's desire to end the description of the brake-chain. 'Does that brake-chain ever slip?'

'Oh, I don't know.' The witness was looking down and bouncing his pencil on the railing of the witness-stand. Nervously he added, 'But I am sure it did n't slip that time.'

'Well, let's see about that. You know all about brakes and I want you to explain to the jury what makes the chain slip.'

'Why, when you put on the brake, the chain runs around the rod under the car, and sometimes it will run and double on itself till it slips back on the rod.'

'Yes; and when it slips, the brake comes off the wheel!'

'I guess so.'

'And if the ground is n't level, the car will start up, won't it?'

The witness made no reply. He looked rather limp.

'No matter where the trolley is?'

Still the witness made no answer.

'That's all,' Hamilton ripped out as he wheeled in his chair with a triumphant air and glanced over the jury. They were all alert and beaming with interest. And the man who had interrogated the witness was blazing with pride and gratified vanity. But Miss Henderson's face was more radiant than any.

'Mr. Hill,' — Brown took up his witness, — 'did the brake-chain on this car slip?'

'I did not notice it.'

'Well, did it slip, or did it not slip?' Brown broke upon the witness with some irritation. 'You were in a position to notice, were n't you?'

'No, sir; the car did n't move.'

'Call the next witness,' Brown snapped out; and Harris mumbled something about 'tying a can to that fellow.'

The next witness was an inspector, attached to the claim-agent's office.

'I was at the transfer station when the lady got hurt. When I first saw her, someone was holding her. The accident was all over. I hailed a taxi and sent her home in charge of an employee.' The witness stopped.

'Did you see her any more?' Brown asked.

'Yes, sir; about thirty minutes later, Mr. Harris, the claim-agent, and I went to the address she had given the taxi driver, and found her in bed.'

'Well, what was done?'

'Mr. Harris asked her a few ques-

tions; and one of them was, how the accident had happened. She told us that she did n't know how it happened.'

'Did n't know how it happened?' Brown repeated, in a tone of feigned surprise. 'Well, what did she say about the car moving?'

'She said nothing about that.'

'Said nothing about the car moving, or jerking, or starting up while she was getting on?'

'No, sir; she just said she did n't know how the accident happened.'

'That is all.'

Miss Henderson was whispering to Hamilton. 'Leave that to the jury,' he replied. But she tugged at his sleeve as he turned to take up the witness and whispered into his ear.

'Yes — yes,' he said audibly. — 'Now, Mr. Wells, you say you got to Miss Henderson's room about thirty minutes after the accident?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why did n't you go with her at once?'

'Well, it is my duty to investigate every accident and get a list of witnesses.'

'Oh, you are the man who compiled this list of witnesses.'

'Yes, sir; I am responsible for them.'

'Now, will you tell me how you made up this list?'

'Yes, sir,' the witness replied with an officious air. 'I ordered all cars to be held right there, so that no witnesses would leave before I could get their names. Then I took down the names and addresses of all those who saw the accident.'

'Did you take the names of any others besides the witnesses who have testified here to-day?'

After a slight hesitation, the witness answered, 'No, sir.'

'Well, did you talk to any others?'

The witness halted considerably.

'Yes, sir; I did.'

'How many?'

'About a dozen.'

'What did they say about the accident?'

'Wait a minute there!' shouted Brown, as he jumped up, staying the proceedings with open palm extended high above his head. 'That is hearsay, your Honor, pure hearsay, and we object to it.'

Two rows of jurors were leaning intently forward.

'The objection is sustained,' promptly replied the court. 'Don't answer the question.'

'You say you didn't take down the names of these other witnesses?'

'No, sir.'

'Do you remember any of the names?'

'No, sir; I don't.'

'Well, did any of them say that the car moved?' Hamilton popped out.

Brown was up in a second, his face crimson with rage. 'This is worse hearsay than the other. He wants to use before the jury here in court what men not on oath said out in the street.'

'Mr. Hamilton,' the court broke in severely, 'this is hearsay testimony. I have just forbidden the same kind of question. If you repeat it, I shall fine you for contempt.'

'Very well, Your Honor.' Hamilton replied. 'Nothing can be more convincing than the spontaneous declaration of a bystander. It is *res gestae*.'

'It is too remote for *res gestae*,' the judge declared.

'I shall not insist upon the answer,' Hamilton added; for he saw that the jury had already supplied it.

'Stand aside,' Brown called to the witness. 'The defendant rests.'

'Have you any other testimony, Mr. Hamilton?' asked the court.

'None, Your Honor.'

'Very well.—Gentlemen of the Jury,' the judge began, 'in order that you may not be confused as to the real

issues, and to concentrate the argument, I will instruct you now and counsel can follow with their arguments. This is a very simple case. The only question for you to decide is, whether or not the car moved and caused the plaintiff to fall. If it did, you will allow her such a sum as will reasonably compensate her for pain suffered and lost earning capacity. If it did not move, your verdict will simply be for the defendant. The burden is on the plaintiff to prove her case by a fair preponderance of the evidence. And this is difficult to define. It does not necessarily depend upon the number of witnesses. But, in general, it means that when you consider all the testimony before you, you will be fairly convinced that her allegations are true. You are the exclusive judges of the credibility of the witnesses and the weight to be given to their testimony.' Then, turning to Hamilton, he said, 'Proceed with the argument.'

Hamilton promptly addressed the jury, reviewing briefly the testimony given by his client as to the manner of the accident, and claiming a substantial verdict, proportioned to her utter helplessness and the financial loss she had sustained thereby.

'I should like to hear Mr. Brown's estimate of the significance and weight of his testimony. I shall answer him in my closing argument.'

He had consumed about five minutes. Brown stepped forward, laughing. He stood erect a moment. His face became serious as he slowly dug his hands into his pockets.

'Gentlemen of the Jury, she is not entitled to a nickel. This may sound harsh. I pity her. We all pity her. But this is a court of justice. You swore to disregard all pity. I know that your oath will control you.' Then he took up the testimony of his witnesses. 'Not one of them saw the car move!' he

exclaimed, in a voice that threatened to split the ceiling. 'Not one of them had the least interest in the case. And against all this uncontradicted array of witnesses comes the plaintiff, and says the car moved. You swore — each and every one of you swore — to render your verdict according to the preponderance of the evidence. Can you imagine her testimony and our testimony in the opposite sides of a pair of scales? She says the car moved. Twenty-four witnesses swear it stood still. Put that on the scales, and then put on the testimony that within half an hour after the accident she did not know how it happened.' With his arms held horizontally, hands cupped, he pictured the scales. Then, with a rapid motion, one hand sank to the floor while the other rose high above his head. 'The preponderance of the evidence,' he thundered out, 'means the greater weight of the evidence.' And turning to Hamilton, he shouted, 'Do you want this jury to work like a bunch of bandits, the foreman a sort of Rob Roy? Here are the words of the judge.' He read from the court's charge to the jury: "The plaintiff must prove her case by a fair preponderance of the evidence." Nothing else will do. Nothing less will do: nothing but a preponderance of the evidence. The plaintiff asks twenty-five thousand dollars at your hands. She declares the car moved. If her declaration can outweigh the solemn testimony of twenty-four disinterested men who flatly contradict her, then it is useless to hear testimony. It would save time to have each party to the suit make his own statement of the case to the jury, and then send the jury out to guess at a verdict, or have it dictated by their sympathies or prejudices. Your verdict must be for the defendant.'

Hamilton rose to reply. The judge interrupted. 'I want to close the case to-day. It is after six now. You did not

use your time in opening the argument. You will now be restricted in your reply. I shall limit your closing argument to fifteen minutes.'

'But, Your Honor, defendant's counsel consumed an hour, and I —'

'You failed to review the facts in your opening argument. You cannot do so in closing. You are now limited to answering defendant's counsel. I give you fifteen minutes for your rebuttal, Mr. Hamilton. Proceed with the argument.'

Hamilton suppressed the storm of indignation that swept through him and wheeled abruptly to the jury.

'Fifteen minutes. Very well. It will not take me fifteen minutes to follow you in an investigation of the reason why the claim-agent did not make a list of the names and addresses of the dozen witnesses who saw this accident. I am not going to charge him with perjury. I believe he dismissed without further question every man who saw the car move. He wiped his name and recollection from his memory. He addressed himself exclusively and assiduously to the men who did not see the car move. And he has brought before you twenty-four of them. What is the value of their testimony? At best, it can only be described as negative. They did not see the car move. They failed to see it move. That is all they know. The car was there among the moving cars. No man would be particularly impressed by the ordinary and common incident of a car moving among other arriving and departing cars — all moving cars. Under such circumstances, the failure to observe the movement means nothing. But what did the other twelve men, the men whose names the claim-agent did not care about — what did *they* say to him about the movement of the car? This girl with her shattered limb was hurried away from the scene of the accident; all cars were stopped, and the

crowd was sifted and combed for those witnesses whose impressions were favorable to the defendant. What chance did the girl have to get the names of those who saw the car move? When the diligent agent of this defendant had thoroughly and most unchivalrously exhausted his advantage, the crowd and the cars were released — and with them went the twelve who saw that car move. Was that man too kind to this poor girl, to ignore and suppress the names of those men who could have established and supported her contention? Think! within thirty minutes he and his chief were at her bedside. And to what merciful purpose? He seized the X-ray picture, and placing his finger on the gaping fractures shown in it, shouted to the jury, 'To what purpose? To extract from her an expression uttered by a faculty that was completely exhausted and overcome by the unsatisfied appeals for help and relief that came crowding with every pulse-beat from these sad centres of distress.'

Hamilton paused a moment.

'And was it impossible for the car to move?' he continued. 'It had moved before. That chain had slipped before. Why should it not slip again? And when it slipped, the car was bound to move. And it moved! It moved! Twelve men, somewhere in the shuffle of the great crowd, cry out to you that it moved. And these broken bones, mute but unanswerable witnesses, confirm that cry!'

Hamilton's whole being was aflame with his cause.

'Gentlemen,' he resumed after an effort to subdue his emotions, 'my words have been few. My time is short. You will retire to consider your verdict. And I hope that my client's cause has found among you a better advocate than she saw fit to choose at the bar. The jury is the only body of men in this country who are endowed with the prerogatives of kings. You may take from

one and give to another. And when you give, gentlemen, give without stint; give like kings!'

Hamilton sat down. The clerk of the court began to collect the papers in the case.

Miss Henderson leaned forward and whispered to Hamilton.

'You have won the day. You're splendid!'

Hamilton blushed and watched the clerk as he delivered the papers to the jury.

'It is getting late,' the judge said, as he looked up at the clock. 'When you agree upon your verdict, gentlemen, you may seal it up and deliver it to the clerk. Return here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and it will be read in open court. You may now retire and select your own foreman.'

The jury rose from the box. 'This way, gentlemen,' said the bailiff, as he opened a side door.

The claim-agent marked them all closely as they filed by. So did Hamilton; so did Brown, and so did everyone. The courtroom was silent. It was a strange case. Doubt hung in the air.

In a little while, night came on and the bailiff brought a candle.

'You had better bring candles to burn till daylight,' shouted a juror as the bailiff closed the door.

'Yes, and beds and grub for six months,' added two other voices in a single breath.

The bailiff laughed and slammed the door.

'That 's a hung jury all right,' he remarked to the lingering assembly in the courtroom.

'May be so,' answered Brown; and with a look at Hamilton, he added, 'but I rather expect them to agree on a small verdict — probably less than I offered you before we went to trial.' As he gathered up his papers and put on his hat, he added, 'It is worth five hundred

dollars to try the case over again. If you want the money, you can have it yet.' These words came over his shoulder. He stood for a moment. 'Let's go,' he added; and against the fading skyline, down the hall, Hamilton watched him and heard him move over the tiled floors with his army of clerks, claim-agents, and clattering witnesses, the representative of capital organized to make money. How powerful and secure they seemed to him as they disappeared and left him and his shattered client sitting there with the prospect of a 'hung jury.' 'Five hundred dollars? Yes? No? All right; let's go.'

Voices rang out loud and angry from the jury-room.

'We must go to supper,' suggested the old mother of the plaintiff.

'No; not yet; let us wait a while longer,' replied Miss Henderson. 'I want to see the jury if they come out.' And she chatted of her travels in the work that had yielded her a livelihood; about the manner of men that make up the anatomy and morals of a nation.

'The jury must have gone to sleep,' said the old mother.

'Or they are hung,' suggested Miss Henderson.

A loud knock on the door under the transom shot Hamilton's heart into his throat. The door was opened, and someone asked for the bailiff.

Hamilton went to the clerk's office. The bailiff and the clerk came, and turned on the lights in the courtroom. The jury filed in.

'Here is the verdict,' said one of them; and handed the clerk a long sealed envelope.

'This will be read in open court tomorrow morning, at nine o'clock,' replied the clerk.

'Don't discuss it,' he called after the jury as they went silently and sphinx-like out of the door.

Not a man turned an eye, not a gesture revealed the character of their decision.

'When you leave, turn out the lights,' the clerk called out. And down went Hamilton into the depths of despair. How could there be a verdict for the plaintiff? The preponderance of the evidence was overwhelming.

After a sleepless night, Hamilton returned to the courtroom. The clock was striking nine; the judge was on the bench; the jury in the box; plaintiff and counsel on one side of the table; claim-agent and counsel on the other. The clerk held the decision between his fingers.

'Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?'

The foreman rose. 'Yes, Your Hon-
or. We have agreed.'

'The clerk will read the verdict.'

The clerk opened the envelope, rose, and read, —

'We find for the plaintiff and assess her damages at \$25,000.'

Perfect stillness reigned. The clerk was still considering the paper.

'Is that your verdict, gentlemen?' asked the judge, with contempt.

And the foreman answered, 'That is our verdict, judge.'

Hamilton heard something whispered about congratulations.

Brown was muttering savage oaths, and without thought of books or papers, walked away. Out in the hall the claim-agent held him by the lapel of his coat and warned him: 'Don't you ever talk to me again about *the preponderance of the evidence!*'

THE GIFT

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

CASPAR, Melchior, Balthazar,
These are they who followed the star.

Frankincense and myrrh and gold,
These were the gifts they brought of old.

These were the precious, wonderful things
They brought, as befitting three wise kings.

The nameless Shepherds were quite too poor
To lay such gifts on the stable floor;

But one, I'm told, left his cap, and another
His shepherd's coat and his crook; and his brother,

Who had carried a lamb across the wild,
Left that as a gift for the Holy Child.

Oh, Mary might better have liked a gem,
For the best of women are fond of them;

And Joseph, no doubt, the gold approved,—
'T is a thing men's hearts have always loved;—

These things I suspect; but sure I am
That the little Lord Christ preferred the lamb.

THAT HAWK AGAIN

BY WILLIAM G. LANDON

IN recent articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, it seems that the problems of the soaring hawk have been unduly involved by improbable, if ingenious, explanations.

The soaring hawk, to all intents and purposes, is the same as a gliding aeroplane (an aeroplane with the motor idle). A gliding aeroplane descends at an angle, say, for illustration, of one in seven — not an unusual figure. In other words, if the machine were at an altitude of a mile, it could glide, on a perfectly still day, seven miles, measured horizontally, before landing. Now the hawk, unburdened with a heavy engine, fuel, and passengers, and hence having a much greater wing-surface in proportion to its weight, can glide at a much lesser angle than one in seven; but, for the sake of argument, let us assume that the hawk glides at an angle of one in ten. Then a wind which is blowing upward at an angle of one in ten would allow the bird to glide without losing height, and a wind blowing upward at a greater angle would allow the bird to rise while gliding.

The upward, as well as the downward, currents in winds are caused by the hills, the wind following the contour of the ground for several hundred feet up. Whether the bird is flying straight or in a circle does not alter the principle. He can, of course, spiral about a vertical axis even though the wind may be blowing, by shortening his turn, or decreasing his speed, while flying down wind, — that is, in the same direction as the wind, — or by lengthening his turn,

or increasing his speed, while flying up wind. This covers the case of soaring in a wind.

When there is no wind, there are frequently upward currents, caused by the sun heating the air near the ground, which becomes less dense and therefore rises; or the upward motion can be caused in a zone where opposite winds meet. This upward movement does not have to be very brisk, and therefore would be unnoticeable to anyone on the ground. To illustrate by simple figures, assume that the hawk glides at an angle of one in ten, at ten miles an hour. Then, if he were at a height of one mile, and were to glide in a straight line on a windless day, he would strike ground ten miles away in one hour's time, and he would have also descended a mile in altitude. But if, in that time, the air had been ascending at the rate of one mile (the hawk's starting height) in one hour (the duration of the flight), the bird would not have lost any height. Increase the upward speed of the air, and the hawk would have gained height. Under actual conditions, the hawk spirals round, often in a rising column of air. No doubt many observers have noticed how he will sometimes get out of the column, and lose height in a downward swoop, only to find the column and again continue his upward course.

Sea-gulls following a boat illustrate gliding without losing height. The boat, in passing through the air, makes a good many eddies, among them, upward currents. When the birds encounter these, they can glide horizon-

tally. Away from the ship, they do not glide without descending, because they lack the upward current made by the vessel. The same condition exists when a following wind blows at the same speed as the ship, indicated by the smoke rising straight upward. There are no eddies; hence, the birds must use their wings. Of course, at sea there are upward currents such as exist on land, caused by heat, or by opposite winds meeting; but the sea-gull, unlike the hawk, does not use them in soaring.

That upward currents are of importance is very evident to aviators. When flying on a hot day, over a body of water where heat-radiation is intense, the machine will rise five hundred feet or more in a minute or two, without any change of controls on the part of the

pilot. Again, when about to land, upward currents will occasionally hold the machine off the ground perceptibly. On the other hand, downward currents are just as often encountered, allowing the machine to drop; but these currents are naturally diverted into a horizontal direction near the ground, and consequently are not a source of danger. In the early days of aviation, before the aeroplane had yet flown, one of the Wright brothers, in a glider, remained almost stationary in the air for nearly a minute, supported by an upward current. It is, therefore, not surprising that birds with large wing-surfaces in proportion to weight, with a natural instinct for, and a great sensitiveness to, the air-currents, can make use of them to fly upward without muscular effort.

HAVING FUN WITH YOUR OWN MIND

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

'WOOL-GATHERING!' murmured one young woman to another, nodding her head toward a third person, sitting with absorbed air in a suburban station.

'Wool-gathering? Oh, yes, literally; but such wool! Jason's fleece, at the least. She is sure to have three bags full, and if you are going her way, you may be the lucky little boy in the lane.'

The first speaker was nothing if not experimental, and soon found herself sitting beside the wool-gatherer. 'My friend, Mary Brown,' she began, as the train sped along the shore of Lake Erie, 'says she knows you, and that you can transmute rag-ends of life into golden fleeces and throw them over the

shoulders of even a chance acquaintance.'

'Mary Brown's own identification card,' was her quick response; 'her introductions never depend on the presence of the persons introduced or on any actual presentment of either. Wait till I get her opinion of you! But why not,' she went on, after one teasing glance, 'sail forth as Argonauts for golden fleeces rather than collect from dusty shops some *peau de chagrin* that only shrinks with every normal wish and human longing?'

'Jason vs. Raphael de Valentin,' I put in; 'Raphael would have seized his distorting lorgnette before he would

have dared look at Medea, and so would have missed the promise of help in her wonderful face.'

'Or he would have been so preoccupied tracing the outline of that demon skin on the tablecloth, that he could not lift his eyes to the golden prize. But this is my stop, alas! I shall thank Mary Brown for an introduction to a person who has fun with her own mind.'

'Well, I mean to,' I murmured emphatically, though I had never before formulated the resolve in those words; and in order that the idea might gain independence, I clutched the phrase and have fingered and thumbed it ever since, elbowing off other claimants till this palmary principle should, by attraction of fertile thoughts and feelings, by that mysterious power called association of ideas, build up a substantial body against which my own weakness might lean.

First, I ask myself, what predecessors tracked this path into which I have so lightly entered? 'I relish myself in the midst of my dolor,' Montaigne sings out from his place far to the fore; whereupon the playful Socrates drops back to interrogate him on the nature of relishes and dolor; and Amiel, pointing to the pair, declares, 'The mind must have its play, the Muse is winged: the Greeks knew that, and Socrates.' So did the ancient Hindu sages, the cream of whose philosophy is that no one using his mind's resources need be bereft of happiness. So did Emerson, who found that 'in thought is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy; a star in the dark hours and crooked passages that will not suffer us to lose our way.' So does contemporary America, affirming through the poet Moody that 'the adventures of the mind are beyond all compare more entralling than the adventures of the senses.'

I respect these asseverations of the past, but a writer's statements are not

necessarily autobiographical. How do I know that they are not merely theoretic, extra-illustrating fun with the mind? I crave something more concrete, a little nearer human nature's daily food. What about little children?

Henry James at the age of ten, in the Louvre, 'got the foretaste, as if the hour had struck by the clock, of all the fun I was going to have with this mystery, one's own property, one's mind; and the kind of life, always of the queer, so-called inward sort, tremendously sporting in its way.' Again: 'A great initiation, my first glimpse of that free play of the mind over a subject, a progress in which the first step was taken by wondering where the absurd ended, and the fun, the real fun, which was the gravity, the tragedy, the drollery, the beauty, the thing itself, might be legitimately held to begin.' Or, in less splendid phrase, 'One fine morning, in the middle of the precession of the equinoxes, the satiable elephant's child asked a fine new question that he had never asked before'; asked it first of his mind, as did Henry James, and only later spread it on the public records.

Burne-Jones's nurse used to be puzzled by his silences, and asked him what he was thinking of, to which he early invented the reply, 'Camels.' Later, he had a teacher who read him a sentence and then set to work with every word — 'how it grew and came to mean this or that, and with the flattest sentence take him to ocean waters and the marshes of Babylon and the hills of Caucasus and the wilds of Tartary and the constellations and the abysses of space!' No less little Bobby, with wet lashes, argued, 'You say God won't let you into heaven if you tell that to mamma? But I am in such trouble, grandmamma! Could n't you take a chance on it, just this once?'

Taking chances with God is not al-

together a juvenile performance. The first ruling Hohenzollern acquired his Electorate by taking a mortgage on the province, the nucleus of modern Prussia, from King Sigismund of Hungary, and then foreclosing. The present Kaiser ignores such a palpable fact as that his ancestor purchased the throne with hard cash, and calls it Divine Right. That for the German idea of fun with your mind!

The French idea was delicately embodied by Flaubert, who, being missed one afternoon in the house where he was guest, was found to have undressed and gone to bed to think. From her bed, in the middle of the night, Julia Ward Howe, aged ninety-two, overheard to giggle and asked to share her fun, admitted that she was trying to translate *Fiddle-dee-dee* into Greek. For Cavour, political economy was not 'the dismal science,' but the science of love of country; and reading Rousseau, he converted its sentimentalism into force. As for the Coleridges, Hartley's strength was in his own mind, his resource the stillness of thought, the gentleness of musing. His greater father, when asked how he could live in the country, named among his six companions 'my own shaping and disquisitive mind.'

Parables teach the same lessons as history, and the fictitious character's fun with his own mind is only that of his creator twice filtered, or thrice, as when Don Quixote, unable to stir after after one of his tilts, bethinks himself what passage in his volumes might afford him comfort, and presently recalls the Moor in the chivalry book; so that, when the husbandman asked Don Quixote what ailed him, he answered word for word as the prisoner Moor replied to his captor. Sancho Panza, reproaching himself for his chicken-heartedness, affirmed that what to him was a sad disaster would be a rare advantage to

his master, who would look on the pit into which he was fallen as a lovely garden and the dungeon as a glorious palace.

Rolland's Tolstoy played the piano, waiting at each change of key for what was to follow, his imagination vaguely supplementing the deficiencies of actual sound. He heard a choir, an orchestra, and his keenest pleasure arose from the enforced activity of his imagination, which brought before him, without logical connection, the most vital scenes of the past and the future. Conrad's Marlow was 'of the sort that's always chasing some notion or other round and round his head just for the fun of the thing'; and the mind-life fun of Peter Ibbetson and his Duchess is more to the reader than was their waking existence. The Spoon River florist in his hot-house could hear a Presence think as he walked: 'Homer? oh, yes! Pericles? good. Cæsar Borgia? what shall be done with it? Dante? too much manure. Napoleon? more soil. Shakespeare needs spraying. Clouds, eh?'

These examples from others are, however, like but the pebbles dropped by Hop-o'-my-Thumb, by which we may each retrace our 'way homeward to habitual self.' Turn, my little Mind: right-about face. Do you not see the fun has begun? Pluck up this path-finding pebble, toss it into the air with a song, swooping meanwhile to gather the next treasure. Play jackstones with the grave worthies gone before. Let Socrates click against Flaubert, Sancho Panza shuffle Cavour. Right hand full, left hand full. Pop one shining pebble into mouth for Demosthenes's sake. Save this broken stone as a clue to the missing moiety on which perchance your new name is written. Rest by this stream and count your stones — 'learn gem tactics, practising sands.'

One by one I dip them in the brook, to intensify their brilliancy. Catching

my own reflection, I see shining eyes which were lately dull, a flush in cheeks which were but now pale. O my little informing Mind, do you respond thus quickly to such small holiday? How I have slighted you! left you hungry, parched, chafing to fly, to swim, to serve, to discover! Quick. Search me an earth-ray to look straight down into the teeming earth beneath me. Find me treasure trove: not merely my lost, juvenile jack-stones, but emmet villages and mansions to which Mycenæ and the House of the Vettii are trivial; springs of water longer hidden than those of Africa's interior; lodes of coal, of silver and gold; Aladdin's cave of diamonds; the forgotten dreams of sixteen; the hopes of to-morrow!

The common cry is to invent something practical — a can-opener, a mop-wringer, a cabbage-cutter — and make a fortune thereby. Why not something fantastic and make a festival thereby? (Dunsany's Boy had a lump of gold which he had found in the stream; the Girl, a poem which she found in her head.) Furthermore, the fantasy of to-day is the fact of to-morrow. Instance *Forty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, and Darius Green's flying-machine. An important letter from California crosses mine from the east, and my mind goes on a panic. Why not, rather, on a picnic? Fancy a device by which future letters, enclosing attuned wireless receivers, may signal each other in passing, confer, settle measures, and carry the proper word on to its destination. Why not, also, associate with the automatic correspondent a typewriter for the tongue, to do for lagging speech what the typewriter does for halting fingers: not only take the mind's dictation, but bestir the mind's invention?

There are many fillips to this game. Montaigne advised everyone to dive into his own bosom; but Samuel Butler chided his hero for believing that 'ideas

come into clever people's heads by spontaneous germination; ideas must be begotten by parents not very unlike themselves in the thoughts of others or the course of conversation.'

When personal experience or observation fails to supply the data, use other persons' inventions. The most arresting paragraph to me in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* is the discovery that the left hand learns to write by sympathy with the right, and that the maimed soldier could by aid of a mirror read his reversed cacography. I tried it with instant success and a mind newly stimulated. Rousseau recommended a variety of diversions for the wakeful, and his pedagogic predecessor, Rabelais, decreed how Gargantua should spend his time in rainy weather. Suggestive as both are, I prefer to divert to my own whim the poetic scheme of the clever.

If I could catch all the stars in a net,
And make them tell me their Christian names, —
and forthwith Jupiter becomes Luke,
Aldebaran becomes Paul, Venus is
Teresa, and Cassiopeia in her Chair,
Mary della Sedia, —

. . . or snare the dream of a violet, —
dream that it might have the fragrance
of a parvenu Buddleia, or that it need
no longer hang head in grass, but climb
white walls with Bougainvillea and over-
look the sea! There is a special appeal
in poetry with this quality. Davies has
it: —

My mind can be a sailor when
This body's still confined to land;
And turn these mortals into trees
That walk on Fleet Street or the Strand;

Bunyan practised it: —
In more than twenty things which I set down —
This done, I twenty more had in my crown;
And they again began to multiply
Like sparks that from the coals do fly;

Milton gave it divine expression: —
Hither, as to their fountains, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

Philology, like poetry, furnishes a handy, portable key to the great storehouse of fancy. The pun is the lowest form of it; the mnemonics of foreign words more remunerative fooling: as '*pêcher* is to fish, and *pêcher* is to sin, but ' is more like a fish-hook than is '.' Any word, as Tristram Shandy learned, may be converted into a thesis; every thesis has offspring in propositions; each proposition has its own conclusions, every one of which leads the mind on again into fresh tracks of inquiry.

'But what,' a girl once asked me, 'shall I have fun with my mind about?' 'About *it*,' I retorted, and forthwith amused myself with a list of provocative topics.

The happiest moment of the day: why was it happy? how could I have made it happier? was it attained by conscious effort or by lucky accident? can I bring about its repetition? does not this very dwelling on its details foster its return? Again: that *left-over expression of face* on a girl I met to-day: what did it signify? whom had she just left? what had he said? what had he not said?

Do I prefer stated joys to those inferred? Do I crave excitements hitherto tabu? Imagine my friends doing the exact reverse of their present practices, as Rabelais pictured Epictetus, appareled after the French fashion, sitting under a pleasant arbor, with scores of handsome gentlewomen making good cheer! Again: *how stimulating was that campaign luncheon* and the talks! Why do people grow friendly over a good meal? Why was it easier for me to talk to the person on my right hand than to the one on my left? How might I have drawn out the left-hander, and how might she have hooked me? How shall I treat such a situation next time? Do I prefer a companion acquiescent or disputative? In such ways my thoughts wander to and fro, fro and to, but I try

to get them somewhere, be it only into the land of nod.

Such changes may be rung on night-thoughts; but what is any moment of leisure, ennui, or enforced waiting but the chance to bewing leaden time? No load of circumstance can weigh down the mind gifted with levitation; 'no calm so dead that your lungs cannot ruffle it with a breeze. That bad quarter of an hour — rather, that hour of bad sermon — I have enlivened by turning the words into running French, or by committing to memory some cocksure assertion to use in proving the opposite point of view; or by concocting a conversation with some interesting character mentioned; or writing an imaginary letter to the prophet whose word forms the text. Thus I, like Bagehot, enjoy myself playing with my mind, following its wayward promptings, prompting its flagging waywardness, as sure that adventure will result as it did for Don Quixote and Emerson and Blake.

The use that may be made of poor lectures extends to bad luck, misadventure, uncongenial environment, untimely people. William C. Prime wore a rare intaglio ring, so that, when he went a-fishing and found the fish unresponsive, he might relieve the monotony by studying the beautiful cutting. Keats peppered his tongue, the better to enjoy cool claret. Our tongues seldom need artificial stimulant, but piquancy comes from diversity of condiment. Sairey Gamp provided an acquiescent soul who should wind up each conversation with a compliment to the excellence of Sairey's nature. Other Harrises may be had for the taking, and self-gratulation for the saying. The Irishman looking for the moon in the pail of water found something else — the face of his desire, the shape of his dream. The heavens reveal one moon; my pails boast ten; looped on my stoop

they lie! When life proved hard, young Victor Hugo had the better dream:—

And where is he shall figure
The debt, when all is said,
Of one who makes you dream again
When all the dreams were dead?

Madame de Sévigné, in sorrow and perplexity, invented a game of finding the under-side of things, and wooed her friends to play it with her. Patrick Geddes, threatened with blindness, extracted from the thriving genius of his mind the greatest illumination of his life, concocted a thinking-machine, and conceived his Edinburgh Tower. A thinking-machine: that is utilizing some convenient, commonplace tool as a mechanical aid to thought. My tool has been this determination, suggested by a stray wool-gatherer, to get definite fun out of the device I call my mind. Wheedling, prodding, egging it on, I suddenly awoke to the fact that all this adumbration of a jollity of mind not

palpably present has in some measure taught me how to think, than which no other feat of mind is so fundamental, so fascinating, and so fecund.

Is all this a little vague? Therein lies part of the fun; but an impalpable mist may be precipitated into tangible moisture, and a shadow may be fixed on a sensitive plate. We must first get the vision, embody it through examples from other lives, engraft it upon our own wills, foster it, train it, eat of its fruit; aided ever by that spirit of life which wars against the tedium, waste, and indifference of this everyday life and transmutes it into helpful ministry, beauty, and joy. With the consciousness that our entertainment is within us, minor external cares disappear. Life loses its monotony and one begins to live.

‘My mind to me a kingdom is!’ I should hate to have a kingdom and get no fun out of it!

DOWN THE DANUBE

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

As a girl I dreamed of one day floating down the Danube to some continuous waltz magic woven by its blue waters and the shore birds and breezes. I would glide between lush meadows, where boy shepherds blew their reed-flutes and girl shepherdesses wound their spindles as they tended their goats and pigs; down past the green fields of the Banat, through the Iron Gates of Roumania, to the very Southeastern Sea.

And after the great reaping of dreams and terrors, in this post-war summer of 1920, one pearl-gray morning in Budapest, my dream seemed about to come true. I was standing in one of the handsome granite alcoves of the mounting parapet of Buda Hill, my eye sweeping the four long bridges that span the great river, and past them to Pest, the mist-dimmed city of towers and domes on the farther stream-side, when my

tall, blue-eyed, weather-browned friend D——, American Relief representative in Hungary, appeared beside me in the carven archway framing my picture.

‘Old Francis Joseph knew how to do some things,’ he said, with a hand-wave toward the mounting stairways and galleries of the hill-face and the massive stone palace crowning it. ‘I wonder if he is looking down from his immortal parapet on this gift to free Hungary,’ he laughed; ‘and on the other stone-heaps he spent his life piling up for free Croatia and free Czecho-Slovakia, and free Herzegovina, and all the rest. I fancy he’s gripping his balustrade pretty hard to keep from falling off in an eternal rage over the strange, staying powers of granite! — Sorry, I have no good news,’ — he turned swiftly, — ‘but, from all I can gather, the Polish frontier will continue hermetically sealed for ten days, and the Jugoslav railway strike seems established as a normal condition. You are blocked north and south: no Warsaw, no Belgrade, unless’ — he paused a moment — ‘you care to chance the river. It looks inviting enough, down there in the sunlight, does n’t it? — calm, broad-sweeping, mysterious, silently writing history, as it has written it for ages. See, just beyond where the mist is lifting from the chestnut trees of the Pest boulevards, how heavily weighted with flower-spikes they are; this is Budapest’s month of months. All of which should persuade you not to take this’ — he drew a yellow ticket from his vest pocket; ‘regular passenger boats are not running; but there happens to be a fairly decent little one setting off for Belgrade at ten to-night, expecting to reach there by seven to-morrow evening. I just succeeded in reserving this last obtainable place, though in the hope that you would not want it.’

But I did want it, and at ten D——

went with me down to the quay, where, in the dim light, we could just distinguish the old-fashioned side-wheeler, piled high at both ends with nondescript freight. We crossed on a narrow plank to the deck, where, covering all its space, lay weary men and women and children. Dark-skinned Slavs for the most part, many with red or yellow kerchiefs about head or shoulders, they lay or leaned or crouched in the shadow, dumbly patient, just thankful, as they huddled there, to be moving on at last.

I threaded my way among them, D—— helping me, to a tiny cabin at the bow of the boat. He peered apprehensively into the rude room.

‘Still bent on seeing it through?’ And then, quickly deciding that I was, he added cheerily, ‘Well, you’ve only a night and a day of it, and the day ought to be comfortable enough. You have but one change — at Baia, at nine in the morning. Best luck!’

Steam was up; a sailor hurried him off. We strained at the worn ropes, and then glided softly into the night stream. I was alone with the densely herded human freight.

I walked down my narrow corridor and looked over the sea of dark faces drooping on shoulders or pillow'd on odd bundles of poor precious possessions. Serb, Greek, Bulgar, Croatian, Roumanian, so lately thrust by sinister forces one against the other, were lying peacefully enough now in the close fraternity of a mortal fatigue, inert as driftwood tossed on the beach after the storm. And more poignantly eloquent than the apostrophe of a Dante or a Keats was the gratitude for the recurring respite of oblivion written in the relaxed shoulder, the drop of the thin arm over the bundle, the heavy eyelid. They were sleeping; I, too, would sleep. I took off my hat and stretched out on my narrow bunk.

II

D— had said cheerily, 'No change except at Baia at nine'; but about five o'clock I heard a boatman calling, and peered out, to see the human mass shaking itself into activity. We were to be left here on the river-bank, to be picked up later by some other boat; this one was recalled to Budapest.

I was not surprised. One gets accustomed, in Europe, in these days, and especially in the East, to being suddenly dropped at any hour at any point on the map. At best, traveling means patching a way out of bits of active parts. I had long since discarded all luggage but a little handbag and a pair of saddle-bags that I could throw over my shoulder. These I picked up, and then squeezed in and along with the motley Slavic company to the rough river wharf, where I looked about for some person who could speak a Western language, — perhaps German or French, — of whom I might ask information, if I needed it.

I found him, or rather them, a little apart from the crowd, deep in talk. As I dropped my bag nearby, Herr A—, a Viennese of middle-age, thin, and wearing a neat but worn checked suit, was saying to a heavier-set, dark-eyed Serb engineer, —

'No, nor should I have chosen this interminable river; but after waiting two weeks on the railway strike, I was ready to board a barrel. Just when I had pulled my steel plant into shape again and could say to you Serbians, "I'll take orders," you shut the door! But I'll carry this contract to Belgrade,' he laughed, tapping an inner pocket, 'if I have to swim there. And if your government signs, it will mean bridge-and-rail parts for Jugo-Slavia, and life for us both!'

'Voici! Votre espoir!' — The Serb pointed to a dingy little craft pulling in

toward our patient group on the wharf. And turning to bow and pick up my bag, 'Allow us, madame. I hope you have known the river before. The war has laid its blighting hand here as elsewhere. However,' he added cheerily, 'some day will see another sparkling fleet plying its waters, though' — and his voice saddened — 'outside capital will have to set it afloat, England's capital probably; her companies are working hardest to win the prize, for prize it undoubtedly is.'

By six we were in mid-stream again, without solace of coffee, but cheered to see the banks gliding away in our rear.

'I can understand your reopening your mill doors,' the Serb continued; 'but I cannot understand where you are getting the iron and coke to take in through them.'

'Iron? My dear fellow, ploughs to shells, and then shells back to ploughs; that is one transmutation that persists through the ages. Yesterday it happened to be ploughshares to shells; to-day I reverse the process.'

The bundle-bearing voyagers were settling themselves for another sleep, though the dissolving river mists were just beginning to unveil charming glimpses of velvety green fields dotted with low-hooded, thatched farm cottages.

'But coke?' the Serb persisted.

'Simple enough. Your government tempts Czecho-Slovakia with golden wheat; Czecho-Slovakia delivers coke to my mill; I deliver steel parts to Belgrade.'

'You observe that we are back again at the beginning, madame,' — he smiled half-cynically, half-whimsically, — 'at the simple, primal business of bartering and coöperation.'

They elaborated possibilities of coöperation all the way to Baia, the Hungarian-Jugo-Slav border port. There I had expected to see a town; but I

found nothing but a primitive wharf platform and a rude shed or two; the village lay some distance away, at the base of low hills. We tried not to look what we felt, as, crowding off, we realized that breakfast would remain again but an expectation.

Before we were well ashore a flock of frontier officials swooped down upon us, with their 'high treason for all of you' gesture. There is something comic in the almost hysterical officiousness of these guards of the new nations, if one has saved from the wreckage enough of one's sense of humor to see it. I watched the near hurly-burly, and the dumb, patient line of victims, stretching from the dingy little boat into the sheds. Well, probably these young nations would calm down, once they were fairly certain of being able ever to grow up.

And then my turn came. 'My bag? Yes, look through it.' I knew that I carried neither the forbidden paper money of neighboring countries, nor tobacco.

'To the next shed, madame; your passport will be returned only after a personal search.'

'But I am exempt from search. I have all sorts of official papers; that is a special, a diplomatic passport.'

'Macht nichts!' my fiercely moustached inspector shouted, with a grandiloquent gesture, waving me again toward the shed.

Gold seals of America! I bit my lip, realizing the possible high cost of laughter. But I stood firm, determined not to submit to this indignity (I had gone through with it once at the electric fence barring Belgium from Holland), from which my papers clearly protected me; determined also not to lose the few life-saving American bank-notes I carried. I knew that a week earlier an American had been stripped of his.

But unhappily resistance and argument seemed to be gaining me nothing, nor could the efforts of my kind friends,

caught in their own net, extricate me from mine. In the stifling little shed, gradually the interest of all other patient victims focused upon me. A sad-eyed, black-haired woman, wearing a yellow kerchief crossed gracefully over her breast, nodded her support.

I turned to them all; could not someone get a message to the village burgomaster? How helpless one was! If I could but connect with Vienna or Belgrade, matters would be settled at once.

'It is enraging, madame, but I am afraid your case is hopeless. They intend to hold your passport.' The Viennese stood beside me.

Then suddenly I remembered a slip of paper in my bag, which I had forgotten on this river-trip because I was so far from headquarters. Its few type-written lines stated that I was associated with the American Relief Administration; it had been signed, hastily, by Herbert Hoover.

'I wonder if that would help?' I said, as I slipped it into Herr A——'s hand.

He hurried off to the adjoining shed, and in what seemed no time, there where we seemed to have lost all count of time, he returned, accompanied by an official whom I had not before seen, who bowed ceremoniously,—the tired crowd pressed forward,—as he offered me my passport. 'Will madame honor me by accepting it?' And would I honor them—brushing back the crowd as he pulled forward the one desk-chair—by being seated? Unfortunately no breakfast was to be had. But he hoped venders would arrive shortly from the village with baskets of bread for sale. And unfortunately he must announce that a message had just been received, saying that the rail strike had spread to the river. He could not say if we would be carried farther. But if a boat should come for us, he would inform the captain at once that I was

a passenger, that everything possible might be done for my comfort.

I forgot my reply; I recall only grasping my precious passport, and dropping into the chair, and being glad for my friends that their anxiety was at an end.

The word passed from lip to lip,—‘Hoover,—and then we were silent before the fact and its significance. When would arbiters of the fate of peoples understand? Naturally, during the war years I had had experience and knew of others’ experience in the potency of what that name represented. But somehow, in the midst of this forlorn little bundle-bearing company, stranded on a remote bank of the Danube, its triumph over all high seals and ribbons seemed almost uncanny.

III

The morning was nearly gone. We went down to the river’s edge to look again for a boat. This time there were five of us, for we had been joined by a keen-eyed Hungarian on a mission to Sofia, and an elderly officer, once a colonel high in the Austrian army, and now without a profession, though he still wore, carefully protected by a shabby overcoat, a long buff-colored army dress-coat with silver buttons, his pride three decades ago.

The colonel had presented himself with a deep bow. ‘I have the honor, madame; Ukrainian born, I became a naturalized Austrian citizen, bringing up my family in the beautiful Hungarian Banat region. This morning,—he drew a picture of a wife and three children from his buff coat-pocket,—‘thanks to the benign decree of an all-wise Peace Conference, I present to you my family of Jugo-Slavs! I desert this good friend from Vienna,’ he laughed, slapping Herr R—on the back, ‘to join this good brother from Belgrade!’

He took off his worn colonel’s dress hat, and carefully rubbed the dust from it with his sleeve.

‘No boat in sight, madame.’

Nothing stirred on the broad river as it basked in the bright noontide light.

‘And, what is infinitely sadder, no breakfast in sight!’

‘True,’ said the Serb; ‘but since we must either swim or wait, why not make a merry waiting of it? Madame, at least, has a chair; we can improvise some others and a table out here in the open—the air in the shed chokes one.’ And they set about it.

While they worked I prepared a surprise. I still had, tucked away at the bottom of my bag, an emergency supply: a dozen lumps of sugar, a tiny tin of Sterno, and a few ounces of George Washington coffee. And when they triumphantly announced the table achieved, I set my store in the middle of it. With a shout one ran to dip a little pan of water from the river; we lighted the Sterno with as great care as if it had been an altar-lamp, and settled ourselves in a circle around it, each with his traveler’s cup set in anticipation before him. And warming to the prospective drink, we made a further exchange of visiting cards, and passed around again the pictures of those dear to us.

While we chatted, an unfortunate breeze had sprung up, and I watched the diminishing Sterno and the little pan with growing concern. The colonel, who had never taken his eye from the vagrant flame, was the first to share my anxiety. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, all but upsetting us as he did so. ‘Madame, I have it. I have been in America once; we have forgotten something!’ And he ran down to the bank, where he found four large flat stones. These he cleverly arranged in the middle of the table.—‘A campfire, madame!’ Setting the Sterno

inside his rocky wind-screen, 'Now, cups ready!' he cried. Then followed the bubbling and the spooning of the precious powder, and the passing of the sugar. I shall not forget how the colonel's fingers closed over his particular lump. We drank to a happier day for all the countries represented, past and present, and to the clarified future of the whole bewildered world!

Herr A—— set his cup carefully before him.

'You were amused, madame, over the colonel's checkered career in citizenship. I wonder what you will think of that of my family. There were six of us, brothers and sisters, all particularly close, and all happily married, devoted Austrians. To-day one brother finds himself in Czecho-Slovakia, another is a Jugo-Slav. One of my sisters, living in Temesval as a Hungarian, had to go to Vienna for an operation. After six months she returned to find Temesval Serbian. Later, she went to Vienna again for six months, returning this time to Temesval in Roumania! Of six, I am the only Austrian left; our inseparable family belongs to-day to six rival nations!'

'But will not such family ties influence the rivalries of nations?' I asked.

'Possibly — a very little — for a generation,' he smiled sadly.

'That reminds me,' said the Serb, 'of my Belgrade friend, who hates the Italian more than most Jugo-Slavs hate him. In fact, he came to the capital from his home somewhere near Fiume, because he thought he could help to check him better there. And then he woke up one morning in Belgrade, to find his home acres declared Italian!'

'That is why' — the colonel rose and bowed elaborately — 'I present myself, Jugo-Slav for to-day!'

'You are right,' the Hungarian broke in, while I prepared a second exciting cup all round. 'You will soon

be again a Hungarian, for Hungary is bound to recover the Banat. You saw the crape still hanging from our flags and above our church-doors at Budapest. It will hang there until we regain enough of our productive land to feed ourselves.' He leaned toward me to whisper, 'And to you I can confide, madame, we see our opportunity coming. Only let Communism be set up in Belgrade and Bucharest, and we will walk over these borders of error and take back at least a part of what belongs to us.'

Poor, tired, excited man: he saw it all happening just that way. And I did not doubt that we had some of the fomenters of his Communism in the crowded customs shed, bound along with us for beyond Baia. As he talked of mobilization, I remembered that there were not enough bandages or disinfectants in the Hungarian hospitals to care for a handful of wounded.

Our Belgrade engineer had been listening intently. 'You will be interested to know,' he said quietly, 'that on my recent errand to Budapest, where I went to contract for skilled workmen for Serbia, and, incidentally, where I was surprised by the numbers begging to be allowed to sign up, I took especial pains to leave your own Communists with you. Of the last one hundred and fifty laborers applying I accepted fifty.'

He looked out across the river, drained his cup, and continued, 'Yes, you must have a certain area of production, a certain potential wealth, if you are to exist at all as a nation. But you want more than you need; Serbia wants more than she needs; all nations want more than is good for them. Restricted territory, greater cohesion, a happier history, is my slogan. But I belong to an unpopular minority. In this post-war chaos few see far. What have we won with our Greater Serbia? Our

Jugo-Slav state? Croatia and Slovenia envy Belgrade her political leadership; we've got the Moslem problem with Herzegovina and Bosnia; we've got the peril of Italian ambition. Greater Serbia may be a big idea, but to my mind she would have been happier small.'

'Talk that way to Poland,' the colonel laughed. 'Look at her now. We should be mourning to-day over what will most surely happen to-morrow unless she draws that victorious army in. Pilsudski is a great general, but either he or his Warsaw party has lost balance. Has anything ever been able to stand against the mass power of Russia? The Poles will pay the inevitable price of chauvinism.'

'But Poland claims that she is n't trying imperialistically to widen her territory — only to protect it by helping White Russia and Ukrainia to independence. Is n't it imperative that she secure herself through some such buffer states against the peril of the East?' I asked.

'She needs more to be turning her energy onto her own vast plains crying for development; the other thing is too dangerously near an attempt to extend them.'

'Yes, Poland will pay,' Herr A—— said; 'but there is too much basic power and genius in the Polish race to be crushed by one, or several, failures. Some day those great plains' millions will strike a steadier pace; Poland will ziz-zag on to a brilliant future.'

'Yes, but that is all aside from these river plains' — the Hungarian pointed toward them; 'they are my people's natural feeding ground, we starve without them.'

His eye followed the stream.

'Sight a boat,' said the colonel, 'and you'll soon be feeding in Belgrade — or Sofia, if you prefer. Gentlemen, on this you will all agree: had the all-

wise Council but arranged for a few more plebiscites, our individual and collective troubles would have died before birth. Madame, you should be able to judge impartially — you have been looking on the practical workings of that inspired plebiscite theory — write a true volume and evoke sardonic laughter. Of course, we must admit that any council, however supreme, would necessarily have muddled some geography; and that minor matters, such, for instance, as whether people could meet together at all in certain mountainous regions innocent of all means of transportation, to express their common will, might be easily lost sight of. The leaving of Poland surrounded chiefly by a ring of festering plebiscite sores might also be explained, and so on, and so on. But why follow down the amusing list? However our opinions vary, we all recognize one fact, and that is that what was needed was for some group of men of average intelligence and average sense of justice to mark off the new frontiers and announce that they were the best possible under the impossible circumstances, and then order everybody to work! That's what the people really wanted; that's what they want to-day — to have things settled, so they can get to work. However, madame,' — with another of his delicious mocking gestures, he slipped a packet from an inside pocket, — 'one can continue to be happy despite even plebiscites. Who knows that there may not after all be even something to be said for a varied repertoire in national hymns? Once I was a colonel in the Austrian army; now I trade in these.' He spread about a dozen rare postage-stamps on the table. 'And at least these will do more for my wife and my children than the pension we tried to run six months ago.'

He swept them back into his pocket.

IV

Under the slanting rays of the four-o'clock sun we watched the last flickering of the Sterno and the last scraping of coffee-dust from the can; but as yet we saw no fleck of an approaching boat on the river. And finally the men rejoined the weary, patient crowd in the shed. About five o'clock one of them came hurrying back, to announce that a boat was reported on its way to us—we would be carried as far as Belgrade, the last company to move forward; for the river-rail tie-up was complete.

It was an ancient, odd-looking little side-wheeler that ran in alongside the wharf shortly afterwards, and a tired-looking, light-haired, blue-eyed young captain who stepped ashore.

He presented himself: 'Madame, I apologize for the boat, but it is the best I can offer. I had to set off on an hour's notice, so I took what there was. We have, unfortunately, neither lights nor compass, nor food nor water, though I hope to pick up something to eat on the way. Nor is there a cabin of any sort for you. I would be honored to offer you mine, but I have been three nights without sleep and I cannot. I will get you to Belgrade—that is all I can promise.'

He bowed and went back to his wheel.

We found one big general room, with tables and stools, into which the motley throng herded, beginning, as quickly as they could fall into seats, saving games of cards, or letting their heads fall upon their arms as they sank again into swift sleep. As dusk fell, a sailor stuck three candles into the mouths of bottles and set them on tables, and their faint glimmering through the thick air fell strangely on the silent, packed company, apparently entirely oblivious whether this were boat or train or wharfshed; bent on just one thing, on for-

getting where they were. The air soon became unbreathable, and our small group pushed out through the narrow door and up to an open deck-space back of the captain's wheel. Here we found a few benches between the two frail lifeboats, one swung on the port and one on the starboard side. Clouds were rapidly blotting out the early evening stars; occasional light flurries of rain wet our faces, but we determined to spend the night in the open.

'Unless there is a storm, and that seems improbable, we'll come through decently enough,' Herr A—— said; 'with the real darkness our captain will anchor in some sheltered spot; for since the war, boats have not traveled this sinuous river at night; and after dark, this one, with neither compass nor light, will not budge until dawn.'

We were just then passing a series of the odd ark-shaped floating flour-mills, familiar to Danube travelers, and an occasional dusty miller appeared on an extending platform, to watch us chug by. Off in quiet fields herds of sheep and pigs massed darkly in the gathering dusk. We began tramping up and down our few square yards of space as if they were the long deck-stretch of an ocean liner.

'Serbia is the land of pigs and prunes. You know that, madame? Progress depended on her being able to market the pigs across her borders. But Austria, through her pet system of differential customs, managed to bless and prosper the pigs of Hungary, calling across to Serbia, "Eat your own." Now, while the wise men have been discoursing on this or that remote and profound origin of the war, madame, the plain and near fact is that the cause was pigs!'

'The colonel may be further from wrong than we think,' the Serb laughed.

A sickle moon slipped out from under a cloud-rack, and then as quickly slipped under another.

'I wonder where we are to anchor?'
Herr A—— broke the silence.

'It does n't look much as if the captain were wondering,' the colonel answered.

And certainly we were pushing on through the drizzle and the dark.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock — we were thoroughly chilled and increasingly anxious. The men, after a brief conference, chose the Hungarian to question the captain as to why he was proceeding against all custom and caution.

And just then the captain appeared. 'I am distressed for you, madame; I have only this hospitality to extend,' — he offered me a precious candle, — 'and to say that I have improvised a sort of cot below, where you can at least stretch out, if you will.' And he hurried aft, leaving our question unasked.

If I went below, the men might crowd with the others in the big room where they could at least dry out. I decided to find my way to the cot.

'This is just about the spot, madame,' Herr A—— said, as I was turning to climb down, 'where the two large passenger boats collided a few years ago — here in mid-stream, in the night. One of them went to the bottom in five minutes — most of the passengers caught like rats in their cabins —'

'A pretty tale,' I laughed, 'to cheer a stranger on her way down to a dark pit in a tub like this!'

'Who knows — our happy company may meet again before morning' — the colonel had the last word always. 'However, you are wise to go down, madame; in the end, legs and back, young or old, imperiously demand something flat. May you repose!'

Down I climbed and, by the candle's light, stumbled onto my cot in a low, squarish, cell-like place at the bottom of a narrow stairway. As I took off my hat, determined to snatch what sleep I could, I recalled my girlhood Blue Danube dream and laughed. Then I slept.

V

I must have been lying inert about half an hour when, suddenly, a terrific crunching and crashing threw me to my feet. I remembered the narrow stairway and leaped toward it, but already outstretched arms barred my way.

'You cannot pass, madame,' a voice said through the blackness. — I could hear the crying above me, a confused shouting and rushing about. — 'There is no danger, but each must remain where he is.'

'A hole! We are sinking!' someone screamed.

'I will obey every order of the captain once I am up where I can breathe,' I answered, as I beat my way under the outstretched arm; 'but I refuse to stifle here.'

I felt sure that my companions were trying to find me in our chosen place on the top deck. And somehow, through the surging, helpless human mass, I fought my way foot by foot to the place, asking, when I could hold someone, 'Do you speak German? Can you tell me what has happened?'

But they could not speak it or did not know. We seemed to be listing, but were otherwise motionless. As I beat my way upward, I could hear above all the tumult the captain shouting, and answering shouts through the blackness.

At last I gained the upper level, and then four tiny lights showed a long, dark boat that had crashed against us in a sidewise collision. Our upper starboard railing and its amusing little lifeboat lay splintered on the deck. Obviously the big boat was safe, and so close that I could have stepped across to her. I tried to, but a sailor pulled me back.

My comrades had not yet found me, and I could not distinguish faces in the night. The captains were shouting

more and more angrily, and despite the rain and confusion, I could see that the big, black, safe boat was slowly extricating herself and pulling away from us.

'After four crossings of the submarine ocean, how stupid to be caught in a river-trap!' I said to myself. 'If only my friends would find me and I could know what to expect!'

And just then the Hungarian caught my arm. 'At last, madame; I hope you have not been too anxious. I have not been able to find out the exact damage, but there is not a big hole or we should already be at the bottom. Our captain's steaming ahead in this impenetrable blackness was criminal enough; but that other captain is either drunk or a fool. He was pulling six boats and had swung the whole cable procession across the river, in such a way that anything else moving either up or down must inevitably crash into it. Part of his cable is wound around our prow and in our propeller; if the impact hadn't somehow swung him around against our side, we should have no chance. You can still see his lights off there at the left where he is trying to recover his train. Our sailors have a lantern now and are trying to find out just what our condition is. I'll follow them if you will wait here, and report to you in a few minutes.'

As he moved away in the darkness, I heard a cheery voice close beside me: 'Ah, madame, have we indeed succeeded in disengaging ourselves from our too-friendly neighbors of an hour ago? I have been searching for you everywhere in this crying crowd, but vainly. I do not affect the midnight bath but—'

The Hungarian was back: 'Nothing definite yet—'

His sentence broke, as he turned us swiftly toward the port side.

We saw with horror that the evil boat had turned: instead of proceed-

ing upstream she was heading straight toward us and must inevitably strike us amidships. Others saw, and again the night was filled with shouts and running and screams; and above all again our captain's voice battled with the distance. Would the oncoming captain hear? The ship would strike us at right angles.

'Madame, I am a fair swimmer,' the Hungarian said; 'M. V— is a better one. If you will place your arms so,— they quietly gave me the position,— we should be able to help you. Our main chance is in keeping cool.'

What unutterable folly, what madness on the part of both ships! On she came,— we shuddered in our impotence;— the captain shouted hoarsely now, desperately.

'You're in a strange country, madame, but we'll see you through—'

Only a few yards away and still heading directly amidships—and then, or I should not be telling about it, our frantic captain's voice did carry across, the other did hear and slow down. We steeled ourselves for the impact—a dull thud, and we were partly thrust sideways, partly lifted from the water, then settled down again, the imprecations of the accusing captains filling the air.

By this time our nerves were frayed. The men determined to take matters into their own hands, for we seemed indeed at the mercy of madmen. Hastily the Hungarian was again chosen to go to our captain to demand a clear statement of our condition, and a promise that under no circumstances were we to move another yard until dawn.

'No hole,' he reported; 'the upper walls are crushed, the engines damaged, the sailors have already unwound a heavy cable from the prow and are working on the propeller. But the captain insists that he must move as

soon as he can repair his engines; for his plight is desperate here in the darkness, in midstream, at the mercy of the current. If the sailors succeed (and Serbian sailors are geniuses when it comes to patching up damage), he will move forward to some anchoring-point, and wait for the dawn.'

'Are we not, indeed, to enjoy a midnight, but, perhaps, a morning bath?' a familiar laugh cut across the report.

And then we waited. We could hear the calls of the sailors below struggling with the cable, and catch an occasional flash of their lantern through the drizzle. The evil boat was now well off again and apparently safely lost to us in the blackness ahead. What hours it seemed in the chill and dark before we felt the straining of the engines, and heard the slow crunching and grinding of the crippled propeller! We were moving! But to anchor or to new perils? We stood still enough now, listening, peering. Long hours, it seemed; but it was really not later than three o'clock when the engines stopped again and we could hear the boatman making ready to drop anchor.

In the drizzle we waited for the dawn, while the sailors worked steadily on engines and propeller. I was surprised to see, with the first faint light, instead of the low river-banks of the afternoon before, high bleak cliffs on our right. I shivered as I thought back to the darkness.

By five we were again in motion in midstream.

'Had we but saved the coffee-can, madame!' (The colonel was taking a morning constitutional.)

We had traveled quietly enough about an hour down the broad river, shimmering under the early sunshine, when again sudden cries and shouts to the captain to stop cut the stillness, as the crowd surged toward the stern of the battered boat. 'Man overboard!'

Yet the captain did not hear, and we were leaving the unfortunate there struggling in the midstream current. A prisoner, escaped from his guard, he was, who had taken his one chance for freedom, and now found his hope to gain the barren shore vain.

At last the captain understood, and managed to turn the boat sharply about and hurry upstream. We watched the dark head rise and sink again and again below the water. Then we stopped to lower our one remaining frail lifeboat; tired sailors manned it, and searched for over half an hour, to return with only a cap.

The captain looked a ghost as he stood aloof from us all, waiting for them. As we furtively watched him, not one of us had the heart to hold against him our night's experience. Like so many others in those sad, wartortured lands, he was underfed and overworked, too wrecked in body to be wise.

A little later in the morning, the colonel stopped in his promenade beside me. 'You may have been too disturbed to realize it, madame, but you have been favored, on this voyage, with a vivid illustration of the method of progress our eager new Ships of State seem to have adopted. Their captains of helpless millions are no less mortal or ignorant or selfish than these two on whose mercy we have hung. Their state ships have set out as swiftly and as unprepared for the journey as this one that has all but given way under us. Their captains have n't had time to learn that they can't have the river to themselves. And their millions are for the most part as unconscious of what is carrying them and whither as our weary patient herd below. You were right when you said you had not the heart to charge the captain with our pleasant evening. He clearly has n't been able to pull himself together

after the demoralizing years. He may get hold of his business only after a few crashes in the dark. And, personally, I can't blame the traveler for being bewildered and unrealizing. During five years the whole universe has seemed to topple about him; the miracle is that captain or people attempt the river at all. I shall smile till the end, madame; but the universe has fallen about me, too. One must have been through it with them to measure what even dumbly reëmbarking means.'

He continued his marching.

I recalled what a San Franciscan responsible for the feeding of the people of parts of Macedonia and Southern Serbia had recently said to me. For about six months he had been handling the only relief food-supplies in that region. 'In the beginning I talked like most newcomers,' he said: 'I was impatient with the poor service I got in my offices, with the endless delays, the ineffective work. "I could put an average American on that job and get it finished in three hours; here I'm lucky if it is done in three days," I often complained. And now I can't tell you how it gets on my nerves to hear an echo of my own criticism. Now I know what they are getting to eat and what they are not getting. I can't yet make out how any one of them has come through the five years of hunger

and snow and dread. Just one thing is perfectly clear to me, and that is that I could n't pull off one solid hour's work a day on their stomachs. I've come almost to considering any page of book-keeping they hand me as a sort of old-fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting testimony of spiritual victory.'

The bleak cliffs had given place again to flowery fields, the whole river vista was growing increasingly lovely, enlivened now occasionally by picturesque shore villages. When we steamed up alongside one of them, I saw the colonel hurry ashore, to return with an exquisite cluster of wild-grown lilies of the valley which he had bought of a little girl. As he offered them to me, smiling and bowing low, I caught the swift look that passed between the other men of our group — they were making silent count of his possible remaining pennies. Then I was aware of a certain mistiness in their eyes as in my own.

Toward sunset we caught our first glimpse of Belgrade — Beo-grad, the White City, wide-flung along the low bases of hills, and brightly gleaming down upon us.

'There is more of the river if you like, madame,' the Serb laughed; 'spectacular beauty beyond, and the famous Iron Gates. But the White City invites and welcomes you.'

LIGHT ON THE JAPANESE QUESTION

BY HENRY WALSWORTH KINNEY

I

A FEW months ago two emeritus professors of great universities in the United States visited Japan, at the same time and under much the same circumstances, both being members of 'missions' which had gone to study conditions and to assist in furthering friendly relations between the United States and the Land of the Chrysanthemum. On their return, one, an Easterner, stated that within twenty years Japan will become one of the world's great democracies; and democracy, at least as far as the Orient is concerned, is entirely a Western idea. The other, a Westerner, said emphatically, 'The two civilizations can never mingle. The Japanese cannot and will not understand our civilization.'

In questions of race, prejudice and a tendency to form conclusions from incomplete data are probably more conspicuous than in almost any other inquiry. This is true even in cases where length of the period of contact between the white and some other race and the presence of a large number of members of the latter make possible accurate deductions from established facts, as, for instance, in the case of the North American negro. In considering the case of Asiatics, where contact is comparatively uncommon and where the history of such contact is of but short duration, the conclusions reached as to the desirability or non-desirability of the races from the other side of the Pacifics have often been determined

practically entirely by fear of the economic effect of the presence in large numbers of these people in the United States, rather than by — and often to the entire exclusion of — consideration of their inherent merits or defects, and, more particularly, of their capacity for absorption of American civilizations and ideals, and the consequent disappearance of the low living standards which form the principal basis of apprehension on economic grounds.

This is particularly well illustrated in the extreme West — probably the only part of the Union where dislike of the Oriental has become virulent. Originally directed against the Chinese, this feeling was transferred to the Japanese when these succeeded the former as what is considered a dangerous economic factor. Various steps were taken to exclude the Japanese, a workable solution being apparently found in the 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' and we thus saw, during several decades, the rather anomalous condition wherein the United States on the one hand admitted with great freedom members of various European nations, many of whom were known to possess diverse undesirable traits, while, on the other hand, every possible step was taken to exclude the law-abiding Japanese. The Japanese is industrious, frugal, ambitious, and desirous of developing land where he may establish himself and raise a family, all these being characteristics which are ordinarily considered

important desiderata for citizenship; but they have, in his case, been the very points which have militated against him. While every means is employed to induce European immigrants to become American citizens as rapidly as possible, the gain of such citizenship by American-born Japanese is regarded with repugnance and distrust.

This feeling against allowing the Japanese to enjoy the privileges which have been so cordially extended to other nationals, has been given expression in two allegations, one based on purely economic grounds and the other on the belief that he is not, because of racial and national characteristics, capable of absorbing American ideals and standards. Of these the first is the easier to deal with, as data are closer at hand, and the subject is far more tangible than the second point, where circumstances have not often been such as to permit a comprehensive and impartial judgment.

An ideal opportunity for investigation is, however, offered by the Territory of Hawaii, where the various races live side by side in proportions and numbers sufficient to provide excellent conditions for 'melting-pot' experimentation, and because an honest attempt has been made there to solve the race-question by blending into one solid American community a heterogeneous mass of people of various races and nationalities. These include Polynesians, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Filipinos, and Europeans,—particularly Portuguese and Spaniards,—the leaven being a comparatively small, but decidedly influential, group of Americans. The fact that in Hawaii the color-line is drawn far less rigidly than in any other community, giving the individual an opportunity to advance almost entirely on his personal merits and capacity, unhampered by race-prejudice, lends to the results of

the efforts made in Hawaii a peculiar value. Briefly, if a group of any race or nationality cannot in Hawaii demonstrate its capacity for American citizenship, its case may well be considered hopeless, as there it meets with every opportunity for expressing its potentialities. If, on the other hand, it makes in Hawaii a satisfactory showing, this may be taken as proof that it can develop this capacity elsewhere if fair and proper opportunity be afforded.

The mainland of the United States at present fails to offer favorable conditions for the solution of the question of Japanese capacity for American citizenship, as the Western States, where almost the whole of the Japanese population is found, are, for economic and political reasons, openly hostile to the Japanese, who are forced to herd together, to unite for common protection and promotion of common interests. It is impossible to decide in such circumstances whether they are capable of being assimilated and of intermingling with the rest of the people forming the American nation. The fact that they are at present gregarious in communities of their own, that they have not intermarried with persons of other blood, and have not formed a more integral part of the community life, may indicate that they are incapable of absorption: but, again, it may not—for they have never had a chance to do so.

Hawaii, however, is a country sufficiently small to render a survey comparatively easy, and yet possessing a mixture of racial and national ingredients sufficiently large to produce results on a collective basis. In other words, in Hawaii may be seen a laboratory experiment in racial blending and in the development of rising generations of most variegated parentage toward American ideals and citizenship. This seems to offer the only opportunity to secure reliable data.

The Hawaiian racial experiment began under peculiarly felicitous conditions, which undoubtedly have influenced its entire subsequent history. The Hawaiians, a Polynesian people, not abundantly civilized, although strongly developed along certain lines, had reached the point where they had tired of the arbitrary and often senseless restrictions of their *tabu* system, and were therefore in a most receptive state when the American missionaries established themselves among them about a century ago. Among these missionaries were several rather remarkable men, products of the best New England civilization of the day, who, partly, no doubt, because the natives were in absolute control, but mainly because of the superior qualities of the Hawaiians, undertook to lead them in the direction of Anglo-Saxon civilization on a basis of racial equality. The natives were extremely receptive, and their honesty, kindness, generosity, and entire lack of viciousness—though they have certain weaknesses—led to a common community life between the two races, in which the color-line was virtually non-existent. The peculiar circumstance that the missionaries and their descendants, still imbued with the spirit of their fathers, became the secular powers of the land, contributed to the continuance of the relations established in the early days, and this condition has remained practically unchanged; though in late years a large influx of new-comers, especially military forces, unacquainted with the traditions and established point of view in the Islands, has tended to some extent to influence the old, ideal relations.

As the Islands developed industrially, especially with the growth of the sugar plantations, it became necessary to import labor from abroad. The first laborers imported were South Sea Islanders; but as these people have

almost entirely disappeared, having been sent home when their contracts expired, they need not be considered here.

Later, the planters went further afield for contract labor, and great numbers of Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese, Koreans, Porto Ricans, Spaniards, and Filipinos were imported, in about the order named. The four last mentioned were resorted to only after annexation of Hawaii by the United States caused the application of the Exclusion Act, which prevented further importation of Chinese, while the 'Gentlemen's Agreement' which followed put an end to the importation of Japanese laborers.

The Hawaiian Islands have, as a result, a population estimated in the Governor's report for 1919 as follows:

HAWAIIAN	22,600
PART HAWAIIAN	16,660
PORTUGUESE	25,000
SPANIARDS	2,400
PORTO RICANS	5,400
OTHER CAUCASIANS	31,000
CHINESE	22,800
JAPANESE	110,000
FILIPINOS	22,000
ALL OTHERS	5,800
Total	263,660

The 'Other Caucasians' are mainly Americans, a large number of whom are connected with military and naval establishments.

Under existing laws, some of the immigrants included in the above tabulation have a right to American citizenship when they possess the usual qualifications therefor; the children of all of them, when born in Hawaii, are legally Americans by birth, quite as much as if they were born in Boston and could trace their descent direct to the Pilgrim Fathers.

The alternative confronting Hawaii, particularly since the Hawaiian-born progeny of Oriental races became sufficiently numerous to point very clearly

to the day when it was bound to become a political factor of decided force, was, therefore, either to draw the race-line and suffer each race to develop separately, or to attempt to blend the various ingredients into one harmonious American citizenry. The latter course was chosen, if, indeed, it can be said that any choice was exercised at all; for the development of the problem was so gradual that at no particular time did those in control find themselves confronted with the necessity of providing an immediate solution. It was inevitable that this course should be followed; first, because it was the natural course, after the color-line had been ignored in many years of intercourse with the Hawaiians; second, because it followed the path of least resistance, as the presence of the Asiatics not only did not create any serious economic question, except in isolated cases, but, on the contrary, solved the labor question, which was soluble only through their presence; for, in spite of much theorizing to the contrary, bitter experience has amply demonstrated to the Hawaiian planters that the white man absolutely will not work on the plantations; and third, because, if the races were allowed to develop, each along its own lines, apart from the other constituent parts of the community, an utterly impossible political situation would result within a few years, when the Hawaiian-born Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, and others would naturally form political groups of their own, contending with the Hawaiian white population for control.

Leaving out of the question all ethical, moral, and altruistic considerations, Hawaii had no alternative, and the Islands embarked vigorously and wholeheartedly on their great inter-racial, international mixing experiment. While some other countries have populations as variegated as has Hawaii, no one of

them has by force of circumstance been led to try deliberately to melt them together as Hawaii is trying to do: and consequently the world will do well to consider the results of this great human experiment, as it may obtain from them data applicable to the large racial problems which now confront it, and which will become more and more urgent as the populous countries of Asia develop and with increasing insistence demand the right of equality and the right to spread over the earth.

II

The most potent factor militating against the success of the Hawaiian experiment was, and is still to a great extent, the tendency to group members of each race and nationality by themselves. Thus the big plantations have Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Portuguese, Spanish and Filipino camps, each of which is, in fact, a small Japan, China, Spain, and so forth. Here the language of the home country is heard, almost to the exclusion of English. Newspapers are published in these various languages, and private schools, attended by the children before and after the sessions of the public schools, especially in the case of the Japanese, also tend to retard the process of Americanization.

It is generally admitted that the most important step toward Americanization of the child of alien parentage is to get him to speak and think in English; and as a consequence, the greater share of the burden falls on the public schools. In these schools the absence of racial or national lines is remarkable. Children of various races mingle, with the most perfect unconsciousness of racial differences. The common language — English — and common loyalty to the American flag, which is strongly emphasized throughout the curriculum, weld them into an organic

school community, the influence whereof will be felt, and is already being seen, when they graduate into adult life.

Thus, the situation as it now stands represents the efforts of the public schools to form growing generations into a common American whole, in spite of the difficulties offered by camp community life, diversity of religions, and language schools, the last factor being important chiefly in the case of the Japanese.

In view of the prominence which the Japanese question has recently assumed, it may be well to give particular attention to the phase of the Hawaiian experiment which involves that people, bringing the other races and nationalities into the discussion mainly for purposes of comparison. Briefly, to how great a degree has the Japanese in Hawaii shown himself to be assimilable, mentally, morally, and politically?

Hawaii's experience has shown that the Japanese, educated in the public schools, eagerly grasps American ideals and standards. The language handicap is rapidly being removed. Where formerly the great task of the public schools was to compel the Japanese to speak English, teachers in Japanese language-schools have often complained to me that they had difficulty in making their pupils refrain from speaking English while on their premises. It must be remembered that the Japanese child is compelled by law to attend the public schools, and that he attends the Japanese language-schools in addition. However, he goes to the latter mainly because he is compelled to do so by his parents, who are, in their turn, often persuaded by priests of their own temples and shrines.

Japanese children at play, outside the school, employ English as often as not. They have a tendency to feel that knowledge of English and absorption of Western civilization place them on a

plane higher than that occupied by their parents, and to pity the 'poor old Japanese' who lacks these advantages. These children regard their American civilization as superior to that of Japan, as is but natural in view of the advantages which they see that it gives them. Intense desire for knowledge, which is an outstanding trait, assists them greatly; a child of six pursues his studies with the intensity of an American youth working his way through college; and the constant struggle of the public schools is, not to compel the Japanese to attend, but to keep out youngsters below school-age who resort to all manner of subterfuge in order to gain entrance. This characteristic largely overcomes the handicap of language which confronts the Japanese pupils, especially during their early years of school; and when they reach the upper grades, they often excel to such a degree that principals occasionally find themselves faced by the perplexing situation of having the valedictorians all Japanese — perplexing because it is obviously desirable to have such honors distributed more or less evenly among the different races.

That the task of the public schools would be easier if the language-schools did not exist is indubitable, although the contention that learning two languages is too great a burden on the children is, of course, absurd, childhood being the ideal state for absorption of foreign tongues. Furthermore, the language-schools in Hawaii have demonstrated the fallacy of the accusation that they are hotbeds of 'Japanism' and 'Mikadoism'; and a federal survey of Hawaiian schools made in the spring of 1920 reported to this effect, though recommending, for other reasons, that they be done away with. They will, however, disappear within a few years, as it is certain that the children following the present school generation will never

be sent to them by their parents, who have become convinced of the superior usefulness of American education. This is admitted by the Buddhist priests, who conduct the majority of the language-schools, — which are maintained largely for the purpose of teaching the Japanese language, history, geography, and so forth, — but who have shown a remarkable willingness to adopt suggestions which may lead their pupils toward American citizenship. Thus, when, some years ago, I suggested to the Japanese consul-general in Hawaii that their textbooks be revised so as to include American rather than Japanese subject-matter, this course was immediately followed; and while the Japanese characters, of course, were retained, the Stars and Stripes supplanted the illustration of the Sunrise Flag, George Washington replaced some Japanese national hero, and while many Japanese fables and stories remain, they are well mixed with good American matter. The fact that, when the change was opposed by some old-fashioned parents and other reactionaries, the consul-general held a series of meetings at which he explained the benefits to be derived and the importance of absorption by the children of American ideals, illustrates the attitude of the Japanese government, of which more will be said later.

It should not be forgotten that these schools perform an important function by assisting in the production of a class of young American citizens, capable of speaking both English and Japanese, who may be of invaluable service in the great work of bringing the United States and Japan closer together, commercially, politically, and otherwise. The crying need of Americans capable of speaking Japanese is keenly felt in commercial and diplomatic circles, and will be felt even more as intercourse between the two nations expands.

The question of the moral capacity of the Japanese for American citizenship involves to some extent the point whether morals different from ours are of necessity bad; but, as a matter of fact, the belief that the morals of Japan differ greatly from those of the United States is largely unfounded. Japanese frequently say, 'Our girls — at least, in some classes — may be rather free before marriage, but after marriage they are very strict. American girls are very strict before marriage, but after that —!' Such sweeping statements are, of course, without value in themselves; but they are cited as a suggestion that, if the Japanese have such an idea of our morals, it is likely that the ideas of Americans in regard to Japan are equally unreliable. The Japanese youth is singularly clean from pornographic and similar tendencies — undoubtedly more so than our own, as with them sexual matters are not enveloped in mystery, but are regarded like any other phase of natural life. The point is partly proved by the entire absence, on walls and similar places in Japan, of the crude indecencies by which our youths so often express a prurient state of mind. The average white child is in less danger of moral contamination in association with Japanese than is the Japanese child in association with whites; and the chief difference in adult life is that the Japanese does more or less openly that which with us is done under cover. During the five years I was in charge of the public schools of Hawaii, I had a rather exceptional opportunity to observe the morals of a large body of teachers, including whites, Hawaiians, Japanese, and Chinese, with the result that I was forced to the conclusion that, when persons of similar classes live under similar conditions, those of alien races do not suffer in comparison, in point of morals, with the whites.

How deep does Americanization of Hawaiian-born American citizens of Japanese parentage go? This question was largely answered by the response made by them during the war, when they eagerly sought to enlist, and when the number of those who waived exemption was, I believe, greater than that of citizens of American parentage. Would they fight against Japan? I will quote the answer of one of the most brilliant of Japan's younger diplomats, who has lived for many years in the United States and is exceedingly familiar with conditions there.

'American citizens of Japanese parentage would, in the extreme case of war, fight for the United States against Japan, and I, for one, would respect them if they did and would despise them if, being American citizens, they should be traitors to their country by serving Japan as spies or otherwise; and this would be the general feeling in Japan. This point of view of ours is probably particularly strongly founded because we are not very far removed from the times of feudalism, and because of the custom of adoption which is so great a feature of Japanese life. Thus, not many years ago, when Japan was divided into clans, a man from one clan, if adopted into another, would unhesitatingly fight for his lord by adoption, even against his clansmen by birth, if necessary, and history records many such cases. This spirit and point of view are probably not well understood in America, but they have undoubtedly a tremendous influence on the way in which Japanese regard their allegiance to their new country.'

When to this is added the fact that young Americans of Japanese ancestry continually contrast their own superiority, attained by absorption of American education, ideals, and standards, with the condition of their parents, who possess no such advantages, and the

further fact that their interests and entire future lie in America, there can be little doubt that, while there may be exceptions, the American citizens of Japanese birth are and will be loyal.

III

One great argument against Japanese immigration is that the Japanese do not intermarry with other races. This is well founded so far as it concerns the past, as marriages between whites and Japanese have been so few as to be negligible. Whether the same condition will obtain in the future is an unanswerable question. That intermarriage has not been common is easily explainable, as everything has militated against it. The Japanese have been herded into communities by themselves. The white girl who married a Japanese would in many cases be ostracized by her former associates; and, on the other hand, the Japanese immigrant has seldom been in a financial position that would allow him to marry a white girl, as such a marriage would involve considerable expense because of her higher, or at least different, standards of living. As the great majority of Japanese in America are laborers, these remarks apply only to that class.

However, the condition described applies equally to white immigrants under similar circumstances, as to whose qualifications for American citizenship not the slightest question is raised. A good example is afforded by the Portuguese, who have been brought to Hawaii in large numbers. Placed, like the Japanese, in camps by themselves, they formed 'little Portugals' in various places. Some of them, who have lived in the Islands for more than thirty years, have been found — in the courts, for instance — to be unable to speak or understand English; and until very recent years, intermarriage with other

nationalities has been exceedingly rare.

Whether intermarriage between Japanese and whites, speaking generally, would be desirable at present is highly questionable. To those who on general principles oppose all racial intermarriage, may be pointed out the exceptionally fine results of the blending of Hawaiians and Chinese. The offspring of such unions are, almost without exception, superior in every way to the pure product of either race, as they inherit the best qualities of each. The mixture of Hawaiians and whites is ordinarily said to be less successful, and the general results lend color to this contention. This is due, however, not to any inherent physical or psychological condition, but to circumstances of environment. Where the Caucasian-Hawaiian union is composed of elements of the better class, the results are quite as good as those of unmixed marriages, proving that, by and large, environment is much more important than heredity in racial intermarriages.

The Hawaiians, being first on the ground, mingled freely with all races with which they came in contact. The other races, except the white, being hampered by the conditions inevitable with immigrants, mingled to a far less degree. Chinese men, however, married freely with Hawaiians, thus showing themselves to be more easily absorbable racially than the Japanese, who have not intermarried; but, for that matter, neither have the Portuguese. The fact that the Chinese were brought to Hawaii before the arrival of the Japanese and Portuguese offers a partial, but not a complete, explanation.

Neither Chinese nor Japanese have intermarried with whites as yet, except in a few cases. This may be explained by camp conditions, which prevent contact with Caucasians on the part of the immigrant; also by differences of language, and, principally, of course,

by the social gap separating the immigrant laborer from the ruling-class white. Whether intermarriage will follow when the barrier of language is swept away, as is now being done, and when the Oriental works himself up to a position of financial and social equality with the whites, and consequently mingles more freely with them, remains to be seen. If this occurs, it will begin, as is nearly always the case, with marriages of Oriental girls with white men, partly because the feeling against the white man who marries outside of his race is less strong than that against the white girl who does so. The tendency on the part of Hawaiian-born Oriental girls to seek Caucasian husbands is already visible, expressions of such desire on their part being not uncommon, owing largely to the circumstance that their American education leads them to prefer the position of equality given the wife of a Caucasian to the far more restricted status conferred by marriage with an Oriental. This tendency is not unknown even in the Orient, and advertisements have appeared in newspapers in Japan and China wherein daughters of the land expressed a desire to marry white men.

It is thus plain that, while the past offers no evidence that the Oriental, particularly the Japanese, is assimilable through intermarriage, it offers no evidence that he is not, and the question can be answered only by the future. While the time for such marriages is not ripe, for financial and other reasons, it is rapidly becoming so. A prominent member of the Foreign Office staff in Tokyo said to me,—

‘Contact of Japanese with the Western world is still so new that conditions are not generally favorable to racial intermarriages; for though we are all of the same human stock, we must have separated soon after Adam’s day. Such marriages may begin well enough

when love and passion rule; but when the different points of view of the parties, and sentiments having their roots in long-dead generations and likely to produce unfavorable results, begin to gain prominence, I do not think that the time is ripe for such marriages.'

These remarks apply, however, to marriages between whites and Japanese who have been educated in Japan, and they therefore lose much of their force when applied to Japanese brought up according to American ideas. It is interesting to note that the official quoted agrees with several other Japanese of world-wide experience, that in cases of marriage between Caucasian women and Japanese men, those with women of Continental Europe, as French and Germans, have been, and are more likely to be successful than those with Anglo-Saxons, as the latter demand a freedom of personal expression and an independence not required in nearly so great a degree by their continental sisters, who in this respect conform more to Japanese standards.

The various objections mentioned have, however, frequently been made in order to strengthen the principal reason for opposition, namely, the fear of economic competition. This does not seem to be particularly well founded so far as present conditions are concerned, under which the Japanese, in more or less inferior occupations, generally perform tasks that the American-born will not touch. The possibilities of the future, however, offer better material for argument, as it is certain that young Japanese with American education will not be content with the humble occupations of their parents, but will try ambitiously to fill the higher positions in life for which their higher qualifications fit them. But there is small likelihood that such competition will become more dangerous than that offered by any other class of immigrant stock, even

despite the well-known lower-standard-of-living argument. The old-fashioned Japanese laborer did, and does without doubt, maintain life on a wage on which a white man would starve; but as his earning power grows, his spending propensity increases. Furthermore, products of the Orient, which formerly, because of their cheapness, enabled him to live at much less cost than the white, have increased in price to such an extent that this advantage has largely disappeared. Twenty years ago, Japanese laborers in Hawaii often saved one half of their monthly wage of \$13.50. To-day men earning many times as much save little or nothing. Even in Japan the low living standard is disappearing as a result of the country's war-prosperity. Before we get through with the interminable discussion as to how to combat the Oriental low-living-standard menace, the cause of the argument will have disappeared.

IV

No discussion of the Japanese immigration question would be complete without reference to the attitude of the Japanese themselves toward it, — and particularly that of the government, — especially since their insistence on the right to free immigration has — quite naturally, it must be admitted — given rise to the mistaken belief that Japan, with an ever-increasing population crowding her small area, is eager to send her surplus millions to our shores. As a matter of fact, Japan does not desire large emigration of her people to distant countries, but, with the pride that is her predominant national characteristic, she resents having her citizens discriminated against, and no amount of argument that such discrimination is economic, not racial, will satisfy her.

'Why try to deceive us with such a

flimsy subterfuge?" says the Japanese. "The Mexican has a low standard of living. He works in California for wages lower than those paid Japanese. He is therefore more of an economic menace than we are; yet he is not excluded. Be fair, and admit that race-prejudice is your reason. Then we have a solid basis for argument."

The Japanese desire American-born Japanese to become American citizens, for they wish to demonstrate to the world their capacity for Western civilization. But, while they resent exclusion, or anything savoring thereof, as tending to lower Japan's standing in the family of nations, the Japanese government, even though the laborers prefer the greater opportunities offered by the United States and similar countries, will do all in its power, for very good reasons, to turn the tide of emigration westward, and not eastward. The reasons are simple and convincing. They are set forth tersely by the Foreign Office official already quoted.

"Japan is too densely populated," he says. "Ordinary statistics showing population per square mile are misleading, as Japan's area is largely mountainous and a large part of it has, therefore, no economic value. We must look to the proportion of population in the arable area alone. Japan may, however, be able to look after her population, even in spite of its growth, by changing from an agricultural to an industrial country. Thus the solution of the problem of relieving the density of the population may be postponed, at least for some time; but what we must have, and what we will fight for, if necessary, is access to the world's great raw-material supplies for consumption by our factories.

"Japan is interested in keeping her man-power concentrated. Only thus can she remain strong; and the government for that reason favors, not emi-

gration to the United States, Canada, or Australia, but having Japanese settle in Korea and Manchuria. It is true that this is not so popular with our emigrating classes, and that, by relying on individual emigration, we shall not make much headway. But by the promotion of settlement in groups, we shall make more progress, and gradually, as the number of Japanese in Korea and Manchuria increases, the problem will become simpler."

A few weeks ago I had an opportunity to ask Premier Hara, who for more than two years has guided the Japanese ship of state with a firm hand, what he thought of the Japanese capacity for American citizenship.

"When I was abroad ten years ago, I visited Canada and the United States and saw many Japanese communities there," said Mr. Hara. "I observed that the Japanese were rather proud of assimilating Western ideas and institutions, instead of retaining their own habits of thought and customs.

To the superficial observer it may seem that they wish to cling to their own habits and ideas, as there are many schools where the Japanese language is taught, and newspapers are published in that language. This has led some superficial observers to remark that Japanese abroad wish to retain their own nationality; but they are, in fact, very proud of being Americanized."

"Japanese generally regard Americanization of Japanese born in America as the rational thing," said one of Japan's foremost publicists in answer to the same question. "Of course, some chauvinists still oppose it and are inclined to look upon those Japanese who hold American citizenship as faithless to Japan; but this feeling has been disappearing rapidly in recent years."

As matters now stand, the United States gives offense where friendship is sought, and the purely local situation

in a relatively small section of the country is being allowed to affect the friendly relations of the United States and Japan, which are so necessary for peaceful and prosperous development of our increasing and promising com-

merce in the Far East. For this reason the Japanese question has grown from a purely Western matter to be one which concerns the entire nation, and one which should be carefully considered by every American citizen.

THE EXCESS-PROFITS TAX

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

DURING the past three years of rising prices, merchants and manufacturers have made large profits, whether they did business efficiently or inefficiently. The state of the market, rather than ability, has been of first importance in securing a high percentage of earnings. The corporation excess-profits tax has met with favor because it forces a corporation which has profited by abnormal conditions arising out of the war to divide a share of its gains with the government.

Although conditions which have given rise to widespread 'profiteering' are changing, certain other objectionable practices make possible extraordinary profits, or, presumably, business men would not adopt them. Those who support the continuance of the excess-profits tax find in it, not only a very convenient method of collecting taxes, but a permanent means of discouraging the maintenance of sweatshops, cut-throat competition, and practices of like nature, by making them less lucrative.

The excess-profits tax is, however, fashioned rather for carving unsound fruit than for pruning a source of decay. And even if, by making them less pro-

itable, the tax bids fair to discourage objectionable business methods, it will, for the same reason, discourage able management.

I

But if those who support the tax have credited it with an illusory virtue, those who condemn it have charged it with an evil for which it is only limitedly responsible, namely, the high cost of living.

A federal tax which produces a revenue measured in billions of dollars will reflect itself in increased prices. It is doubtful whether any other type of business tax would have added so little to the cost of living as has the excess-profits tax. A simple analysis of the factors which underlie the fixing of prices will show that most corporations are able only to a limited extent to shift a tax on profits.

If the production of an article is controlled by a monopolist (the owner of a patent, for example), the price will be regulated, not primarily by the cost to the *producer*, but by the maximum amount which the average prospective *purchaser* is prepared to pay. The maximum which the purchaser is prepared

to pay is only slightly affected by the amount of profits tax or any other cost which the producer has been forced to bear.

If the production (including distribution) of a commodity is subject to competition, and only some competitors are taxed, they cannot add the tax to the price of the commodity which they offer for sale, because their competitors would undersell them. Perception that those subject to the profits tax will seek to shift the tax by continued high prices unquestionably tends to encourage all business men to maintain inflated prices; but, as is being presently demonstrated, prices in competitive lines of business seek irresistibly the level established by a normal margin of profit for the untaxed dealer.

The percentage of profits tax varies greatly with the rate of profit on the investment, and corporations whose profits are less than 8 per cent pay no profits tax. Furthermore, persons doing business as partners or individuals are not subject to the excess-profits tax and may be subject to only a low rate of individual income tax. It is obvious that a taxed corporation, forced to compete with corporations and individuals, that have paid little or no profits tax or its equivalent, will find it impossible to shift the tax to any great extent.

The revenue substitute commonly offered for the excess-profits tax is some form of sales tax. If the excess-profits tax actually were largely passed on to the general public, it would, in effect, be a tax on sales. To substitute an untried sales tax for a tax proved to be productive would be unwise.

But the excess-profits tax is not generally shifted to the buying public; and its inequalities, only irregularly effaced by diffusion, affect chiefly the common stockholders, out of whose profits the tax is paid.

II

The law levying the corporation excess-profits tax is inequitable in four outstanding particulars.

First: 'Profits' taxed under the law are often only *apparent* profits. Close corporations, in which substantially all the stock is held by employees, had, prior to 1917, made no attempt to pay salaries commensurate with the value of services rendered by officers and other employees who were also stockholders. Increased return on the stock roughly offset deficiencies in salary. After the enactment of the first law levying a tax upon corporation profits, salaries of stockholding employees were increased in order to reduce the taxable profits of the corporation, and the increase has in some cases been far beyond the actual value of the services.

It is obviously impossible for the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to judge the good faith in each of the multitude of these cases, and general limitations have been laid upon allowable increase in salary. The limitations have, in many instances, forced corporations to pay taxes on profits which are fictitious, because they arise from the government's refusal to allow, as an expense, salaries that constitute just compensation for the services of stockholding employees.

Second: In some lines of business, earnings in isolated years exceed 20 per cent, although the *average* of profit is less than 8 per cent. Corporations whose profits fluctuate are subject to tax in the peculiarly prosperous year; while the corporation whose average of profits is equally great, but whose income is stable, will never be subject to the profits tax.

Third: Investors are entitled to a high return from a successful enterprise which involves a considerable risk of loss; but the excess-profits tax is levied

without regard to the nature of the business in which the corporation is engaged. The rate of profit fixed as a fair return is applied equally to the profits of a mining company and those of a national bank! A plan was proposed to establish a sliding scale of 'excess profit,' based on the element of risk involved in various lines of business; but this was rejected as impracticable.

Fourth: The excess-profits tax is based, not solely on the amount of profit, but on the *ratio* of profit to invested capital. We have already noted that this tax is unjust, in that it sometimes taxes a corporation on an amount of profit which is really fictitious. But even when the correct amount of profit is determined, if the full amount of *capital* is not allowed for, the *ratio* will be false and the tax excessive.

A corporation can usually more accurately determine the *cost* than the present *value* of its capital assets, since the cost will have been entered in the corporation's books of account, while the value of most assets is subject to a wide range of opinion. Because of this fact the present law bases the excess-profits tax, not on the value, but on the cost of a corporation's assets.

Let me illustrate the inequality which this may entail. In 1900, corporation A bought an office-building in a growing city for \$100,000. The property now is worth not less than \$300,000, as evidenced by offers of purchase at that price. The corporation's net income from rentals is \$30,000. It is subject to an excess-profits tax based, not on the rate of 30 to 300, but on the ratio of 30 to 100.

In 1920, corporation B purchases an adjoining building for \$300,000, the net income from which is \$40,000 a year. B is subject to an excess-profits tax based on the ratio of 40 to 300. Although neither its income nor the

proportion of income to actual capital is as great as B's, corporation A will have to pay more than twice the amount of profits tax payable by corporation B.

Increase of value is not limited to tangible assets. By honorable dealing and persistent advertising a corporation may have built up a highly valuable asset of good-will for which it receives no credit in computing the tax. Patent rights, too, become worth, in some cases, much more than cost.

The hardship which this provision of the present law entails was called to the attention of Congress, and consideration was given to a proposal to make value rather than cost the basis of the tax. The administrative difficulties of the plan required its abandonment. In auditing returns based on an estimate of the current worth of the corporation's assets, the Bureau of International Revenue would have been forced each year to appraise, not only a large proportion of the tangible property in the United States, but the good-will and patent rights of almost all domestic corporations.

The law provides limited measures of relief applicable to certain cases of outstanding hardship; but, in spite of the efforts of the Treasury Department to apply these measures liberally, the operation of the excess-profits tax is resulting in gross inequalities.

III

Even if the chief defects of the excess-profits tax were not (as they are) inherent; and if a law could be drawn which would remove the inequality of the present law, nevertheless, the tax should be repealed because of its lack of harmony with the individual income tax.

The federal tax on individual income is not levied solely at a flat rate, like a

state or city tax on property. There are two flat rates (4 per cent and 8 per cent) of 'normal tax'; but, in addition, there is a scale of so-called 'surtaxes,' beginning at the rate of 1 per cent on income which exceeds \$5000. Successive tiers of income are taxable each at a higher rate of surtax. By the time income reaches \$50,000 it becomes subject to a surtax of 24 per cent; and an income of over a million dollars is made up of fifty-four layers or tiers; the top one, composed of all income over a million, being subject to a surtax of 65 per cent. To the surtax must be added, in each case, the flat 8 per cent (or, in the lower tiers, 4 per cent) rate of 'normal tax.'

Turning to the tax on corporations, we find that the excess-profits tax is a kind of surtax, levied, not according to an unrelated *amount of income*, but according to the percentage of *profit* on the *investment*; that the tax is 20 per cent of profits exceeding 8 per cent, and 40 per cent of profits exceeding 20 per cent, on the investment; and, finally, that the profits tax is supplemented by a corporation income tax levied at a flat rate of 10 per cent, without regard to the percentage of profit. This income tax (unlike the individual normal income tax) is levied only on the amount which remains *after* the profits tax has been deducted from the income; so that the highest tier of corporation tax is subject to a maximum tax of 46 per cent — 40 per cent profits tax and 10 per cent income tax on the 60 per cent of income left after deducting the profits tax.

Since, however, that portion of the profits which does not exceed 8 per cent on the investment is subject merely to the income tax, and since profits amounting to an additional 12 per cent on the investment are subject to a profits tax of only 20 per cent, the tax on the corporation's income as a whole will necessarily be less than the tax of

46 per cent on its topmost layer of profits. In fact, the combined income and excess-profits taxes rarely exceed 33 per cent of a corporation's entire net income. The normal range of corporation taxes is therefore from 10 per cent to approximately 33 per cent.

Bearing in mind that a corporation is essentially only a sort of hoop for holding together an association of real persons, — the stockholders, — let us now examine the effects of the excess-profits tax on these persons.

If a corporation which has paid a 33 per cent tax out of income distributes the remainder of the income in dividends, a part of this may go to a stockholder whose other income has reached \$100,000 and who is subject to a surtax on additional income at the rate of 52 per cent. The tax on the stockholder would, in this event, be 33 per cent, advanced by the corporation, plus 52 per cent of the 67 per cent left after the payment of the corporation tax; or 34.84 per cent, making a total of 67.84 per cent.

If the corporation had paid a tax of only 10 per cent, the stockholder's combined tax would be 10 per cent plus 52 per cent of the 90 per cent left after payment of the corporation tax, or about 56.8 per cent.

Had this same person received an equal amount of profit from a business which he conducted individually, he would have been subject to the normal tax of 8 per cent (from which dividends from a corporation are exempt), and to the surtax of 52 per cent, making a total of 60 per cent. If the corporation tax is heavy, the combined corporation and individual taxes of stockholders of large taxable income will be somewhat higher than would be the tax on profits from an individual business. But if the rate of the corporation's tax is low, a stockholder of large taxable income will pay less tax by having profits

drain through a corporation than by having them come to him directly.

For a stockholder to save tax by paying an additional corporation tax appears to present a paradox. It is, however, explained thus: the corporation tax is greater than the normal individual income tax (from which dividends are exempt), and so would inevitably result in an increased aggregate tax, were it not for the fact that the corporation tax is deducted from the stockholder's income *before the individual surtaxes are assessed*, while the amount of normal individual income tax is not deductible from income in computing the surtax. This saving in individual surtaxes sometimes more than offsets the amount by which the corporation tax exceeds the *normal* individual tax.

Turning to a stockholder whose income is \$5000 or less, we find a very different situation. The fact that the corporation tax is deducted before the individual surtax is assessed is of no significance to him because his income is not subject to surtax. He saves, it is true, the normal individual income tax of 4 per cent, but at the expense of 10, 20, or even 33 per cent tax paid by the corporation. It is only as the amount of a person's income increases, and he becomes subject to the higher 8 per cent normal tax and to increasing rates of surtax, that the exemption from the normal individual tax and the saving in surtax approaches or exceeds the corporation taxes.

The excess-profits tax does not bear harshly on wealthy stockholders since, in paying this tax, they escape other and possibly even heavier taxes. The tax seriously affects only stockholders of comparatively small income.

While the present method of corporate taxation is unfair in forcing stockholders of small income to bear a burden of tax grossly in excess of the tax

paid by persons whose income is even greater but arises from other sources, it is equally iniquitous in affording shrewd stockholders of large income an avenue of escape from individual income tax.

We have thus far assumed, you will recall, that the corporation distributes the profits left after payment of taxes. As a matter of fact, many, if not most, corporations distribute only a fraction of their profits. The rest are reinvested in liquidating indebtedness or expanding the business. *Stockholders are not taxed on income thus reinvested.*

A person engaged in trade or farming, individually or in partnership, is taxed on profits which are retained for developing the business or the farm, as well as upon profits actually withdrawn. A professional or salaried man may immediately invest a portion of his income in stocks; but the income so invested is not exempt from tax.

This escape of accumulated *corporation* profits from the individual surtaxes which are payable on all other forms of income, except interest from tax-free bonds, affords no relief to the stockholder of comparatively small income. Subject as he is to little or no individual surtax, and with dividends exempt from the normal tax, he is unconcerned (from the standpoint of taxes) whether the profits of the corporation are distributed or not.

It is the stockholder of large means, comparatively lightly affected by the corporation income and profits taxes even on profits which are distributed, who finds this accumulation of corporation profits an effective agency for escaping federal taxation.

A person whose taxable income has reached a million dollars will be taxable at the rate of 73 per cent on additional income, consisting of undivided profits of an *unincorporated* business.

A person of like income holding stock

in a corporation will be taxed on undivided profits of the corporation only to the extent of the corporation tax, which may be as low as 10 per cent. Thus a stockholder may avoid 63 per cent of the 73 per cent tax which the law contemplates that he shall pay. The accumulated profits will, it is true, probably be reflected in the value of the corporation stock; and hence will increase the taxable gain, or decrease the deductible loss, upon a sale of the stock. But if the stock has materially increased in value, a thrifty investor, whose income is large, will hold on to it.

Whatever your attitude toward progressive taxation may be, I am sure you will agree with me that such inequality in the application of a progressive tax is intolerable.

IV

It is often easier to find powder with which to blow up an existing system than to provide material for a new one. Fortunately, those who would wipe out the excess-profits tax have a constructive plan of replacement. The proposed law is roughly as follows. Retain the fiction that a corporation is a separate person. Levy a flat rate of tax on the profits of a corporation. Add a proviso that profits which are distributed to stockholders within six months of the close of a corporation's business year shall be exempt from the corporation tax. And make the tax so high that a corporation will be forced to seek the exemption by distributing all of its profits. The stockholders will then be subject to the income tax on these distributed profits as on any other income. The corporation tax will be simply a goad to drive corporation profits under the shears of the personal income tax.

Corporations will be permitted to distribute profits, either in cash divi-

dends or, with the approval of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in promissory notes bearing a rate of interest sufficiently high in respect to the corporation's credit, to make the notes worth approximately par.

It is true that stockholders may thus be taxed on 'profits' not received in cash; but so is a person conducting an unincorporated business, who has been unwilling or unable to withdraw the profits from his business.

Stockholders of closely held corporations will, in most cases, return to the corporation a considerable part of the dividends as paid-in surplus. Corporations whose stock is more widely distributed will employ a method for tempting the scattered profits back into the corporation fold, under which, if the common stock is worth more than par, additional common stock will be issued and stockholders given the right to buy the stock at a figure less than its actual value. If a stockholder does not himself wish to reinvest, he may sell his 'rights' to others. 'Rights' are at present bought and sold on the stock market. If the corporation's common stock is worth not more than par, so that its sale at par or higher would offer no irresistible attraction to investors, preferred stock, having a sufficiently high rate of dividend to ensure a value above par, may be offered to common stockholders.

The revision of the tax on corporation profits must, however, go hand in hand with an amendment to the individual income tax. The present rates of individual income surtax are so high that they defeat their purpose and are unjust.

The individual surtaxes fall most heavily upon those whose income is derived chiefly from personal services and those who happen to receive an unexpectedly large amount of income in a single year.

The highest rates of surtax, added to the normal income tax, will reduce the yield of stock paying 10 per cent to less than 3 per cent. Under the present law, an alert investor whose income is consistently high either holds stock in a corporation that distributes only a small percentage of its profits, or has invested in non-taxable government bonds. If the possibility of avoiding the prohibitive surtaxes by holding appropriate corporation stocks is removed, wealthy stockholders will inevitably transfer their capital from stock to tax-free bonds. The rates of surtax should be reduced to a point at which a stockholder of large income may anticipate a net return, after payment of taxes, exceeding the return from non-taxable securities. The maximum rate of surtax should not exceed 20 per cent.

V

A taxing policy which is not fair is not sound; but the excess-profits tax is an unsound method of permanent taxation, aside from the inequality which it creates. The excess-profits tax is exceedingly complicated. The preparation of a return which will satisfy the government's requirements and protect the corporation's interests requires the services of expert accountants and an attorney. Former Commissioner of Internal Revenue Daniel J. Roper has established the immediate cost of the preparation of the returns last year at not less than \$100,000,000. The value of the time and thought devoted by corporation officers to tax matters, that should instead be applied to problems affecting production and sales, is very great. The government machinery for administering the income tax is choked by the mass of audits and contests incident to the excess-profits tax.

Furthermore, the excess-profits tax ignores the mass of income below a

fixed percentage on the investment, and depends for its harvest upon cutting deeply into profits when they emerge from the established safety zone. A decrease in earnings will, of course, unfavorably affect any tax based upon income, but a general curtailment of corporation income would reduce revenue from the excess-profits tax to a tithe of the present yield.

Business men and citizens generally are entitled to demand that Congress take thought for the future. Next year, unless all signs fail, there will be a very material reduction in corporation incomes.

Failure to act, in the forthcoming session of Congress, not only will result in the continuance of an unjust and needlessly burdensome tax, but may disrupt our national finances.

In closing, I want to emphasize these four points: —

The corporation excess-profits tax cannot fairly be condemned as a method of taxation which has a peculiar tendency to aggravate the high cost of living.

The present system of corporate taxation should, nevertheless, be revised, because it unduly burdens stockholders of small income, and because it permits stockholders of large income to escape the surtaxes, which are payable by persons whose income is no larger but is derived from personal services, from profits of an unincorporated business, or from rents and taxable interest.

Congress should adopt a system of taxation which will cause stockholders to be taxed individually upon corporation profits.

Abnormal profits generally are subsidizing, and excess-profits taxes will be diminished; replacement of the present corporation taxes by a tax on the stockholders probably will entail no material loss of revenue, and will ensure a source of revenue more constant than that provided by the excess-profits tax.

THE SITUATION IN ARABIA

BY P. W. HARRISON

I

'CONCERNING the situation in Arabia,' says the Arab, 'the Knower is God'; and he is a rash man who attempts to untangle its many threads. Still more foolish is the one who hazards a prediction as to what future developments will be. But of the importance of the inquiry there can be no doubt; for Arabia, however small in population, is large in influence. The million and a quarter square miles that are reckoned as her territory may possibly give a meagre support to four million people; but after journeying for days on end without meeting a soul, the traveler is inclined to doubt whether even that number could be mustered. Arabia, however, is the centre of Mohammedanism, and Mohammedanism is a brotherhood enrolling over two hundred and fifty million people—the most troublesome part, by far, of the 'white man's burden.'

The centre of this great brotherhood is the territory of the Hejaz on the coast of the Red Sea, and the two cities, Mecca and Medina, which that territory contains. Every year pilgrims come by scores of thousands to these cities. Tens of thousands come from India, where the British Raj rules over sixty millions of the followers of Mohammed. Thousands come from Java, where the Dutch flag floats over many millions more. Crowds come from all over North Africa, where Great Britain, France, and Italy are finding their most difficult colonial problems. Pil-

grims come from Singapore, and from the Philippines, from Central Asia and Turkestan, and even from Russia.

This pilgrimage is no mere formality in the lives of these Mohammedans. A few years ago the pilgrimage from Kuweit, a small city of fifty thousand on the Persian Gulf, was composed of over a thousand men and women. The day of their departure, as that of their return, was practically a legal holiday. The man who has made the pilgrimage is a Thirty-third Degree Mason for the rest of his life. He is one of the *élite*. However poor and disreputable, he is a Hajee, and his name is spoken with respect.

Nothing in the whole world is so revered by the Mohammedan as those two cities. He knows no patriotism; nearly everywhere he is ruled by aliens; but all that patriotism means to us, and much more, he finds in his religion. His great world-brotherhood is bound together in a solidarity that nothing seems to shake. I remember well an Arab in Bahrein telling me with great interest of the work of his brother, who is a religious teacher among the Mohammedans of the Philippines. Some years ago some mosque grounds in India were trespassed upon by government order in constructing a road. The Mohammedans in that city were furious, as were the Mohammedans in Bahrein, several thousand miles away.

A British officer told me of the shock he received during the Mesopotamian

campaign, on seeing the Mohammedan soldiers under his command humbly kiss the hand of one of their prisoners, a Seyyid, or descendant of Mohammed, who had been fighting in the Turkish army. He opined that the military situation was jeopardized by such an attitude, and he was not mistaken.

It is a capital mistake to imagine that these two sacred cities can be tampered with from outside in any way whatever, without stirring up a flaming protest from the whole Mohammedan world. Mohammedanism is perhaps the proudest religion in the world, and all the affection and religious pride of its devotees centre in those two cities. Losing Constantinople will be a great humiliation, but it will not compare with seeing Mecca and Medina pass under foreign suzerainty. In attempting to understand the political situation in America or Great Britain, the major factor must be recognized as pride of race and nationality; and exactly the same statement is to be made of any effort to understand the present situation in Arabia, and throughout the Mohammedan world as a whole.

The situation before the war was complicated enough. The Turks ruled over the Hejaz, including Mecca and Medina. Their rule, although outrageously inefficient and bad, was tolerated because Turkey was a Mohammedan power. Pilgrims were looted and robbed and murdered, and the cities themselves were notorious pest-holes of disease and wickedness. The Turks ruled over Yemen in South Arabia also, and maintained a show of authority in Hassa and Kateef, two rich provinces on the east coast. The Turkish garrison was driven out of these latter provinces two years before the war; but by the simple expedient of investing the Arab sheik, who took their place, with a Turkish order, and appointing him governor of that district. Constantinople main-

tained the shadow of its political claims.

The British owned the Persian Gulf. They policed it, and maintained political agents in its ports. They surveyed it and charted it, and had treaties with the various Arab tribes whose territories touched its waters. British influence was extended so judiciously and so effectively that Germany, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, was unable to get a foothold; and even Turkey, trying continually to extend her area of influence southward from Busrah, had little or no success. Great Britain did not want Arabia in those days — at least, not officially. She was interested in maintaining the *status quo* in Persia, and in protecting India. The various political agents stationed in the different ports were more energetic and aggressive than their superiors, and, working out from their various stations, succeeded in forming friendships and unofficial alliances with the inland Arabs, which were of very great value when the war broke out.

Inland, among the Arabs themselves, the tribes have been divided for the past seventy-five years between the rival camps of Bin Rasheed in the north, and Bin Saoud in the south. As the war broke out, the Saoud family was in the ascendant. They were led by such a chief as appears only once in centuries. Perhaps never since the days of the early caliphs has Arabia had a ruler of his calibre. He gained the throne after the true Oriental fashion, by murdering its former occupant, and began a reign of great power. The Arabs love to tell of his long, terrible marches, where men by the dozen would drop from their camels, asleep from sheer fatigue and exhaustion. His standard tactics were to imprison everyone in the capital city who hailed from the district at which he intended to strike; then, starting immediately, he would march with his whole army at a pace

no messenger could hope to equal, and strike his enemies when off their guard, routing them utterly, and, it may be mentioned, looting them clean. Under his rule, life and property in inland Arabia have become as safe as they are in America or Europe; and in the provinces so long misruled by the Turks, property has risen to three times its former value.

It was this man who, with three hundred soldiers, drove a Turkish garrison of two regiments out of Hassa, assuming the government himself. The smaller garrison of Kateef fared likewise, and as a result, Bin Saoud's prestige in Arabia was enormously increased. The Turks sent an officer to investigate the situation; but apparently his report was unfavorable, for they decided to invest Bin Saoud with a Turkish Order, and appoint him Governor of Hassa and inland Arabia. For some months before the war the Turkish flag was hoisted every Friday over all the forts of that district.

II

In those days six years ago, a movement was beginning in inland Arabia, to which no one gave much attention — namely, that of the 'Ichwan,' a small fanatical brotherhood of Mohammedan Puritans, who had for their object the training of the Bedouins, or desert Arabs, in the more careful observance of religious rites. Those who qualified as teachers wore a white head-dress as a badge of their office. The movement spread beyond all the expectations of its founders. One of its cardinal doctrines is that raiding or looting or otherwise injuring a 'brother' is a crime of the gravest sort; and as a result the movement worked as a steadily strengthening bond, uniting the discordant tribes of inland Arabia into a coherent and fanatical whole.

The war brought many changes.

The Germans sent missions to Persia and to Afghanistan. Their commercial representatives intrigued with slight success throughout the whole Persian Gulf; but in inland Arabia they attempted nothing, for Bin Saoud, in whose hand the whole of that country lay like a small coin, decided to throw in his lot with the British. This decision took no small amount of courage, for he stood almost alone in all that country in his conviction that the Allies would eventually be victorious. When Turkey entered the lists, pressure on him was increased, but he was steadfast in his loyalty to the British. To fit him for more effective military coöperation he was granted a subsidy of seventy-five thousand rupees a month — approximately twenty-five thousand dollars.

In the early part of the war anti-British feeling ran very high in Arabia, especially in those parts which were in any degree under Persian influence. The bazaars were full of weird and grotesque tales, always of German victories. Paris was taken by the Germans times without number. I remember that one rumor had Paris given to Persia to secure her active participation as an ally of Germany. 'That,' said one shrewd old Arab, better informed than most of his compatriots, 'would be a camel riding on a rooster.'

Through all this time, while the first Mesopotamian campaign was blundered through to its ignominious close, inland Arabia, however restive and however anxious to get into the fight against the English 'Infidels,' remained officially loyal and absolutely quiet. Bin Saoud continued to consolidate his power. He remained unshaken in his confidence of eventual British success. He was wise enough not to waste his strength in foolish fighting, and succeeded in so building up friendship between his own country of Nejd, and the Shemmar

country of Bin Rasheed, that the old feud practically disappeared. The Ichwan spread further and further and became more and more powerful.

Eventually the tide turned, and his confidence was abundantly justified. On the ruins of the old Mesopotamian failure, there was pushed to success a new campaign, which marked the permanent disappearance of the Turk from Arab politics. Mesopotamia passed under the domination of the British. On the western side of Arabia, the British financed and assisted a revolt of the Shereef of Mecca, who was the local representative of the Sultan of Turkey. British help made the revolt a success, and the Hejaz campaign became an integral part of the Allied campaign for Syria and Palestine. The two sacred cities thus passed out of the control of Turkey, as did the Province of Yemen in the South.

III

The war ended with a totally new situation. Turkish and German influence are gone. For the Arab the outside world is composed of Great Britain, and, in a small degree, of France. The sheikhs of Bahrein and Kuweit and Oman have names, and names only. They are negligible when we consider the present situation. As things stand to-day, there are two men of importance in Arabia. One is the Shereef of Mecca, whose successful revolt from Turkish rule was really a British military manœuvre, camouflaged. The Shereef is not himself a leader of force. He has never been able to command the loyalty of his own subjects, to say nothing of the turbulent Bedouins outside. His present success and position are the result of British gold, and of very little else, if Arab opinion can be trusted. Just how much money has been spent on the Shereef, it is not possible for any ordinary man to say; but making all

possible allowances for exaggeration, the amount must have been enormous.

The other man in Arabia is Bin Saoud. When a world is divided between two men, each anxious for all of it, a delicate situation is created. Bin Saoud rules pretty well all Arabia properly so called, except the small strip governed by the Shereef, and the southern coast. The fanatical inland Bedouins follow him with a devotion that is past all description. A born ruler of men, he has succeeded in uniting Central Arabia as it has not been united for centuries. The wild Bedouins of the desert and the more mercenary and luxurious Arabs of the towns are alike in their loyalty. Under his rule, life and property have become safe, and such prosperity is enjoyed as Arabia never dreamed of before.

But the real power in Arabia is held by neither of these. The Bedouin brotherhood of religious fanatics that began so unostentatiously ten years ago has grown like a green bay tree. Thousands and tens of thousands are enrolled under its banner now. However imperfectly they may be instructed in the tenets of their faith, nothing is lacking in their fanatical enthusiasm. Bin Saoud is their political and religious head, and it is they who make him strong. These men, in their furious desire for martyrdom in the cause of God, bring to mind the lurid days when men of this same race, inspired by the same sort of wild fanaticism, threatened to carry the flag of Mohammedanism over the whole of Europe. Their eagerness for martyrdom seems to increase with their increasing numbers.

Until recently the Shereef looked upon these unkempt desert warriors with great contempt; but he has learned a lesson. The inhabitants of one of his border cities 'got religion.' They decided to join the Ichwan, and to transfer their allegiance to Bin Saoud.

There was considerable correspondence over the matter, but eventually the Shereef moved out against them, at the head of an army of some ten thousand men, several thousand of whom were trained Turkish soldiers, and with machine-guns, and field artillery that it took a thousand camels to draw. Bin Saoud deputed the Ichwan of one nearby city to rally to the help of their new comrades, while more extensive forces were gathered. The more extensive forces were never needed. Before Bin Saoud himself arrived on the ground, his advance guard of red-eyed fanatics had utterly routed the Shereef, and carried his machine-guns and artillery back as a present to Bin Saoud. 'Oh, yes,' said Bin Saoud's brother Abdullah to me gleefully, 'the next time you come to Riadh we will show you the whole thirty-five machine-guns. We did not leave a single one behind. And we got nearly all their cannon too.'

As I write this a new tribe, the 'Ajman,' is being received into this fold of bloodthirsty fanatics. The conditions imposed are an interesting commentary on the force of the extraordinary religious enthusiasm that inspires these men. The Ajman have distinguished themselves in times past by their incorrigible enmity toward Bin Saoud and all that is connected with him. The tribe is to be divided into small fractions and transplanted, a fragment to one inland city, and a fragment to another, to be instructed in religious things and to settle permanently there. Some sixty-five of these new cities for religious instruction and nurture have been founded, and some of them number far over ten thousand inhabitants.

Perhaps nothing in the whole life of the Arab has such a hold on his heart-strings as his tribal connections and tribal territory. All that is to be given up. He is to give up his roving life and settle down in one of these cities and

spend his energy in being a religious zealot. The military power that this arrangement puts into the hands of the central ruler is obvious. It might not be particularly formidable, arrayed against a European army, with armored cars and aeroplanes and modern artillery; but against anything in Arabia it would be utterly invincible.

IV

The equilibrium in Arabia at the present moment, is extremely unstable. The British have set up the Shereef of Mecca in his present position. What they hoped to accomplish by his revolt from Turkish rule is fairly obvious. Theoretically the Caliph, who is the successor of Mohammed, is the temporal as well as the spiritual ruler of all Mohammedans, and actually he does exert an enormous influence over them, whatever flag they may be under. No one can be Caliph who does not rule over the Hejaz, thus acting as Warden of the Holy Cities; and for centuries the Sultan of Turkey has been universally recognized by Mohammedans as their Caliph. Now if the Shereef of Mecca could be assisted in a successful revolt, and be made independent, his claims to the Caliphate would be far stronger than those of the Sultan of Turkey, inasmuch as the Holy Cities would be in his hands. Therefore, he would be universally acclaimed as Caliph in the Sultan's place. Just what military advantage would have accrued, even if the scheme had proved a success, it is not easy to see. It is possible that the task of picking the bones of the Turkish Empire might have been somewhat more pleasant, inasmuch as the strenuous protests of the Mohammedans in India would have been less in evidence.

Of course, it did not succeed. Nothing but the stupidity of a military com-

mander could have imagined that it would. The Shereef is execrated in India, to a degree almost past belief. In some places it has become a disgrace instead of an honor to go on the pilgrimage to Mecca. He is held in semi-humorous contempt all over Arabia. His hopes of being acclaimed as Caliph are laughed at or cursed, according to the temper of the individual commenting on them. Not a single voice of approval is heard in all this chorus of condemnation.

The reason that the plan failed is perfectly simple. It failed because it was a British scheme. The Shereef's revolt was a British military manœuvre and his present position is maintained by British money, and everybody knows it. The British are universally hated by Mohammedans—in India, in Arabia, in Persia, in Egypt, and in Central Asia. They ought not to be, for the Mohammedan communities in every one of these countries have benefited enormously by what Great Britain has done for them. It is not because of any discreditable actions or unwise policy that they are hated. Great Britain's work in Egypt and India is perhaps the finest example of constructive statesmanship that the world has ever seen. She is hated because people who are the proudest in the world cannot endure being ruled over by those of an alien stock and an alien faith. Being ruled over politically is bad enough, but a subtle attempt to rule over them religiously in this sort of camouflaged way is worse; indeed, it is intolerable. The enterprise has gained for Great Britain increased hatred on the part of Mohammedans everywhere.

In the meantime the Shereef sits on a very insecure throne. He rules in the Hejaz, and has been given Damascus and Aleppo and some of Syria as well. His money enables him to purchase the services of a certain number of Bed-

ouins and thus to keep the Hejaz clear of actual brigandage. How long it will do even that much is very doubtful. His subjects in Syria are said to be really loyal; but, on the other hand, he has succeeded in making the whole Ichwan movement his bitter enemy. He has absolutely forbidden its members to make the Pilgrimage to Mecca, and apparently has taken great satisfaction in writing insulting letters to Bin Saoud, their leader. In spite of his anathemas, the movement has grown, until now a mere fraction could wipe out his whole government almost overnight. The world has in it few more bitter and pitiless hatreds than that of the Ichwan for the Shereef. Even to a complete stranger, they are perfectly frank in declaring their intention of killing him just as soon as they can lay hands on him. It was only the flat prohibition of Bin Saoud that prevented this very thing happening six months ago, after the Shereef's defeat at their hands.

Bin Saoud receives some three hundred thousand dollars a year from the British as a subsidy, and it is commonly reported that this subsidy was stopped for a month or two when he left to chastise the Shereef. His hold on the Ichwan depends largely on having a large amount of money to spend on presents and hospitality, and it is interesting to see the really enormous proportions to which this hospitality has grown. No Bedouin ever goes away from that guest-house unfed or unrewarded. The presents given must average close to five dollars in value for the ordinary visitor; and of course, to chiefs and those in high position much more expensive presents are made. The amount of expenditure that this necessitates can be imagined from the fact that Bin Saoud is frequently entertaining from a thousand to fifteen hundred guests.

As long as this can be kept up, Bin

Saoud can probably keep his grip on the situation; but it is a much more tenuous grip than is supposed. Once the subsidy from India is stopped, because of economy in Simla or for some other reason, he must find other ways of maintaining his leadership. The Shereeef's head, and the purification of the Holy Cities may be expected to serve as the first one. In these days of speculation and confusion as to the Caliphate, Bin Saoud would probably

have no objection to the lightning striking in his direction, although he is far too wise a man to advertise any such ambition now. When the psychological moment comes, if it ever does, the first necessity will be spectacular independence of Great Britain, or, better still, hostility to her. Control of the Holy Cities will be a *sine qua non*, of course. Peace in Arabia hangs on a slender thread, and as to the future, 'The Knower is God.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CHRISTMAS AT THE MINISTER'S

THE households of conscientious Presbyterians forty to fifty years ago, let us say, had a certain rigidity, due mainly to the starch of Puritanism—most regrettable, we are apt to think now, without thinking at the same time about its advantage; not its social or religious advantage so much as its peculiarly dramatic advantage as a background against which the undying fires of human emotion and love occasionally flamed up and warmed the children—ourselves—in a manner which can never be appreciated by children continuously heated by profusion of all sorts.

If you have n't had the asperities of successive years of abominable schools in which no concessions were made to the spirit of childhood, and of domestic arrangements which put your impishness violently in a bottle and corked it tight, then you don't know, even today, what the word freedom means, because you have n't anything much to contrast it with.

But at Christmas Puritanism burned up in emotion; and you can, if you are old enough, indorse this statement—that Puritans can be the most lovable of all people when they want to be, their reticence remaining as an exquisite flavor as contrasted with the saccharine gush of the other sort.

A certain glow characterized Thanksgiving. It afforded a splendid opportunity—which was not used—for some golden sort of pageantry and some emphasis on the fact that the basic things come out of the earth and not out of banks, stores, offices, and schools. But we endured the rather cheerless service, which should properly have had a pagan touch by Bakst and Stravinsky somewhere in it, as seeing that which was invisible, namely, the turkey, cranberries, and mince pie. We kept turkey where it belongs, on an eminence, and never had it on any occasion except Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The approach to Christmas was the usual *crescendo*, something like a rocket that bursts into multicolored lights at the climax and then falls into darkness.

The darkness in our case was the cold and sullen stream of school which surrounded us. Christmas was a luxuriant island, in which magical things were done in the glow of candles and odor of fir trees. There were songs — 'carols,' so-called — in which we took a mild interest only, because they were rather less than mildly interesting. The really good ones, the old ones, had not been discovered by Presbyterians, and so they sang, very curiously, bad new ones. There were scriptural readings, which engaged your attention in so far as they concerned the scenes around Bethlehem; for no piece of writing and no human conception can match that in its appeal to all ages between eight and eighty.

But presents were at the centre of all Christmas feeling. One can imagine a wonderful Christmas without presents, but Americans have not the art or the poetry.

Presents, therefore, above all things — presents glittering in new paint and varnish; presents in boxes packed in excelsior, which revealed themselves inch by inch; presents bulging in stockings; candy in the figures of animals, candy in cornucopias, picture-books, story-books, games, the raw stuff of play, the very matrix of indoor joy.

There was more profusion about Christmas than about any indoor experience. We had people in the church who sent things, and we had relatives who sent things, and we fared sumptuously that day, so we thought. But it would not seem so now. We never had a Christmas tree in the house, and got what we could from the Sunday-school tree. A Sunday-school Christmas tree is at its best when, at the height of its splendor, it majestically falls on the assemblage of upturned faces — as it did once, to our ecstasy. You get a Christmas tree then plus some generous action such as a boy

might dream of but never have the luck to see.

The minister's house, in common with every house fortunate enough to have children and friends and a sufficient income to allow even a slight freedom of expenditure, was charged with a sparkling electric fluid between Thanksgiving and Christmas. The business of making things or buying things for others was on, and secrecy was the word. We made things within our range, and I am afraid curdled the anticipations of too many friends with pen-wipers. We bought things of the ten-cent variety; that was about as far as personal expenditure could go. The minister and his wife both bought and made things, but never bought anything that they could make.

And here one of the curious underground rivers in this strange man came to the surface. For some weeks before Christmas he waited until we were all in bed, and then worked late into the night in a small room, making his Christmas presents. We frequently stole out into the chilly hall, and took turns peeking through the keyhole to see that strange sight, but with very unsatisfactory results.

At last, as Christmas approached, there was the smell of paint and varnish; and on Christmas Day, among all the presents, these creations of the minister's were the really distinguished ones — gifts that had some presence and some atmosphere; in other words, art.

They were presents for boys, and consisted of locomotives and tenders, cars of various sorts, and ships. The proportions were right, the details were right, the colors were right. They were fascinating. They made bought toys look cheap and tawdry. And they were all manned by little figures cut out of wood, painted, modeled as you would model clay, in the postures suited to the employment. The engineer sat in the

cab, the brakemen stood on the platforms, the captain stood on the poop looking through his glass — a fat, determined man, one and a half inches high; the sailors were aloft in the rigging, the passengers leaning on or over the rail. They had hats, hands, feet, noses; they had distinctive costume and personality.

How it was done, is a mystery. It was all a piece of magic. It had no relation to reality — to the life of a Presbyterian minister, a theologian and a disciplinarian. It seemed to indicate, even to us, in our puppy-dog stage, that something must be confining, must be restricting in a very serious manner, a character that otherwise would have been the freest, the most happy, and most companionable in the world. But it was inclosed in a crust and we were continually bewildered. It was Puritanism striding with its staff, its cloak, and its book. It was a misfortune which in some instances was tragic. And yet, if I could be a boy again, I should choose to be a boy in that house.

We had time in those days to spare. Time went slowly; the days and nights were long, even when full of intense happiness. That is a phenomenon of youth. It cannot be explained. We will, if we can, sink into old age, 'calm as a setting constellation.' But do not try to persuade us that we have lost nothing. We remember too well the zest with which we did things and saw things and heard things and tasted things. We remember what it was to sleep and to wake and to lie dreaming.

We remember a young Earth, Sun, Moon, and Stars, and other young people, vivid, enchanting, daring, glorious in that dazzling light, our companions in a morning world.

And if this diamond was set in the heavy ring of school and of home discipline, so much the better, for it flashed and flashes the more.

A MEMORY OF WOMEN

It was nine-fifteen on the evening of July 31 that we bade a joyous farewell to the Port Melbourne and first set foot on British soil — which, in this particular case, was the timber and concrete of the pier. On the whole I was sorry to leave the boat. True, the food had been abominable, but the voyage had been a treat: seventeen days of glorious rest, sleeping and dreaming in the sunshine, had made a difference.

Still, for the good of the crowd, it was high time we were off. There was beginning to be too much grumbling among the men, the inevitable result of nearly three weeks of too much proximity. Of course, the order to put on our packs had been given hours before we were to leave the boat; and during the time we waited, the old army rumors began to circulate — rumors of ten-mile hikes, of rest-camps, and other delusions. To the 'enlisted personnel,' the army is nothing but standing in line and rumors.

Luckily, we little suspected what was in store for us. And so we lay around the hold of the old British cattleship, with packs and rolls, like a crowd of weary rag-pickers, already hot, and rapidly tiring. Those packs tired us even when they rested on the table behind us. Perhaps it was just the idea of having to carry them — so far as we knew, for ever and ever — that tired us as much as anything else. There was no air-circulation in the hold — nothing but the odor of greasy pans, musty wood, and sweaty bodies. The minutes dragged their weary selves along in heavy silence. No one talked, as everything had already been said over and over again during the seventeen days we were penned together, and I guess we were all more or less busy with our personal thoughts.

Our organization was nearly the last

to leave the ship; it was almost dark when we did leave, and quite dark when we were marched off the docks, to fall out in a deserted rubbish-heap of some sort. Again old Dame Rumor glided about among us: ten miles to a rest-camp. Well, perhaps it was ten miles, but I am certain that it was no 'rest-camp' to which we went. Those British rest-camps—! 'Fall in' was given about ten o'clock; we gave our precious packs one final hitch, and fell in line just behind Base Hospital Number 35. I do not know where we went that night, but some day I am going back to that rubbish-heap, and close my eyes and walk it all over again, without a pack!

How am I to describe that walk? It remains in my mind as a hazy impression — a sort of afterglow; the kind that follows certain types of dreams. Nothing stands out distinctly: it was like walking in one's sleep. I remember starting off through the dark, — there were no street lights, of course, because of the danger of air-raids, — stumbling over streets paved with the roughest, bumpiest, hugest cobble-stones I have ever encountered. Probably they were just normal stones; but it was very dark, our packs were heavy, and we had just a touch of 'sea-legs.'

I remember passing rows of dull brick buildings that looked like disreputable resorts, or tenement houses, with occasional wine-shops lighted by a carefully shaded candle. I could feel, rather than see, ragged women leaning out of one or another of the endless rows of windows — indistinct shapes in the darkness. I remember dark alley-ways, with black figures leaning up against the walls, or sitting on the curbing with feet in the gutter. Occasionally a street-car passed us — great double-decked affairs, with crazy spiral steps leading up the back to the second floor. But above all else I remember the women; and as long as memory holds,

the women of Liverpool, as I saw them that night, will remain indelibly etched on my brain.

Almost before I realized it, I found that we were marching between a double column of black figures — black against a blacker background. At first these figures were mere incidents, but soon — as soon as walking became a mechanical performance and my eyes became accustomed to the darkness — I began to examine into the composition of that crowd. And then I realized with a shock that they were all women! Women, women, women, endless double rows of women, lining the street down which we stumbled. And they were all women of low class — shawl-clad, disordered hair, and sallow, worn faces. They stood there and watched us pass. Women in black, mostly, though not conspicuously in mourning; women holding nursing infants in their arms; women with little children clinging to their skirts — sleepy little brats, for it was well past their bed-time; women with careworn faces, when one could get close enough to see details, with a shawl thrown over their shoulders to ward off the chill of the damp air; young women — girls — enjoying the sight, throwing kisses to us; children, many of them uncertain as to what it all meant, standing with open mouths, gaping at us as we passed.

Once in a while there was an ancient, gray-haired man, bent, crippled, standing in the crowd. But all, *all*, *all* were smiling! That is what impressed me: women smiling — nothing, nothing but smiling women. Where, in God's name, were the men? Where were the sons, brothers, husbands of these hundreds of women who watched us pass, smiling? Where were the men of England? And then, in a sort of cold wave, the first true realization of what was going on swept over me. Where were the men of Liverpool? At the front: in France,

in Belgium, in Italy, in Greece, in the Holy Land, in Africa, on the seas, beneath the seas, sailing the air, in the trenches, in dug-outs, dead — many of them dead.

Smiling women! And they greeted us, not with a 'Welcome' — no, not by any means, us who had but just landed. Smiling women with men at the front gave no 'welcome' to the Yanks just arrived. It was 'Good-by-e,' always 'good-by-e'; 'good luck, good-by-e, Yanks [they called us 'Yonks']'; good luck, Sammy.' There was a sort of terrible fatalism in that eternal 'good-by-e,' especially coming from smiling women — smiling women in the dark.

But far more impressive to me was the pathetic thigmotaxis of these women. As we went past, they reached out their hands and touched us, usually silently, on the arm. Smiling women, with men at the front, touching American soldiers as they marched out into the darkness, going, as they saw it, to the relief of their weary men at the front! Do you get the picture of it? True, as a picture it is not much; but the pathetic significance of it all! I wonder what new strength they drew into their weary bodies from that brief touch of passing Sammies? In their eyes we were a sort of 'touchstone,' a sort of good-luck charm, an assurance of the victory and the peace they prayed for, a relief for their weary, weary men at the front.

I am extremely grateful that it was dark out there in the streets, for my eyes were very wet. And I think that it was then that I realized that my early suspicions were correct: that it was a women's war after all; that it is the women who pay the biggest part of the war-debt in the way of suffering, waiting, hoping, enduring. Theirs is the mental pain, theirs the uncertainty day after day after day. And theirs is not the path of glory; their suffering is

unsung, unpaid, and often, very often, I am afraid, unrewarded. A women's war, fought silently by those women in the streets of Liverpool — by those women smiling in the dark. Their 'good-by-e' will ring in my ears to my dying day. — Smiling women — in the dark! 'Good-by-e, Sammy' — and a touch on the arm — all in the dark!

A RECIPE FOR UNPERISHING JOY

This is a good recipe, and not more difficult to follow than most of those in cook-books.

First, you must take a low, wide-mouthed Tibetan bowl of brass, with half-burnished dragons crowding its dark flare. You may have to go *via* Bombay, Rawal-Pindi, Cashmere, and Ladock to get one, journeying till you meet hairy travelers leading strings of *yaks* laden with turquoise and wool. Likely they will appear suddenly on a narrow road around the side of a Himalayan mountain, which rises above your road stark a thousand feet and falls away sheer beneath it, pine-clad, down to a glacial river roaring itself sea-green and foamy against the unconquerable boulders in its gorge.

Next, you must have the memory of a visit to England in September, of London in fog always, and each fog hiding, and then mistily revealing, everywhere, 'Michaelmas daisies,' purple and rose and amethyst-colored, and somewhere red roofs shining wet; everywhere Michaelmas daisies, in flower-booths on each corner, all Londoners carrying bunches of them indefinitely, dining-rooms full of them, Trafalgar Square and Oxford gardens haunted by them; and through these dreams of color, the eyes of the kindest friends in the world smiling toward you.

Then, you must get an Illinois prairie garden in which to sing the high praises of manure, a Ford, and a spade. And

year by year diligently must you search out, in your September sunshine, the fog-haunting wild asters of London. You are apt to find them along bad roads, where live those shiftless farmers who will not cut down their roadside 'weeds.' Then you carry them home to your garden and, Adam-like, create their names. (The prosaic, who buy them all named, from catalogues, will not be able to follow this recipe.) We ourselves, one day, on a little hill-top, in thin, flowing gold sunlight, found one so rarely faint pink that we dubbed it 'Pinkie-Pearlie,' the nickname of a college chum who has the most exquisitely tinted skin. The royal purple one, which we dug up the very hour our favorite cousin was rescued from a burning Greek ship in mid-ocean — this one, because it was regal and gracious, we call for the dearest dean, Miss Dudley. 'Dream' we name the shadowy lavender one, wishing its elusiveness might rarefy the whole border.

Now comes the critical moment. Of each of these three kinds you take a perfect spray, gathering them where you can smell the grapes ripening. As you gather them, you cause a flutter of yellow and white butterfly wings, like the flutter of water on the pool where the goldfish play. Of six other sorts also you take a well-spread branch, including the jolly rose one, like the common rose-colored chrysanthemum, the amethyst one with butter-colored eyes, and the shaggy mauve one, whose petals, turning over, are nearly white. Then, in the Tibetan bowl you put one spray of Dream and one long sparse stalk of lightest blue larkspur, with gray under-sides. Below this you put faint pinks, then darker and darker ones till you come to the common rose one. Near this, at one side, you put a huge dull old-rose zinnia, brown-centred, which gathers the light and holds it, gleaming. On the other side, you put a big flat-

headed cluster of *Sedum spectabile*, a pink-fringed, almond-colored spot. Below this, you arrange, without crowding their delicate spaciousness, the more deeply purple ones. Among the Miss Dudleys you put a spray of Dream, to droop over the brushing sides of dragons. Next you find the exact spot for a zinnia of sulphur color edged with purple, unsightly in the garden, but here shining like a jewel in its colorful setting. Last of all, among the rosy pink flowerlets, you add a stalk of pale blue larkspur buds.

Now, you carry this to the door of the room where your sister chances to be ill for a day. You say, 'Shut your eyes, and don't open them till I say when.' When she sees it, she cries, 'Oh, oh! The immortal bouquet!'

And you sit down by her, rising continually to turn the bowl a bit. You talk of all the friends who would love it. You go over the season's events, its bouquets, since the first jonquil and tiny purple iris made a splashing place in a great clear bowl, for a little yellow bird. You give this one the prize.

When you leave it, to get the potatoes ready for dinner, it calls you back. The whole afternoon you play with it — in full sunlight, or with curtains drawn. It goes before your eyes when you go out to gather the eggs. You put it on the supper-table, and the salad is delicious. The boys, seeing it, exclaim, 'Some little bush, auntie!' You dream of it by night. And when at last, before its freshness grows even a little bit dim, you throw it into the fire, you do it gayly. You know that, among the bouquets which have haunted you from childhood, this one endures most loved. 'Never mind, you dear,' you say; 'as long as my memory lasts, you last.' And you shut down the stove-lid in peace.

I urge you to try this, avoiding substitutes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

L. Adams Beck, whose tales of the East have been a distinguished feature of the present volume of the *Atlantic*, writes: —

I cannot express what I have learned from the Orient. *Ex Oriente lux* is, I believe, a simple statement of truth. I have had many talks with the wise men of the East. A little knowledge and a great love have opened many closed doors.

William Beebe is now on duty at the Tropical Research Station (at Kartabo, British Guiana) of the New York Zoological Society, of which station he is Director. **A. Clutton-Brock**, an English man of letters, lecturer, essayist, and lover of gardens, is art critic of the *Times*. **Frances Lester Warner** is connected with the English Composition Department of Wellesley College. **Samuel McCord Crothers** is minister of the First (Unitarian) Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts. **F. Jacqueline Swords** sends this first contribution to the *Atlantic* from New York City. **Elizabeth Madox Roberts**, a student in the University of Chicago, writes concerning her poems — of which we propose to print others in January — that they are autobiographical, and that the people in them belong to the old Kentucky town which is her home.

* * *

The letters of **Alice G. Masaryk** from her prison in Vienna were written in German and have been translated by Miss Fjeril Hess, of the Young Women's Christian Association Unit in Czecho-Slovakia, which was responsible for the acquisition, translating, and editing of the letters. Strictly speaking, Professor Masaryk has not been chosen President of the Republic for life; but the new Constitution significantly provides that only the first president may be selected for more than two consecutive terms. The letters referred to in the November Column as having been published recently in Prague were those written by Miss Masaryk to Miss Kotikova. We were in error in stating in the introduction to the letters that Miss Masaryk was in residence at Hull House. She received her training

in social work at the University of Chicago Settlement under Mary McDowell. **Charles S. Brooks** is a familiar American essayist, author of *Pippins and Cheese* and other volumes full of the flavor of a pleasant and contented leisure. The paper on 'The Wild West,' by **Edward Townsend Booth**, of Plainfield, New Jersey, is based on personal experience.

My first job [he writes] was rough carpentering and concrete work, and lasted until the first cutting of alfalfa, which I weathered as a 'shocker,' spike-pitcher, and weigh-master. When the hay was baled and shipped. I found work as an irrigator, and irrigated until the second cutting. I went through the second cutting in the terrific heat of midsummer, and had to rest for ten days at Mount Rainier, where I had interesting experiences traveling as a 'working stiff' in overalls and with an untrimmed beard. Finally, I went through the wheat harvest as a shocker.

* * *

Harriet A. Smith, as a member of a Red Cross Unit organized to accompany the Near East Relief Commission to Asiatic Turkey, arrived in Urfa in full time to share the discomforts and anxieties of the two-months' siege of that city in the spring of this year. The tragedy that followed the raising of the siege is described in the concluding installment of her diary, to appear in January. **James Park** is a practising attorney of San Antonio, Texas. **Laura Spencer Portor**, story-teller, essayist, and poet, whose name has long been familiar to our readers, is on the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*. **William G. Landon**, of Heath, Massachusetts, discusses the problem of the 'Soaring Hawk' from the standpoint of one who has had experience as a 'bird-man.' **Lucy Elliot Keeler** is the accomplished librarian of the Fremont (Ohio) Public Library.

* * *

Charlotte Kellogg (Mrs. Vernon Kellogg) has recently returned from a trip which took her on the adventurous course that she describes in this paper. **Henry Walsworth Kinney**, a graduate of Copen-

hagen University, was long editor of the *Hilo Tribune*, and later Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Territory of Hawaii. He is now on the staff of an English-language magazine in Tokyo, and correspondent of American papers. **Bernhard Kollenberg** is a practising lawyer in New York City, associated with the firm of Root, Clark, Buckner and Howland. **P. W. Harrison** has been for many years working in Arabia, as a member of the staff of the Arabian Mission of the Reformed Church.

* * *

Is Boston really the Boston of Legend? Is education there gross to the sense, and culture palpable? A letter in this column a month or two since has evoked widespread testimony, which even the idol-breakers should find conclusive. Here we can adduce but fragments of it.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Twice a year, a Brookline junkman visits me to collect old rubber. In the days when we still had resident grand opera in Boston, he came to me one afternoon in spring. While I waited for him to finish his business, I whistled Verdi. Suddenly I was asked, 'Do you like opera?' — 'Wha-at?' — 'Do you like grand opera?' I stepped close to him, so as to lose no syllable. 'Do you mind saying that again; what did you ask me?' — 'Why, I asked you if you liked grand opera.' Assuring him that I 'liked opera,' I inquired how he happened to ask me the question. 'Oh, I heard you whistling *Rigoletto*, and I thought that perhaps you went to the opera. You see, in winter I'm assistant stage-manager at the Boston Opera.'

HAROLD W. DANA, M.D.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I add two small anecdotes of our beloved Boston to your September tale? The first is peculiarly apropos, for it concerns a policeman.

A friend of mine, desiring to cross Tremont St., gazed anxiously upon the flood of gas-driven vehicles, stepped forward, hesitated on the brink, then stepped timorously back. A burly Hibernian, clad in the majesty of the law and a policeman's blessed blue, waved his hand encouragingly and shouted, 'Come on, you doubting Thomas!'

The other experience is my own. I had drifted into Shreve, Crump and Low's one morning, to pass a quarter of an hour and cheat the flight of time by looking at some antiques, tapestries, and the like. A polite high-school boy followed us about, to answer questions and incidentally, no doubt, to make sure that we did not remove a carved chest or a grandfather's clock. As we neared the elevator, we stopped to look at some ancient muskets with inlaid stocks, which he said were Swiss. With a mild intention of seeming interested and filling a conversational pause, I

said, 'I suppose William Tell might have used one of these.' Fatal error, or happy inspiration! He struggled for a moment with his excellent manners, which hesitated about correcting a lady, then gently reminded me, 'I think William Tell used a cross-bow.'

After that, the messenger boy reading Dickens and the plainly dressed business woman who advised me one day to go to see Mr. Sargent's rhododendrons seemed 'undeniably to fit.'

C. H. T.

‘A LITERARY POLICEMAN’

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Neither from Gath, nor from Askelon — only from Ohio, the state of Buckeyes and Presidents. Three of our icemen left us in turn — one to enter the Case School of Applied Science, two to enter the University. Can Boston do better?

E.

And one Scoffer more: —

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Three anecdotes of Boston culture that I am fond of telling cap H. J. H.'s letter in your September Contributors' Column.

The Cambridge car was crowded one winter's afternoon, but by squeezing up I made room beside me for a heavy, square, florid, plain woman in an elephant-colored dress. Altogether too plain for a cook, was my mental comment — more like a practical nurse. Her companion, more lady-like, — to use the old-fashioned word, — found a perch on the edge of the seat directly opposite. Strap-hangers swayed before us, the conductor climbed over our feet, the wheels ground on. After she had got her breath, the large lady beside me leaned forward between the strap-hangers, and slightly raising her voice, addressed her friend across the aisle, 'What do you think of Bergson?' The crowning grace of the story to me has always been that, told in Boston, it never struck anyone as funny.

Number two. My friend, peering up through her lorgnette at a decoration over a door in an obscure corner of the Public Library, demanded of a soft-stepping guardian, 'Can you tell me, please, is that fresco or bas-relief?' 'I don't know what kind of leaf it is, madam, but I will inquire at the desk,' was the courteous reply. And the particular joy of this tale was the exclamation of the Boston lady to whom it was told that evening: 'O Anna, in our Library? Not *really!*'

And number three has been my trump card for a dozen years. I was in hospital, and used to watch for our orderly in his white suit, with his beaming Irish mug, reddish-haired, clean-skinned, a merry smile of gleaming teeth, and strong, trusty arms — a very presentment of health. Tim told me he was born in Boston, and had lived there all his life. One day the nurse asked me to save my *New York Times* picture supplement for Tim, 'and tell him about the pictures, for he can't read.' Can't read!! Lived in Boston all his life! His mother could n't keep him in school when he was a kid, and as he grew older he was so ashamed that he could n't read, he would n't let anyone know. Now his

wife says she is going to teach him.' And my Boston friend greeted this with, 'If you had n't told me this, I would n't believe it.' S. M. I.

* * *

A philosophic anecdote will not be lost on readers of this Column.

On reading Mr. Bartlett's 'The Newer Justice' in your September number, I was strongly reminded of the reply of a professor in the Harvard Law School, to my contention that a certain ruling of the courts, a well-settled precedent, was not just. Said the eminent jurist with a sigh, 'If you want justice, go to the Divinity School. We study law here.' W. G. R.

* * *

Few Americans there are returning from work abroad, who have not in their minds some such thoughts as these.

DEAR ATLANTIC.—

Had the editor of the *Atlantic* received a letter from a certain 'admiring reader' from Eriwan, the Caucasus, he would, unless better informed geographically than many fellow editors, doubtless have reached for his atlas and become interested in the contents of that communication.

This reader was impelled more than once during her six-months' stay in the shadow of Mount Ararat, as a worker in Near-East Relief, to write a letter to the *Atlantic*, chiefly in sheer gratitude that postal obstacles seemed always to be overcome by the essential magazine. Though often two months late, it was the only magazine that could be counted on to arrive. But countless demands of fifty thousand hungry orphans and refugees made the pleasures of 'joy-writing' out of the question.

However, the last paragraph from the diary of Lieutenant Weeden, who wrote so entertainingly in the September *Atlantic* of the Sixty-two-day Siege of Urfa, seemed to call for a further word from the Near East. One cannot help wondering if Lieutenant Weeden has yet returned to the America he loves, and which has grown peculiarly dear to him because of his enforced stay at Urfa. If he has not, it would seem a good and wise thing for him to remain at his work in the Near East, because America seems to look better from a distance of six thousand or more miles than close at hand, just at present. If he has returned, does he feel that America is doing and being 'all that is just and Christian,' as he and many other returned workers want her to do and be?

Of course we love our home-land, as we love our dear ones, in spite of their faults. But when our dear ones fall down on some big principle, it hurts. We go on loving them and hope for better things next time. But we love more ardently while hoping than while smarting from the hurt.

A letter sent out by aeroplane from a worker undergoing similar experiences in the siege of Adana says, 'I can't see America keeping this up indefinitely. Something bigger and stronger than anything which has been tried in Turkey yet will have to settle it all.'

Does the *Atlantic* know what America is going

to do to redeem herself in the eyes of the world, and make it possible for those who may choose to be of service in lands more needy than ours, not to feel always on the defensive for the selfishness and ingrown-ness of an America-for-Americans?

CLARA LIVERMORE CARRUTH.

* * *

Most of us can see further into a millstone than we can into German minds, but speculative readers will be interested in these extracts from the letters of a distinguished South German professor, before and after our entrance into the war, as concrete examples of German psychology.

September 29, 1914.—It is too ridiculous to read that America likes and reveres the Germany of Beethoven and Goethe and so on; but that it hates the Germany of Bismarck and Moltke and Ballin and Siemens and Krupp; as if the Germans, who have lost 200 years of their development in consequence of the Thirty Years' War, had no other mission on this planet than to make philosophy and poetry for other nations, which meanwhile conquered all good things of the world for themselves. This is the very naive idea of the English; and there was the cause of their hatred and ignominious envy of modern Germany! But it is a pity that free Americans follow willingly this selfish and senseless way of thinking!

There is nothing more stupid than this outpouring of wrath and anger against German militarism. . . . The nation in arms — this is no furious blatant militarism; this is the consequence of the sacred conviction of every German, that his nation, which is the most cultured, the most learned, and the best administered in all five continents, that his nation is surrounded by the bitterest envy and hatred of all those nations who sit around him, big and small ones. Therefore the German has to make himself the most feared in the world, for he knows that all love is lost as far as Germany is concerned.

One of the most curious mistakes is the idea, lately uttered so often in England and America, that there is any difference of feeling and of nature between Prussia and the other Germans. This is a hopeless idea! Prussia and Germany are one and the same thing!

July 1, 1915.—The best thing is this: our armies are victorious everywhere. . . . This is the real situation, which in vain the hateful liar press from England, and its victims in America, try to conceal from the masses on both sides of the Atlantic. I say in vain, for the truth is necessarily making its way everywhere. The world will be obliged to acknowledge the strength and the good right [Macht und Recht] of the German Nation, and the sooner it is acknowledged, the better for the world.

May 15, 1920.—I think you must have known the position which since more than thirty years I have taken opposite modern Germany, for you knew how . . . I had remained a German of that old type which begins with Herder and Goethe

and finds its political expression in the German Democracy of 1848. . . . All my friends in England knew . . . that I had remained the old faithful pupil of Anglo-Saxon Democracy during the war, and my public work for the peace from the beginning has not been unnoticed by them. . . . Therefore I understand entirely your feelings toward Imperialism, Militarism, and Prussianism. I think we have been both on the same line all the time.

A very different note is struck in this letter from a young German woman, who was formerly an instructor at Smith College.

DEAR '97,—

From the *Bulletin*, which our dear Emma Porter sent me, I learned that '97 is to have a reunion on Ivy Day, June 16. I once belonged to you—spent, as you did, the same four years in dear old Smith. As I look back upon all the years spent in America those four years are particularly dear to my heart. For that reason I should like to send you a greeting. It comes from a land that once upon a time had a good reputation everywhere in the world; now it is different. But, dear '97, with my greetings to you I should like to tell you that in this land ever so many men and women are working hard to build up that reputation again.

Knowing the American people as well as I do, I am convinced, as time goes on, more and more will begin to trust our people again, after they begin to realize how misled and misruled they are! Of you '97 girls,—"my class,"—I should like to ask: begin to trust, to believe in some of my countrymen *now*; give us a chance; in due time the whole nation will stand upright again before the world.

As for me, I am leading a very busy life. If there is any one of you who would like to have an *Einblick* in my life I shall be delighted to give it.

With good wishes and *einen herzlichen deut-schen Gruss*, I am in thought with you on Ivy Day.

BERTHA J. BARTELMANN SCHACHT.

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THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR,—

In a pleasant letter in the Contributors' Column, Mr. Erich A. O'D. Taylor of Newport, Rhode Island, says: "The author of 'The Whimsical Goddess' seems to be under the impression that the 'possum is capable of feigning death to escape its enemies, much in the same way as the man in the story feigned death to escape the bear. Such is not the case." Mr. Taylor then reviews Fabre's experiments with beetles and scorpions, demonstrating that these creatures, while apparently feigning death, were really in a state of hypnosis or in a faint brought on by shock or fright. Mr. Taylor also points out that birds can be hypnotized. He infers that the 'possum, while "playing 'possum," is not feigning death, but has been rendered unconscious by fear or nervous shock. "The shamming of the 'possum," he asserts, "is no more a trick than that of the bird, beetle, or scorpion, or the fainting of a

woman on hearing of her husband's sudden death."

The great trouble with Mr. Taylor's theory is this—it is in conflict with thoroughly established facts. Among these the most important is the fact that the 'possum, while "playing 'possum," knows what is happening around it. Give it a good opportunity, and it will scramble to its feet and make off. Unlike Fabre's beetle, which woke up slowly and gradually, like 'one returning to consciousness after a faint or deep sleep,' the 'possum 'wakes up' cautiously but in full possession of its faculties. In short, it has never lost consciousness at all. Mr. Taylor, in discussing Fabre's beetle, says that 'if it was shamming, when the danger had passed it would at once turn over and escape.' True; and that is exactly what the 'possum' will do, if you give it the chance.

If you come upon a 'possum on a fence or on the limb of a tree, it will not 'play 'possum' no matter how much you prod it or threaten it with your stick. Why? Because if it did so, it would fall from the fence or the limb. If the 'possum's 'playing 'possum' were a state of hypnosis or a faint induced by fright, would n't one discovered on a fence be just as frightened and just as apt to faint as one discovered on the ground?

As for Mr. Taylor's statement that the 'possum cannot possibly feign death because 'in order to imitate something one must have some idea of the thing one would imitate,' nature provides many illustrations of the fallacy of this reasoning. Thus there are insects which imitate the twig of a tree, not only in form and color, but also in the attitudes they assume. The larva (generally known as inch-worm) of the geometrid moth attaches one end of its body to the branch of a tree and, when disturbed, holds its body stiffly out from the branch at an acute angle, so that it resembles exactly a short twig projecting from the branch. Unquestionably it is imitating a twig; but nobody supposes that the individual larva has reasoned the whole process out and understands exactly what it is doing and why its action may save its life.

Probably the live 'possum's imitation of a dead 'possum' has become through ages of repetition a purely instinctive action; but it is a real imitation, and not a faint or a state of hypnosis or an 'exhibition of nerves.'

HERBERT R. SASS.

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We have recently received from Paris a textual copy of a decision of the courts which shows that, in the paper entitled 'German Corruption of the Foreign Press,' by 'Lysis,' printed in the June, 1918, *Atlantic*, we were mistaken in reporting that La Société Européenne de Publicité had a financial interest in the German company. The latter, as our article explained, stretched its tentacles like an octopus across many countries; but in a recent law-suit, this French company has been officially exculpated, and we are glad to make this announcement.

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